Gc
929.2
C2391c
1169782

M.L.J

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01206 0064

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/carsonsofmonanto00cars

JAMES CARSON,

1930.

The Carsons of Monanton,

Ballybay, Co. Monaghan,

Ireland.

Their record in the Great War,
other matters of interest
between the years 1909–31,
and some personal notes by the author.

"This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

King Henry V.

COMPILED BY JAMES CARSON,
OF LISBURN.

1931.

1169782

To my dear Wife who has gone before.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

1909-1931.

Some twenty-two years have passed since I laid down my pen and read the last proof-sheets of the "History of the Carsons of Monanton, Ballybay," published in 1909.

The wonderful years of the Great War have come and gone.

It has been my privilege to see History in the making.

Future generations will read with avidity the story of the boys and men who fought and died that we in these Islands might remain free.

They went forth, the flower of the land, in their thousands, at the call of Country and Duty. So many who went were only boys, gallant lads fresh from the School, the Office, the Counter, the Farm. They went full of high hope and courage. Those of them who returned—so many did not—came back men; they had sported with death in the trenches, and learned the stern, hard realities of life on the Battle-field.

Surely, it behoves each family who gave of its best to the War, to see to it, that some record be provided, to keep alive and green the memory of those who fought and suffered.

The Message of the King to the relatives of deceased soldiers closes with the words :—

"Let those who come after see to it that their names be not forgotten."

The names of those who fought, as well as the names of those who have fallen, should not be forgotten.

It is in the hope that I may be able to preserve for the information of future generations the proud record of the family during the Great War that I again take up my pen.

Isaiah Carson, of Springfield, Ballybay, had six grandsons serving the King, five others closely related to the family also served, making a total of eleven. Of these, one only made the supreme Sacrifice, two remain permanently in the Army, and eight, at the close of hostilities, returned to civil life.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

1931. JAMES CARSON.

NOTE.—The figures in brackets, thus (69), refer to pages in the Family History, published in 1909.

The extracts from letters, diaries, conversations and notes have been sub-edited and revised in minor details.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Sara Coburn Carson, B.A.	7
Kathleen E. Lister, Lister Family	13
James Coburn Carson, M.B., War Record	18
D. J. and W. C. Carson, Ballybay	39
Ralph Coburn Carson, War Record	44
David McM. Carson, Athletic Record	46
Margaret M. Carson, Rev. D. B. Knox	48
Fergus Y. Carson Knox, War Record	50
Mary Agnes Carson, John Geo. Coburn	53
James Coburn, Banbridge	54
John George Coburn, War Record	55
David Norman Coburn, Hockey Record.	61
Rev. R. H. Carson, Brooklyn, America	62
Eda Carson, Springfield, Newcastle	73
Fred Carson Hartness, War Record	75
George Taylor, War Record	87
Joseph Carson, Theydon Bois	93
John Geo. Anderson, War Record	95
James C. Anderson, War Record	97
Robert Nesbitt, Sutton-in-Ashfield	99
Gun Running, Lisburn, 1914	102
Ulster and the Great War	109
Ballybay in 1921	113
Probable Origin of Family	116
Captain Crozier, R.N., F.R.S.	123
The Cahans Exodus	127
Monaghan, Ballybay, Tullycorbet	142
The Black Coach of Killashandra	150
A Bunch of Short Stories	167
Memories, Wise and Otherwise	179

SARA COBURN CARSON, B.A.,

1890.

SARA (COBURN) CARSON, B.A.
(69).

Sara Coburn, B.A., Wife of James Carson, of Lisburn, was born in Banbridge, in the year 1864, died at Newcastle, Co. Down, May 18, 1916, and was interred in First Ballybay Presbyterian Church Burying Ground.

Obituary Reference in the *Irish Presbyterian* :—

" It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more."

There has passed away from our midst, and entered into her eternal rest, one who for many years was a familiar and well-known presence at the Ladies' Meetings and Missionary Conferences of the General Assembly, Mrs. James Carson, B.A., Parkmount, Lisburn.

Mrs. Carson had been in failing health for almost a year, and early in April went to Newcastle, Co. Down, in the hope that the change to the sea might prove beneficial. The end, however, came rather unexpectedly, and she passed peacefully away on Thursday evening, May 18th. Her husband and her daughter, Mrs. Austin Lister, Dursley, Gloucestershire, were with her at the end. Her only son, James Coburn, who holds a commission in the 11th Royal Irish Rifles, was with his battalion in France, where he has been serving since early in February.

Mrs. Carson was the fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Coburn, Banbridge; the only surviving members of her father's family being Mr. J. G. Coburn, Banbridge, and Mrs. Nesbitt, wife of Dr. Nesbitt, Sutton-in-Ashfield, England.

The deceased had a distinguished scholastic career, obtaining many distinctions; was an Intermediate Exhibitioner, and took first place in all Ireland in a branch of mathematics. She was a graduate of the Royal University, Ireland, taking her degree at the early age of 21 in 1885, and was amongst the first eight lady students to have a degree conferred upon them by that University.

Married in 1891, she went with her husband to reside in Omagh. In 1894 they removed to the Ulster Bank House, in Bow Street, Lisburn. From that date till her decease, with the exception of two years when her husband's duties as a bank manager took them back to Omagh, she resided in Lisburn, and was closely and intimately identified with the various social and other activities of the town.

A strong believer in the rights and privileges of women, she never had any sympathy with the extreme and aggressive movement. A member of the Irish Women's Suffrage Federation, Non-Militant branch,

she frequently presided at their meetings, and was an effective and capable speaker.

The cause of temperance was very dear to her heart and had her life-long and practical support. Till laid aside by failing health she was actively engaged in work for our soldiers at the front. A member of Railway Street Presbyterian Church, in which she always took the deepest interest, her helpful and kindly presence will be sadly missed by her fellow-workers.

She took a deep interest in Zenana work, and for several years acted with her usual ability and thoroughness as Presbyterial Secretary for Zenana Missions to the Presbytery of Dromore.

A few years ago, speaking at a public meeting on the work in the Presbytery, she concluded an earnest address with these words—" Let us all as women set before us a high ideal. Life is something more than living for pleasure. Ruskin says we strew with flowers the paths of those whom we consider most happy. But in a good woman's life these flowers, as she passes through life, spring up behind her—flowers of kindly actions that she has done for others. What nobler cause can you and I work for than to win the souls of the women of India and China for Jesus Christ."

The Lisburn Standard, referring to her death, said :—

When the report of the death of Mrs. Carson gradually permeated the town an unprecedented wave of sorrow and regret passed over the community. Few indeed, have passed away from our midst who have left the impress of their character more deeply graven on the social life of the town than the deceased. She was so bright, so vivacious, so modest and unassuming, so practical and tactful, so full of sympathy and human kindness, and so short a time ago so full of life and vitality that we cannot yet realise that she has passed away from our midst for ever. How much the poorer Lisburn is by the loss we cannot estimate.

Mrs. Carson was the third sister to fall a victim to Diabetes. At their death the three sisters were organically sound and free from all disease, save the one which proved fatal. They suffered none of the disagreeable symptoms usually attending the disease, and passed away peacefully and without suffering.

During the trying years of her husband's illness her courage never wavered. With the strong arms of love and devotion she fought for his life, and won. Then the reaper, Death, reached out his hand, and took her.

She was a woman of strong faith, steadfast character, a balanced judgment, a sweet lovable disposition, and full of common-sense, such a woman as described in the beautiful words of the Old Book.

Every wise woman buildeth her house, . . .
The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her . . .
She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
Strength and honour are her clothing, . . .
She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.
She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.

SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES.

My wife was not aware that she had a singing-voice till after reaching twenty-one years of age, when she developed a beautiful contralto, of great richness. She often sang at Concerts, but one Concert in Omagh is particularly impressed on my memory. The prima-donna of the evening was a huge woman, possessed of a fine soprano voice. It looked almost sacrilege, certainly presumption, when my wife stood up on the platform to sing, following the tornado of sound and harmony preceding. She, however, received a rousing reception and encore. It's that encore that I treasure. I see her now, after more than thirty years, as she looked straight down into my eyes, with the love-light in hers, and sang " Robin Adair " to me.

Looking through some papers after my wife's death I found a small book containing scraps from poems and notes on her reading. Two verses specially intrigued me.

" Death comes with a crawl or comes with a bounce,
But whether he's slow or spry,
It's not the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die."

Yes, the grim reaper approached her with inexorable " crawl." She knew how her two sisters had succumbed. Yet with uncomplaining serenity and courage she awaited the dread and inevitable Summons.

" No coward Soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear."

I never knew anyone so full of healthy vitality and the joy of living.

At the time the Call came her daughter was happily married, her son doing his duty amid the mud of Flanders and her husband restored to health.

She had ascended the mountain tops and was allowed to look into the promised land; that she was fated never to enter.

The solitary plaint that ever passed her lips was "I shall never see my little grandson." He was then only a few months old.

We hear and read of heroic deeds performed on the battle-field and of brave actions by land and sea, but how little is ever known outside the narrow family circle of the heroism, fortitude and patient courage, so often exhibited by countless women in the home.

Out of the mists of over a quarter of a century emerges the memory of a day—a day fraught with sadness, weakness and courage. On that day occurred the single occasion in the years of our married life when my dear wife, for an instant, lost courage and shed a tear.

After my return from Switzerland—May, 1902—we spent a short time with our good friend James Anderson,—Roselawn, Banbridge, one of the best and kindest of men. As we drove to the station, on our way to Bangor, for an instant the gallant heart of my wife lost courage, but like the sun breaking through a cloud, in a moment she was once again her own bright, courageous self. What wonder if on that morning courage ebbed, the outlook was indeed drear and gloomy. She was leaving the shelter of a friendly home and going out into the world with a still delicate husband and two little children.

Though much improved in health by my visit to the Continent, still my nerves were frayed and on edge, and the knowledge that my career was blighted, if not ended, left me sore and smarting. Be this as it may, why hesitate to confess my own weakness, or write of my wife's courage and resource. As we sat at table in a restaurant in Bangor, my overcharged heart gave way, and laying my head down on my arms I burst into tears. Never shall I forget the look of frightened astonishment in our children's eyes, nor the quiet courage with which my wife took charge, and the gentle firmness with which she helped a broken and disheartened man back to firm ground again.

Without telling what her purpose was, she took us to a quiet part of the shore and left, saying she would return in a few hours. When she rejoined us, it was with a cheery—"Come along you people, I have something good to show you"—and sure enough she had. We were ushered into nice comfortable apartments and on the table awaiting us an appetising meal. That was my wife's way, God bless her.

While I sat by the seashore and watched the children play, she secured apartments, brought our traps from the station, arranged for food, made the rooms home-like, and then like a ministering angel came for the homeless trio with the words of hope on her lips—"Come along you people I have something good to show you."

Out of the womb of the dead years the events of that day stand clear and vivid. Since then I have crossed many bridges before reaching them; the most futile and foolish of occupations. The broken threads were gathered up, and, with my wife by my side, ever helpful and encouraging, we determined to make the best of life and, thank God, succeeded in making good.

When you're dwelling in the Hell of Frowning Faces,
When you're treading on the rough and thorny places,
And the world seems void of love and all its graces,
You could quit.

When you're fighting with your back against the wall,
And your heart is full of bitterness and gall,
When the good God never seems to hear your call,
You could swear.

But the quitter is a loser, and I know
That swearing never vanquished any foe,
So, while you are upon this world below,
Fight and smile! —*Millar.*

Queenie, as my wife was called amongst her intimates, had a great partiality for bees and loved working amongst them. It would almost appear as if they recognised her as a friend or that she had over them some peculiar influence. She was perfectly fearless in handling them and practically immune from stings. I have seen her, without gloves or veil, search for the Queen bee through a swarm spread out on a sheet. She had a special hive for many years at Parkmount, Lisburn. It died the spring preceding her decease. It appeared to me at the time an ominous omen.

PRESS NOTICES FROM AN OLD SCRAP-BOOK.

Omagh Choral Society, 1893.

> Mrs. James Carson was also successful in " The Toilers " (Piccolomini) and though at first visibly suffering from nervousness, she quickly regained her composure and sang the song with her usual finish. After a warm encore she gave " Robin Adair " with that charm of manner that has long since established her such a sterling favourite with her audience.

Under date 1907 Mrs. Carson, on behalf of the Ladies of Railway Street Presbyterian Church, presented an address to the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton on the occasion of their silver wedding. The address was accompanied by a massive Silver Rose Bowl and a purse of Sovereigns amounting to upwards of £200.

Mrs. Carson, December, 1908, addressed the Ladies of First Lurgan Presbyterian Church on the claims of the Zenana Mission.

In 1912 she presided at a meeting of the Irish Women's Suffrage Federation, non-militant, non-party, in Belfast, and in the same year spoke at a Zenana Conference in the Assembly Hall, Belfast, and at a Women's Unionist Meeting in Lisburn.

A Good Templar Hall was opened in Lisburn, December, 1898, when Mrs. Carson performed the opening ceremony. She concluded her address with the words—

> These opportunities which we have occasionally of giving a practical sympathy to those who are carrying on in our midst philanthropic work for the good of humanity, are, I believe, God-sent duties, and as we fulfil them faithfully, we are, as Kingsley puts it, " Doing noble deeds, not dreaming all day long." Let us not waste time waiting for the big opportunity, let us do the kindly deed, the simple act, that lies nearest our hand and thus help in some small degree " To make life, death, and the vast forever one grand, sweet song."

Extract from " The Tartans of the Clans and Septs of Scotland."

COCKBURN.

> This surname is derived from a place-name near Duns, and the principal family of the name are the Cockburns, of Langton, Berwickshire. In the Ragman Roll of those who swore fealty to Edward I in 1296 occur the names of Piers de Cockburn and Thomas de Cockburn, ancestors of the Cockburns of Langton, Ormiston, and Clerkington, ancient vassals of the Earls of March.
>
> Scions of the House fought and fell at Bannockburn, Flodden Field and Fontenoy, and members of the family have for generations been distinguished as Lawyers and Statesmen.

KATHLEEN ELIZABETH (CARSON) LISTER.

(72).

Kathleen E. Carson, only daughter of James Carson, of Lisburn, was born in Omagh, 1892, and married, March 3, 1915, Austin A. Lister, Stinchcombe Hill House, Dursley, Gloucestershire, third son of Sir Ashton Lister, M.P., C.B.E., J.P., The Towers, Dursley.

PRESS NOTICE OF MARRIAGE.

On Wednesday last, in Railway Street Presbyterian Church, Lisburn, Miss Kathleen Elizabeth Carson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carson, Parkmount, was married to Mr. Austin Ashton Lister, third son of Sir Ashton Lister, The Towers, Dursley, Gloucestershire, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. R. W. Hamilton, M.A.

The happy event, though intended to be celebrated in a quiet manner owing to the War, attracted considerable interest in the town, and quite naturally, as the Carson family is well known and highly respected as prominent and useful members of the Community, and the bride is one of the most popular young ladies in the neighbourhood, her affable and charming manner endearing her to all.

It was not, therefore, surprising to find the spacious church crowded in every part, while hundreds were assembled outside the entrance. For half an hour prior to the ceremony there was a musical service, and during the entrance and departure of the bridal party, the customary marches were played on the organ. The bride, who was becomingly attired, looked charming, as she walked along the aisle leaning on the arm of her father. She was attended by Miss St. George as bridesmaid. A large number of guests occupied the pews in front of the choir seats. After the ceremony as the happy couple left the church they were assailed by a storm of confetti.

Kathleen E. Carson was educated at the Ulster Provincial School, Lisburn; Dresden, Germany; and Queen's University, Belfast.

In 1913 and the early part of 1914, she undertook propaganda work in England on behalf of the Ulster Women's Unionist Association, canvassing and addressing meetings, and visited Walthamstow, Swindon, Torquay, Dursley, and various other centres.

Her future husband first saw her addressing a Unionist Meeting in Dursley. In after years he used to tell that as he sat in the audience he determined, if he could win her, he would make her his wife. This, however, proved a more difficult matter than anticipated, but he always concluded with the remark that the little Irish Girl was well worth all the trouble.

As a girl she was capable, self-reliant, energetic, and rather self-willed, living a full life, and entering with eagerness into the work and amusement of School and College. Later she developed into a beautiful and gracious woman.

A simple incident in her early life may be narrated. Training for school sports, she hurt her leg on the evening before the great day. This, however, she determined should not prevent her running and winning the 100 yards. She won the race and fell fainting into the arms of her father, who was standing at the tape. The muscles on the front of her thigh were torn apart. She was lame for months, and felt the after-effects for years.

An important examination was approaching, but she would not allow the injury to her leg to interfere with preparation. As she could not walk, an old Irish jarvey was engaged to drive her to and from School which was distant from her home about half a mile. The old man came to love and care for her as his own daughter, and always spoke of her as " The Little Lady."

In due course she had the satisfaction of receiving a communication to the effect that she had passed successfully the Senior Cambridge and London University Matriculation Examinations. Of the latter, however, she never made any further use. Later she entered the Queen's University, Belfast, and took out classes in Experimental Physics and Chemistry.

Austin A. Lister, born 1873, is a Director and Chairman of the firm of R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd., Dursley, Glos. For some years he managed their Canadian Branch and in the interests of the Firm travelled considerable portions of the United States, South America and Europe.

In 1919 he sold Stinchcombe Hill House and lands and in October of the same year the family went to reside at Basing House, Branksome Park, Bournemouth.

Stinchcombe Hill House stands high up on a spur of the Cotswolds overlooking the Severn Valley. It was built by Austin Lister about ten years prior to his marriage. Constructed largely from the materials of an ancient mill, and in the Cotswold style, it has now the appearance of an old Manor House that might have been built when George the Third was King.

Stinchcombe Hill projects at right angles from the main line of the Cotswolds about three miles, and at Drakestone Point, an offshoot

to the South, which is the highest part of the Hill, it is 750 feet above sea level. At Drakestone the excavations and entrenchments still remain where a big army encamped on the Hill during the Parliamentary War, and from this point, too, it is supposed that Berkeley Castle, now hidden by trees, was fired on. There is little doubt that Stinchcombe Hill, in common with the whole length of the western edge of the Cotswolds was an encampment long anterior to the advent of the Danes, Romans, and Ancient Britons.

The view from the Hill is probably unsurpassed in all England. Beyond the River Severn are the Glamorganshire hills, the Brecknock Beacons, the Sugar Loaf and Stanton Hill. Following the course of the Severn past the famous Horse Shoe Bend, May Hill, the Malvern Hills and the Worcestershire Beacon come into view, while directly up the Valley are the low square towers of Tewkesbury Abbey and the graceful outline of Gloucester Cathedral.

During the War Austin A. Lister acted as Inspector of Munitions under the West of England Munitions Board.

He also did duty as Lieutenant and Assistant Adjutant in the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Volunteers.

His nephew, Edward Ashton Lister, only son of his eldest brother, who died many years ago, was accidentally killed while flying in France in 1915, aged 20 years.

Four sons of his brother Charles saw active service in the Army and all returned to Civil life on the close of hostilities.

Austin A. Lister and Kathleen E. Carson had issue :—

Edward Carson, born December 26, 1915.
Kathleen Patricia, born March 25, 1917.

Edward Carson Lister (Teddy) secured an entrance Scholarship in 1929 into Rugby, and in the last quarter of that year entered on his public school life.

Kathleen Patricia (Pat) went to Prior's Field School, Godalming, January, 1930.

Sir Ashton Lister (Robert Ashton Lister) founder of the Firm of R. A. Lister & Co., was a remarkable man. He stood a good six feet in height and built in proportion. His was a forceful, dominant character that carried everything before it. Possessed of a somewhat violent temper, he did not brook fools gladly.

He was a Liberal of the old school, an Imperialist, and in his later years a strong opponent of Irish Home Rule.

In his younger days he rode to hounds, was a fearless horseman and a member of the Berkeley Vale Hunt.

A few years before Lady Lister's decease in 1911 the Towers was built. A short time after her death Sir Ashton met with a serious motor accident resulting in a broken thigh and a leg shortened by several inches.

Take him all in all he was probably the best known and most highly respected man in the County of Gloucestershire.

THE DURSLEY GAZETTE, DECEMBER, 1929.

Sir Ashton Lister was born at The Rivers, Dursley, in 1845, and died at The Towers in 1929. He was the youngest son of the late Mr. George Lister, and of his second wife (a daughter of the late Mr. T. Richards, also of Dursley). He was an old Grammar School boy. His education was continued at Banbury, and later at schools at Dusseldorf and Versailles. On his return to England he spent a few years at Manchester and in Yorkshire, getting an insight into the manufacture of machinery.

He returned to Dursley in 1867, and founded the now famous firm of Messrs. R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd.

To-day the firm provides employment for nearly 2,000 people, and it is still increasing in size and importance, largely as the result of the solid foundation laid by Sir Ashton. " Lister " products can be found in every country of the civilised world, and the rise and continued prosperity of the firm can only be described as a romance of modern industry.

During the War the works were controlled by the Minister of Munitions, and the principal activities of the firm were centred on the production of munitions. During this period Sir Ashton and his son, Mr. Charles A. Lister, served on the Ministry of Munitions and the Ministry of Reconstruction, and in recognition of their services both Sir Ashton and he were made Commanders of the British Empire. To meet the urgent need for magnetos the firm embarked upon the production of the famous M-L magneto at Coventry, thus enabling the M-L Magneto Company to supply 90 per cent. of the rotary magnetos used in the British Air Service during the war.

Sir Ashton early recognized the importance of the Housing Question. Many years ago he was instrumental in building 27 houses for his employees at Roseberry Terrace. Shortly before the Great War his firm purchased an ideal housing site on the Kingshill Road, Dursley, and upon it the firm have now built that valuable addition to the town known as " The Garden Suburb."

The formation of County Councils in 1888 was, it might be said, the starting point of Sir Ashton's career as a public man.

In 1889 he was returned by a large majority for the Dursley Division, and continued to represent it until March, 1919, when he was appointed a county alderman.

In July, 1908, he was appointed Chairman of the Small Holdings Committee. He occupied that position until June, 1915, when one of greater importance was forced upon him by the War.

The Chairman of the County Council and the County Surveyor having joined the forces, Sir Ashton was asked to undertake both these gentlemen's duties. It was a big undertaking, as the work embraced 1,000 miles of main roads, from a short distance this side of Stratford-on-Avon to Bristol, the care of the bridges, the repair of the police stations in the county, and other important duties. He performed this work with distinct credit for over four years.

In 1916 he was appointed War Savings Commissioner for Gloucestershire and Wiltshire.

The announcement that a Knighthood had been conferred upon him in 1911 was hailed with great delight in Dursley and district, and, in fact, throughout Gloucestershire.

Three times he contested the Tewkesbury Division of Gloucestershire, but without success; in the 1906 Election he was beaten by only 127 votes; in a three-cornered contest four years later the majority against him was 962, and in the next Election he reduced this to 432. During the war Sir Ashton concentrated upon his onerous work on the County Council, but in the December Election, 1918, he offered himself as a Coalition candidate for the Stroud Division. He was returned with a majority over Captain Kendall of 4,212, and in spite of his great age he continued to represent Stroud in Parliament until October, 1922.

Sir Ashton was the leading spirit in the formation of the Dursley Permanent Friendly Society some forty years ago.

About the year 1900 he was placed on the Commission of Peace for Gloucestershire.

He married in 1866 and had issue four sons.

Lady Lister died at The Towers, on September 7th, 1911, at the age of 74 years. She was a lady of a high Christian character, and the value of her help to Sir Ashton was incalculable.

So passes a man to whom the district owes more than it does to any other person. If anyone deserved the title of " A Modern Captain of Industry," it was Sir Ashton, for it was almost wholly due to his foresight, ability and resourcefulness that the town of Dursley was raised from a struggling country market town to a community which has been described, and aptly, as the busiest of its size in the country.

As the founder of the firm of Messrs. R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd., he has taken the name of Dursley to the ends of the world, and while the town of Dursley endures it will ever remember with pride and gratitude the name of Sir Ashton Lister.

JAMES COBURN CARSON, M.B.
(72).

James C. Carson, only son of James Carson, of Lisburn, was born in the Ulster Bank House, Lisburn, December 14th, 1894, was educated at the Ulster Provincial School, Lisburn ; Methodist College, Belfast, and Queen's University, Belfast, which he entered as a Medical Student, October, 1912.

On passing his Second Medical Examination, March, 1915, he applied for and received a Commission as Second Lieutenant in the 11th Battalion, Royal Irish Rifles.

PRESS NOTICE.

The Captain of the Lisnagarvey Hockey Club, Mr. J. C. Carson or "Co" as he is familiarly known in Lisburn has been gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 11th Service Battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles. He is well-known in hockey and golfing circles, and is the holder for the second year, from the Lisburn Golf Club, of the Barbour Challenge Cup.

A Medical Student at the Queen's University, Belfast, and a thorough sportsman, he is the right stuff from which to make a soldier and an officer.

He was wounded twice, and saw service in France and India. After the close of hostilities he retired from the Army, and resumed his medical studies, April, 1919, in his old University.

During the years following his return to College he occupied the position of President of the Students' Union, was a member of the Students' Representative Council, and Captain of the University Hockey Club, and in March, 1922, took his M.B. degree.

In 1920 he secured his Hockey "Cap," and played centre-forward in all three International Matches that year for Ireland.

SOME PRESS NOTICES—WELSH MATCH.

It was a treat to witness the exhibition given by the Irish forwards. They played a great game, one and all, but what pleased Ulstermen most was the display of Carson. The Welsh defence could not hold him. He was always there, and many of the goals were the result of his stick-work.

There is no doubt about it that Carson was one of the best, if not the best, forward on the field. He had to his credit four out of the nine goals scored. He made no mistakes, was always quick to seize an opportunity when inside the circle, and better still, unselfish and passed well. The Welsh goal-keeper is not likely to forget that goal of his taken on the fly. It was the finest point I have ever seen scored.

Ireland in 1920 won all three matches, thus securing the Triple Crown in Hockey.

He also played for Ireland in 1921 and 1922. In 1921 he took part in the great International Match at Beckenham, London, at which the King was present, when a hard-fought game ended in a draw.

J. C. Carson is slight in build, with a sharp, clean-cut face, and straight nose, stands about 5 feet 8 inches in height, is rather hasty in temper, has a pleasing manner, is possessed of good average ability, and gifted with a high sense of honour.

To his mother he owes much. She learned the rules and intricacies of hockey, so that she might watch the game with understanding and discuss it with her son intelligently. She helped and encouraged him in his studies and, together, they appeared more like brother and sister than mother and son. What he is now, and what measure of success he may attain in the future, is due to a large extent to her influence, to her teaching, and to her example.

Gazetted, March 31st, 1915, he immediately joined his Battalion, which was in camp at Clandeboy, Bangor, Co. Down. On May 8th, 1915, he took part in the great parade and march past of the 36th (Ulster) Division through Belfast. Years later he wrote—"That was my first experience of a long march in full marching order, and to this day the recollection of it brings up painful memories of blistered feet."

About the middle of 1915 the Battalion moved to Seaford on the South Coast of England, where it remained some two months, and was inspected by Lord Kitchener. It was then transferred to Borden, Hampshire, where its training was completed, and after inspection by the King, passed over for service in France.

Being a supernumerary officer, he and some seven others and 180 men returned to Clandeboy Camp, where he remained till early in February, 1916, when he crossed to France.

> I crossed by Folkestone and Boulogne, and then on to Etaples, where I had the unique experience of being attached to the 16th Division temporarily, and put in command of a platoon of Nationalist Volunteers.

A week later he was en route for "the front," and after a journey of some two days arrived at Acheux, which was then the rail-head for the 36th Division. From there he proceeded by motor-lorry to Anglebellemare, where the 11th Battalion transport was stationed, the remainder of the regiment being at the time in the trenches a considerable distance away.

Like everyone else I had painted mental pictures of what life within the fighting-zone must be like; the roar of guns, bursting shells, and the rattle of machine-guns. It must have been a quiet evening for, to my amazement, I had not, as yet, even heard a rifle shot. Surely, I thought, war cannot be such a terrible thing after all. I had not many days to wait till I was disillusionized.

My first night with the 11th transport in France was spent in what had once been a stable. Under normal conditions, I would have looked on it as an impossible place to spend a night, however, I was full of martial ardour and the fighting spirit, and considered it the real thing, unfortunately before morning the rats and mice had almost undermined my morale.

After spending the night with the transport at Anglebellemare, he proceeded next morning to join the Battalion in the trenches.

The following morning I started for the trenches, accompanied by three other officers, who were also going in for the first time. Before starting, we received instructions as to the route we were to follow. After walking for some time, we had almost reached the top of a hill, when a staff-officer galloped up on horseback and told us if we crossed the top of the hill we were certain to be shot; cheerful news, we thought! So we started to crawl up the remainder of the hill on our hands and knees, and on looking over the crest, found we were some miles away from the firing-line.

We spent two nights in the trenches; we had come in without our kits or extra clothing and suffered sadly from the cold.

Their billets were in Mesnil, Beaumont-Hamel Sector, during February and March, 1916, and it was here he had his first experience of shell-fire, when the town was shelled and three men killed.

The trenches were very wet, and rats a veritable plague.

On one occasion, he tells how, slipping off a plank, he was up-to-the-shoulders in an instant in mud and water.

About the end of March the East Yorks took over from the 11th, and a sad mess they made of it. They became panicky and after a short time had to be taken out, the 11th going back in again for a few days.

At this time the usual routine was four to six days in the trenches, and the same time out. Later, down in the Cambrai Sector, it was eight days in, and eight days out.

There were spies everywhere. It was observed that every time the men in the trenches were relieved, they were heavily shelled by the Germans. The time of relief was changed time after time, always with the same result, till an observant man

noticed that an old clock in a tower behind the lines, that was out of commission, always had its hand moved to notify the hour, when a relief was taking place. The matter was investigated, a man was shot, and there was no further trouble.

Early April saw the Battalion quartered at Martinsart, about five miles from Albert, and Lieutenant Carson had his billet in a graveyard in the village. For the next three months the outskirts of Thiepval Wood was the scene of their activities.

> Rats, good Lord ! they make my flesh creep when I think of them. They are in swarms. They are all over the place. Thiepval Wood is full of them. There was one, a big fat fellow, I am going to tell you about him, I know you will think it is slinging the lead, but it's true. From end of nose to point of tail he was every inch of two feet. In the evenings he would come and sit on a beam over the door of our dug-out. He would sit there and look at us till we were almost mesmerized, and he would often wash his face with his paws. We became quite superstitious about him, and feared to touch or kill him. It is incredible, but true, that rat fraternized with our cat and on more than one occasion have I seen them walk out of the dugout side by side.
>
> The men often amused themselves fishing for rats with a piece of beef or bacon on the point of their bayonet, and many a one they killed in that way.
>
> One night, going into the Sergeant's dugout, I counted seven rats snuggling themselves for warmth on one man. Some had pushed in under his armpits, and some were sleeping about his feet. The man did not appear to mind, and said there was no use chasing them away, as they only came back when he had fallen asleep.
>
> Another night, when in bed myself, I heard a noise, and got up to find a big rat struggling with a lump of cheese. It ran into a hole between some sandbags which I promptly closed. A few minutes afterwards I heard a noise in the roof, and looking up saw the rat again. It stumbled and fell, and lit fair and square on my face.
>
> When gas was coming, before it reached us, we frequently noticed a commotion amongst the rats. They came out of their holes and made for safety in the rear.
>
> Lieutenant Sam Waring told me of an incident he had witnessed. A Sergeant of the 11th speared a rat on his bayonet, and held it up in the air squealing. Out of their holes came rats in scores and attacked him. Other men in the vicinity rushed to his asssistance and, till the squealing rat was silenced, they could not get them beaten off.

In connection with the foregoing letter, Captain Sewell, Veterinary Surgeon to the King, relates a strange experience. He tells how one day towards the end of 1929, being in his Surgery in Westminster, his Alsatian dog Titus and two of his pet cats were sitting in the room with him, when an enormous rat sauntered across the floor. Neither the dog nor the cats attempted to attack

the rat, but they walked slowly by the side of it out of the door and along the street.

The curious procession attracted many people until the rat ambling into the road, was killed by a taxicab. Captain Sewell then found that the rat had knocked over a bottle of chloroform and had stupefied itself, and the dog and the cats, not liking the smell of the anæsthetic, would not touch the rat but would not let it out of their sight.

The 11th and 13th Rifles were brigaded together, and during these months always relieved each other. April was a fairly quiet month, as a Saxon regiment held the enemy trenches opposite. They were a rather decent crowd, and occasionally a shouted conversation passed between the two front lines. When the Saxons were vacating their trenches about May, they put up a notice-board with the words—" Look out, the Prussian Guards are coming in."

> The Saxons have left and the Prussian Guards taken over. The time of peace and quiet has gone, and hell broken loose. There is no rest now. Constant shell-fire, raids and patrol parties out nearly every night. I never take out a working-party but I lose one or more of my men, and every officer has the same experience. The blighters, however, have never yet been able to get into our trenches. When there is an alarm the whole Battalion " stand to," and we are always ready for them.

While in the Thiepval Sector of the line he had some rather close calls, such as most men have to recount who served in the trenches. While dressing one morning outside his dugout, a piece of shrapnel, some ounces in weight, struck the can in which he was washing. On another occasion a bit of shrapnel wounded him slightly in the hand, and at another time a bullet passed through the shoulder of his tunic, just grazing the skin.

In mid-May his mother died, and he came home for a week's leave. On his return, and till the end of June, his time was fully taken up with the usual routine-work, preparing new trenches, and training for going over the top on July 1st. On June 23rd the Commanding Officers of the 11th and 13th Battalions drew lots for the honour of holding the trenches for the week previous to going over the top on July 1st. The honour fell to the 11th. The Battalion went in on the evening of the 23rd June with the bombardment in full swing on both sides. The noise was terrific and nerve-breaking.

To-day, June 25th, 1916, a Corporal of Engineers was manipulating gas cylinders, and by some accident one of them threw the gas back into our own trench. Without an instant's hesitation, the Corporal, minus his mask, dashed into the danger-zone and secured the cylinder, thereby saving probably a score of lives, but he lost his own.

War is hell, but somehow it brings out the noblest and best in man even if at times it brings out the worst. The more I see of the British Army in the field, composed as it is of Citizen soldiers, the more proud I am to wear the uniform.

In another part of the line I saw a number of men who had been gassed. It is a dreadful death. Some of the dead men had their mouths all twisted to one side, the face contorted, and their colour almost green. The men still alive were gasping, and their colour ghastly.

Poison gas was an invention of the Devil. The Germans used it first, of course in self-defence we were bound to retaliate. The Canadians were the earliest sufferers from its dreadful effects. They never forgot and never forgave. Who can blame them ?

On the afternoon of the 27th Lieutenant Ellis, Captain Samuels and Lieutenant Carson were watching from the outskirts of Thiepval Wood, Beaumont-Hamel being bombarded, when the Germans opened fire on them, and Samuels was wounded in the lung. Carson helped him to a dressing-station some 200 yards back. Returning to his position in the front line was a trying experience. Shells shrieking through the trees, bursting in the air, and falling about him like rain. Yet, he escaped unhurt.

On the night of the 28th, about 12 o'clock, pitch-dark and wet, I was handed a dispatch for Ewart, who was in the front line. I had about 300 yards to go. That was a journey I shall never forget. The trenches were wet and cold. In places blown in by shell-fire, and in other places blocked with barbed-wire. It was pitch-dark and raining, and I fell over some barbed-wire. All the time shells were bursting and flashing in the darkness round and about me. When I reached Ewart, Vance was with him, and four wounded men of the 13th. We crept into a hole in the side of the trench, it was not even a dug-out, and held on there for almost two hours, till things quieted down a bit.

In six days the Battalion lost some 90 men and six officers killed and wounded. On the morning of the 30th, at six o'clock, the 11th Battalion was relieved by the 13th, as the strain on the men had almost reached breaking-point.

We were relieved on the morning of the 30th at six o'clock, after being through hell for almost seven long days and nights. As we marched into Martinsart in the early morning, we saw a gruesome sight, and yet somehow after what we had gone through, it did not impress us as much as you might think.

A platoon of the 13th in full marching order, Banbridge and Hillsborough men, had been drawn up in the street preparatory to going into

the line, when a 5.9 H.E. exploded in their midst, killing 22 and wounding as many more. The dead were laid out on the side of the street, and many of them, so quiet and natural-looking, appeared just as if asleep. The wounded had been taken to a temporary hospital further up, and as we marched past I heard men crying out in their agony and asking to be shot.

The 11th rested in their billets in Martinsart that day, and about ten o'clock on the same night went back into the line, the 13th taking position to their left.

Going back to the trenches in Thiepval Wood on the night of the 30th, the 11th Battalion went by way of the Village of Hamel, and crossed the swamp formed by the River Ancre on a pontoon-bridge. The bridge was about 200 yards long, and in crossing they were heavily shelled, the shrapnel bursting overhead, and the high-explosives plunging into the soft spongy earth on both sides.

Thiepval Village lay in front some distance within the German lines, Grandecourt a few miles further North-East, with Beaumont-Hamel to the North.

About twelve o'clock the enemy drenched the wood with weeping-gas, an unpleasant but not deadly experience. The result was that officers and men spent the remainder of the night weeping like children, in so far as the flow of tears was concerned.

Extract from letter written in Hospital, Manchester, 14th July, 1916 :—

I have reached this haven of rest, and will try to give you a description, so far as I am able, of my experiences and adventures since the morning of July 1st.

We came back into the trenches at Thiepval Wood on the night of the 30th, after some twelve hours or so rest in billets in Martinsart. The confounded Germans, soon after we took over, drenched our lines with weeping gas, not deadly but very unpleasant.

I was out and about with the men in the trenches all night, making final arrangements for going over the top in the morning. The din of the guns and exploding shells was something fearful. About four o'clock, Ewart, Vance and I turned into a dugout, to try and get a little rest to fit us for the day's work in front. They were both killed within a few hours. Major Jenkins and Captain Craig, M.P., looked in on us for a few minutes. Before midday they were wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

In the neighbourhood of six o'clock or thereabouts a sergeant dashed in to say that the Germans were going to attack. We pulled on our belts and ran out, each one making for his own Company. As I passed along a communication trench a H.E. shell fell right in front of me, not two yards away, burying itself in the mud, and exploded. I felt

ifted up, as if by a strong wind, and then flung down. I was stunned but not unconscious. I can remember the sensation well, and the awful thought that took possession of me, that I had been disembowelled. For some moments I feared to put down my hand, but when I found that that important part of my anatomy was still intact I struggled to my feet and staggered back into the dugout and collapsed.

Stretcher-bearers found me, and it was discovered that I had a shrapnel wound in the left thigh, and had lost a lot of blood. They administered first-aid dressing, and then attempted to carry me to the rear, but the shelling was so fierce that they were compelled to shove me, stretcher and all, into another dugout further back and leave me there. In that dug-out I saw a sight that I shall never forget. There were some six or seven men in it, all suffering from shell-shock, some of them were clawing at the ground, others beating their heads against the clay walls of the dugout, and howling, some stolid and vacant-looking, but all as if they had lost every vestige of humanity. Some little time after a Doctor came in, and after taking a good look at me to my astonishment said, " Hullo, Carson, what the d—— are you doing here ? " He proved to be a Dr. Rea, an old Queen's College friend, and soon he had me out of that inferno and into more comfortable quarters.

In due course I was passed back down the line, and towards the coast. At one of the receiving stations I had an experience that very nearly sent me " west." I was evidently feverish, and restless, and a doctor gave me a hypodermic injection of morphia. It should have quieted me, but unfortunately the morphia, as it sometimes does, took the opposite course and affected my heart. That doctor and a nurse fought for my life for over two hours, and to their care and skill is due the fact that I am writing to you to-day. Nothing further of note occurred. I was moved on comfortably by ship and rail, with every care, till finally I came to anchor here.

Extract from letter :—

We had rather a curious experience in Hospital a few nights ago. In the dead silence of the night, suddenly a Fire Engine thundered by. In an instant the Hospital was in tumult. In my ward there were seven officers. When the nurses rushed in and turned on the light, four were found hiding under their beds and three standing shaking in the middle of the floor. So much for our nerves. It took the nurses some time to restore quiet and confidence.

The wound was slow in healing, gave a great deal of trouble, and months passed before he was fit for Service again.

While on home duty he underwent a course of training in musketry at Dollymount, near Dublin, was awarded " D " qualification, the highest obtainable in the Science, and was the first officer in the Battalion to gain this distinction.

He returned to France again in the beginning of May, 1917, and crossed via Southampton and le Havre.

We crossed in an old tub of a paddle-boat, and a few miles out from Havre a German submarine put in an appearance. We all "stood to" with life-belts on, awaiting the end of the old tub, and possibly the end of a good many of ourselves. A British destroyer dashed up and was promptly sunk by the submarine. Another destroyer arrived on the scene, and just as promptly sank the submarine. It was rather an exciting time watching the struggle, for we were quite aware our own lives were the stake in the game. On arriving at Havre, we saw a number of dead, British and German, that had been picked up by the destroyer, neatly laid out in a row on the quay.

We left Havre on Thursday, eight p.m., and arrived at our destination five p.m. on Sunday. We passed through Rouen, Etaples, Calais and St. Omer.

I am back with C Company, but the officers are all strangers, and so many of my old men gone. What grand fellows they were, children in so many ways, but men, white men every one of them. Real Ulstermen from round about Antrim and Randalstown. The bloody day at Thiepval thinned their ranks, and their places are now being filled by conscripts, good men in their way, make no mistake about that, but somehow amongst them I feel a stranger.

I have been in two or three "strafes" already, but am still going strong, and on the whole cheerful.

Proceeding from Havre, he went to Bailleul in the Messines Sector, where he joined the 11th Battalion again, and was attached once more to C Company. For a short time he was quartered in Dranoutre and Locre. In the latter place the Mess was in a Convent, and the nuns willingly assisted in the work. Later they were quartered in tents on the side of Kemmel Hill.

The trenches in the Messines Sector were very bad, no barbed wire protection, and they were subject to nightly raids.

There, for a time, they were in the "Bull Ring" of evil repute, where the British and German front lines were not more than 20 yards apart. At this place there was a swamp where a trench could not be cut, only a parapet raised; this was destroyed every day by the enemy guns, and repaired again each night.

I saw to-day seven German "Sausages"—observation balloons—destroyed by British aeroplanes. About May 24th our artillery had a preliminary bombardment of the enemy positions at Messines and thereabout. I believe, up to then, it was the greatest concentration of gun-fire in the history of War.

With some other officers I viewed it at night from the top of Kemmel Hill. The whole heavens were aflame with the flash of guns and bursting shells. The noise was appalling. As we stood there and saw and heard, one felt the insignificance of man, the kind of feeling you have in a great thunder-storm, yet man in this instance by his devilish ingenuity was

producing the noise, the illumination, and the destruction. Below, where our tents stood on the side of Kemmel Hill, was a battery of 12-inch guns. The concussion from the discharge of those guns frequently blew the tents down.

It was in this Sector, and towards the end of May, that Lieutenant Carson met his cousin, Fred Hartness, for the first time in France. He met him again, unexpectedly, in a trench in the Cambria Sector, November, 1917.

I met Fred a short time ago, and had him in to Mess. He was in great form, and we had quite a jovial evening. The 9th Fusiliers are quartered over on the side of the hill beyond us. I went out to see him off. You know the way, on occasion, he throws his feet and legs about. This time he threw them to some purpose, for I saw him suddenly disappear over the side of a sandpit, some 20 feet deep. I fished him out spluttering and swearing, a bit shaken but otherwise unhurt.

About June 3rd, 1917, some four days before the great offensive at Messines, he was sent to the Central Training School, Harfleur, as Divisional Musketry Instructor, and remained there till end of August.

The experiences here were most interesting, as he came in contact with all branches of the Service, including Colonials, Canadians, Australians, etc., etc. General Pershing (American) and Staff visited the Camp, Lieutenant Carson gave a demonstration before them and explained the British method of instruction in musketry.

He rejoined his Battalion at Neuville, Cambrai Sector, towards the end of August, 1917.

September was comparatively quiet, the Battalion doing eight days in the line, and eight days out resting in billets. The line here was held on the outpost principle. First, there were the reserve trenches, 50 to 60 yards forward, the support trenches, another 100 yards brought you to the front line trenches, and then anything from 150 to 300 yards the outpost lines. The outpost lines consisted in most cases of detached trenches held by small parties of men at intervals of 30 to 50 yards.

During September the men in the outposts did nine hours' continuous duty at a time, but, as the winter advanced, conditions became so bad, the cold at night so intense, and the trenches flooded, that it surpassed the limits of human endurance, and the time on duty was reduced by half.

These months were a time of great activity at night, patrols constantly out in No Man's Land between the opposing lines. Of all his duties, Lieutenant Carson liked best night-patrol work. There was a certain amount of risk and excitement that appealed to him.

I was out on patrol duty with some men between the lines. The night was very still and calm. We were creeping along, almost on our hands and knees, listening for every sound, and holding our breath, when right under our hands a covey of partridge, that had sat till we were on top of them, rose with a whir. In the silence and tension it was rather nerve-breaking. One man fired his rifle in nervous fright. Another man close to me gasped, "My God, Sir, I have swallowed my heart."

This night-patrol work is great fun. Lieutenant ——— was taking out a small patrol of five or six men. I went with him. We felt our way cautiously over very broken ground, and when quite close to the German wire entanglements, some suspicious noise was heard, and a rifle went off. The officer in charge lost his nerve and dashed back towards his own lines with his men in hot pursuit. I followed for a short distance, then stopped.

I could hear the men in front tearing through wire, running and stumbling, and as I walked back slowly to our own lines thoroughly disgusted, I laughed aloud at the debacle.

Almost on the instant I heard a voice gasp, "My God, Sir, I had almost shot you! I heard the blighters tumble into the trench, I thought you had all come back, and when I heard the sound of your step I was sure it was a Boche, another second and you were a dead man, that laugh, Sir, saved your life!"

The risks on patrol duty were considerable. On one occasion he took out some men into No Man's Land, and they got separated. He crept in behind a bush to wait and watch, and in a short time saw a man's head about six yards away. For several minutes he lay, covering the man with his revolver, then spoke in a whisper, ready to fire if he got no answer. To his relief a reply came. It was one of his own men.

About September 21st the Boche made several minor raids on the outposts of the 11th, which were successfully repulsed.

It was reported to me that, on more than one occasion, at a certain place apparently outside the German wire, a man was seen to stand. They called him a listening patrol. I got permission to take out a party and attempt to capture him. We made our dispositions. The man was there right enough, but inside, instead of outside the wire. We made this discovery without attracting his attention, then crept round a mound, and got unobserved within ten yards of him. We opened on him with bombs, and did him in, and then bombed the trench, out of

which there issued lamentable groans. The S.O.S. signal flew along the German lines, the guns opened fire, and there was pandemonium for a quarter of an hour. The enemy thought we were attacking in force. After raising the disturbance, we crept back into No Man's Land, lay flat on the ground till the row was over, and then returned safely to our own lines.

After the raid a letter from the 108th Brigade Headquarters was read aloud before the Battalion on parade—" We congratulate Lieutenant Carson, Sergeant Scullion (Ballymena man) and men of the patrol who took part in successful bombing raid on German outpost. It was most excellently conceived and creditably and fearlessly carried through."

It was while on this bombing raid that a splinter from one of his own bombs flew back and broke one of his front teeth.

I was out lately on a quiet part of the outpost line. The distance between the posts was rather more than usual. It was very quiet and very dark. I said to the Sergeant with me—" I don't like this," and stood up on the fire step. Immediately in front we heard something moving, and as we knew one of our own patrols was out we were in a difficulty as to whether the sound was from our own men or the enemy. If we hailed them, and they proved to be Germans, why, the result would be a shower of bombs, just as occurred to a post a few nights previously.

We made quickly for the nearest Lewis-gun post, and got them to open fire along our barbed wire. Result, the sound of running feet, and we could see a luminous wrist-watch bobbing in the direction of the German lines. We went back to the point, and over the top, and found a bag of bombs, two rifles and several caps.

One night, while on duty at an outpost on Oxford Road—this road led to Havrincourt—they were heavily shelled. The rest of the line appeared to be quiet. He sent his men out of the danger zone, but remained himself with a Sergeant and two men, as he feared the shelling was preliminary to a raid. While standing waiting, a shell fell beside them, and blew the man next to him clean out of the trench on to the parapet, without doing him the slightest harm. The bombardment lasted about half an hour.

I had rather an unpleasant experience towards the end of October, 1917, on the Cambrai front.

We had been 21 days in the line. The weather was atrocious, cold and wet, and the trenches flooded. On the night we returned to billets, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the men weary, wet and cold. There is an army regulation that rifles must be unloaded in the open, before entering billets, but this night the men were so exhausted and cold, we decided there would be less risk if they unloaded

in the light in their huts, so we marched them in, and told the Sergeants to see that the men unloaded carefully.

I had not gone ten yards when I heard the report of a rifle-shot from the hut my men had entered. I ran back and found one of the men, in fumbling with the lock of his rifle, had accidentally discharged it and shot another man through the side and arm. Here was a nice mess! Of course, I had to report the accident at once to Battalion H.Q.

There was a Court of Enquiry, and I appeared before it with my Sergeant, and the man who had fired the shot. I explained the circumstances, pointed out that when we reached the billets the men were tired, the rain coming down in torrents, that there was an Army Order that the breech or mechanism of a rifle should not be exposed, save under exceptional circumstances, to rain or moisture, and for certain reasons allowed it to be assumed that I was in the hut when the accident occurred.

A report on the matter was drawn up and dispatched to Brigade H.Q., and from there it went to Divisional H.Q., and back to us for more information. Another Court of Enquiry, a further report, away it went on its rounds, and in due course again reached us with more queries. Away it went once more, but before it had time to go the rounds and come back to us, I was wounded and on my way to England.

For all I know, it may be going round and round still, and growing larger and larger.

The procedure is that, once a report is started, every hand that it passes through adds a sheet and some remarks, foolish or otherwise, so that as it goes round, it grows larger and larger. When the report on the accident in the hut started out on its third round, it contained about 20 sheets.

The red tape in the Army is appalling. Trivial matters, and matters not definitely provided for in regulations, don't appear ever to get settled. Once a written report on a matter of this nature starts out, it may go on for ever, or till some officer in disgust burns it. No one will take the responsibility to decide, each one adds a sheet and a few words, and sends it on to the next.

Information derived from another source throws some light on the foregoing letter. It appears, according to regulations, that if the accident occurred and no Commissioned Officer were present, the man who fired the shot would be court-martialled, and possibly get one or two years' imprisonment. If, however a Commissioned Officer was present, and gave the order to unload, even if an accident occurred in carrying out the order, the man would be held blameless. Lieutenant Carson was not actually present and did not give the order to unload, but realizing the consequences to the man, immediately shouldered the responsibility, and in his report stated he was present in the hut when the accident occurred, and gave the order to unload.

The Battle of Cambrai commenced on the morning of November 20th, 1917. General Byng in command. General Elles in command of Tanks. An eye-witness says :—

> The long line of Tanks (400) magnified to monstrous size in the dim light of early dawn, the columns of infantry with fixed bayonets, who followed them, all advancing in silent order, formed a spectacle which none who took part in it could ever forget. Everything went without a hitch, and in a short time the whole Hindenburg line, with its amazed occupants, was in the hands of the assailants.

There was no artillery preparation, and the guns only opened fire when the Tanks began to advance. The wire entanglements went down before them like wheat beneath the scythe.

The Ulster (36th) Division was on the extreme left, and its advance from Hermies was in a North-Easterly direction.

The 2nd and 11th Royal Irish Rifles were in reserve, and on the morning of the 20th stationed on a hill, a short distance behind Hermies, with Havrincourt to their right, and Havrincourt Forest to the rear.

> We (108th Brigade) followed up the advance on the 20th, and at night found ourselves about a mile from Hermies, and spent it in the open. It was wet and cold, with the rain coming down in torrents. The troops were rather depressed, as they had hoped to be in action that day. They kept up their spirits by singing, and it was a wonderful experience to hear in the darkness some 4,000 men singing the old familiar songs I knew so well at home.

The following morning, about six o'clock, they advanced further along the banks of the Canal du Nord.

> As we advanced, we saw broken tanks, guns out of action, smashed limbers, and dead everywhere. The surprise had been so complete, that we came across dead Germans actually with the soap on their face, in the act of shaving. All day we slowly followed the attack, passed through the Hindenburg line, barbed wire over 10 yards deep, trenches of incredible depth, and remarkable dugouts.

The following three nights they spent in German dugouts on the left bank of the Canal du Nord, not far from Moeuvres. During these three days the 11th occupied a position a short distance from Moeuvres, to their left front, a little over a mile away was Inchy, and to their right front, somewhat further away, was Bourlon.

Around Bourlon, and Bourlon Wood, continuous and fierce fighting took place, with varying fortune, for almost the whole ten days of the battle. The storm-troops of the 36th Division

attacked Moeuvres, unsuccessfully, on the 21st, 23rd and 24th. On two occasions they got right into the village, but later were driven out again. The 2nd and 11th Rifles on several occasions "stood to" to go over the top, but the order was always countermanded.

On the 21st the two battalions were ready to advance, to attack Inchy, but the attack on Moeuvres that day failed, and the 12th Rifles and 9th R.I. Fusiliers were driven back on them in confusion.

> The Germans counter-attacked with determination, but we held them up. It was hot and exciting work. The 2nd and 11th held the line, assisted by the remnants of the 12th Rifles and 9th Fusiliers.
>
> When the Germans came on they appeared to me to come in six waves. At first the attacking line was straight, then it assumed the form of a crescent. My Company was in the centre of the line. The two points of the crescent actually reached our trenches, but the centre never got closer to my position than 20 or 30 yards. Then they gradually wavered and broke, and left in front of us heaps of dead and dying. During these days we were always under a constant and intense bombardment.

They were now occupied in trying to consolidate their position, and he was frequently out on patrol work, attempting to get in touch with the enemy.

> We were out to-day, and I was dead tired, and sat down in a trench to get a short rest. Took off my haversack and put it up on the parapet above my head. That was the last I ever saw of it. A shell fancied it and did the rest. Frequently the trench has been broken in close to me, but you get benumbed and don't seem to mind.

The trenches were full of German dead. He tells how in moving about he had frequently to walk on the bodies, and the gruesome sights were beyond description. Scouting up near Moeuvres he saw three men of the 12th Rifles apparently dead.

> I saw three men of the 12th, as I thought, lying dead on the top of each other. Just as I passed, the top man moved slightly. I examined him and found some life. His face was a mass of blood, jaw smashed and part blown away, and I believe he had both legs and an arm broken. I got a stretcher party to take him away, and then saw the man under him had his head blown off, and the third man was horribly mangled. Some of my own men told me later that they had passed this trio several times earlier in the day, but saw no signs of life. The poor devil just happened to move, at a lucky moment, as I was passing.

Early on 24th C Company of the 11th lost contact with A on their right, leaving a large gap between C and the Canal.

Lieutenant Carson was out at intervals during the day, trying to get in touch with the lost company. About six in the evening the bombardment ceased and the night was quiet. The moon came up about seven, but as yet there was no contact.

Some time about nine o'clock, in his search, he ran across Fred Hartness, of the 9th R.I.F., for the second time in France. They parted after a few minutes chat, and about half an hour later, crossing a dangerous point of the line, Lieutenant Carson was wounded. A bullet entered the front of his left thigh, fortunately missing the large artery and the bone. At the point of entry the wound was insignificant. The bullet, however, must have been of the expanding or explosive type, as a mass of tissue about the size of a cricket ball was torn from the back of his thigh. On finding himself wounded, he ran straight for the nearest post, and fell unconscious into a man's arms. This man, he afterwards discovered, was a Sergeant Dodds, from Lisburn.

> When I was picked up, they rendered first-aid, and passed me back to the Battalion dressing-station. In that station I got the sweetest meal of my life—hot-stew. I had had absolutely nothing to eat from eight o'clock in the morning, and it was now getting on to eleven at night.

He was immediately sent back by stretcher and ambulance some five miles to Doignies.

> We reached Doignies about midnight. My stretcher was set down in the road in front of a Tank. I spent a bad half-hour watching that Tank, at every moment expecting it to start and run over me.
>
> While lying there I saw the Guards march past on their way to Bourlon Wood.
>
> I was then sent to a clearing-station further back, and from there by ambulance train (two days) to Rouen. In hospital in Rouen I received the only rough treatment I ever received from a nurse.
>
> The bandages on my wound had been on for almost three days, and were stuck to it, hard as a board. I was placed in a hospital bed, face down, and told to hold the iron rail on the bed-head. She then, without any preparation, tore off the bandages. I don't think you can guess what the pain was like, at any rate, the iron rail in my hands smashed in two. The next day saw me on the move again, off to Havre and England.

He arrived in due course at 4th London General Hospital, Denmark Hill, where he remained from November till March. During this time there were some nine German air-raids on London.

Towards the end of February, 1918, his friend and cousin, George Anderson, on his way out to France, called on him, and they dined and did a theatre together. That was George Anderson's

last night in England. He was killed on the Somme, March 21st, 1918.

On recovering from the effects of his wound, Lieutenant Carson applied for a transfer into the Indian Army, and sailed from Southampton, July 3rd, 1918, en route for the East.

He travelled via Cherbourg, thence by rail through France, across Northern Italy, and down the Adriatic coast to Taranto. The travelling was very comfortable, four officers in each carriage, three days in train, then a night in rest-camp, the whole rail journey occupying nine days. The route was through a most interesting, beautiful and historic country.

> After resting for 24 hours in Taranto, we went on board transport. There were five transports. Our convoy consisted of nine Japanese destroyers and one cruiser. The convoy immediately in front of ours lost a transport outside of Alexandria. We passed through floating dead bodies and wreckage. Spent a day in Alexandria. Next morning took train for Suez. and there embarked for Bombay. I was ill with the " Flu " on the voyage, and in hospital for a few weeks after landing, in Bombay and Nasik. I was now attached as Acting-Captain to the 126th Baluchistan Infantry and stationed at Karachi. My stay with the Regiment and in India was the happiest time I had since I joined the Army.

He was a good sport, and fair marksman ; qualities appreciated to the full by the wild hillmen under his command. Letters from native officers which reached him after his return home, evinced clearly the creditable position which he had made for himself in the Battalion.

Soon after the close of hostilities he sent in his resignation. believing it would be several months before it could take effect, To his surprise it was accepted at once and with a large number of other officers he was ordered back to England to be demobilized.

He now discovered that if he could delay his arrival in England by one month he would be entitled to a Captain's gratuity and retire from the Army with that rank. By some means he avoided sailing in the first boat to leave, but was compelled to go by one sailing a few weeks later. Now here is a case in point where we are forced to think that we see the " Old Grey Gods " laugh at our puny schemes. He missed by one week, gratuity and rank. Had he sailed by the first boat as arranged, he would not have reached England till two months later ; she was detained at Alexandria.

Some of his experiences in India read like a chapter out of Charley O'Malley or Harry Lorrequer. Three are worth relating.

It is difficult after the lapse of years to quite catch the spirit in which he told them, or to remember the wealth of detail with which they were embellished. Probably for the sake of clarity and to retain the local colour as far as possible it will prove the better course to place him in the position of narrator and allow him to tell the tales himself.

INDIAN EXPERIENCES.

A Boating Tragedy.

1169782

"Two's company, three's none," is an old saying but often painfully true. On several occasions, to oblige a brother officer, I took the extra lady off his hands. Simple as the proceeding may appear it led to results quite unforeseen.

I made love to the lady as any normal soldier-man would. Thus far I plead guilty. I plead, however, in extenuation that my devotion at times was lukewarm, erratic and wanting in constancy. I sacrificed myself for my friend, thinking no guile.

Like a bolt from the blue came a letter from the girl's mother accusing me of tampering with her daughter's young affections and demanding an interview. After grave deliberation, assisted by my friend and another officer, we decided that I should accede.

The plan of campaign was, that I should meet the lady at the Club House, refuse to discuss matters there, as she might create a scene, invite her out for a row on the river, and trust to luck. My fellow conspirators hinted that they saw their way to help, but would not disclose how.

When I met the lady—I had never seen her before—my heart failed me. She was a formidable looking female and could, I am convinced, lower the scales at 16 stone. As we approached the landing stage a native boatman came forward and said :—"The boat is ready, Sahib." Now this to say the least was curious, as I had not chartered a boat, but being so occupied with other matters did not, at the time, notice it as peculiar. The lady took her seat in the stern and I grasped the oars. My determination was to talk incessantly while in the boat and not give the enemy an innings, so fixing my eyes on her I started in at once.

In a short time, after turning a bend in the river and out of sight of the Boat House, my companion suddenly screamed and shouted that the boat was sinking. For the first time after taking up the oars I looked down and sure enough the floor boards of the boat were awash. With a dozen vigorous strokes I drove the bows of the boat well up on the shelving bank—when to my horror the stern sank and I saw my fellow-passenger sitting almost up to her shoulders in the water.

I yanked her ashore and then a violent scene ensued. She accused me—not unnaturally—of having attempted to drown her, she accused herself of being a fool ever to have risked her life on the river with a mad Irishman, and she thanked her God that she had discovered in time what I was and saved her daughter from a lunatic.

While the storm raged in the tree tops I was not idle. I lugged the boat ashore, turned it over in order to empty out the water and then discovered that a bung-hole in the bottom was open. Slowly the villainy of the whole scheme dawned on me ; how simply we had been lured into the prepared boat, and then I sat down on the bank and laughed—laughed loud and long.

This, of course, only added fuel to the rage of the justly-incensed lady. When I requested her to step into the boat that I might row her back to the Club House, she refused with scorn, and informed me that nothing under the Heavens, or beneath the earth for that matter, would induce her to risk her life in a boat with me again.

As I slowly and sadly returned and pulled alongside the landing stage, there were the two conspirators, thoroughly frightened and with anxious faces, awaiting me.

" Where is the lady ? " they almost shouted.

" Drowned," was the laconic reply—then after a pause—" Drowned ; but still alive somewhere up the river and thirsting for your blood."

" NOTHING DOING."

One afternoon, after seeing a friend off at Bombay Railway Station, I forcibly collided with a young lady on the platform. Wishing to make the most of the encounter, I endeavoured to open up a conversation, when very pointedly she said to me, " Nothing doing."

I was rather staggered, but retained sufficient presence of mind to treat the remark jocularly and replied—" Quite so, I understand perfectly, you see I am a Missionary in disguise."

" A pretty Missionary—you," she laughed.

" Even so," I countered. " My youthful appearance and idiotic expression often lead me into difficulties."

This informal introduction had an interesting outcome and was the means of bringing under my notice a curious phase of Anglo-Indian life that strongly impressed me with the danger of co-mingling the blood of alien races.

We became great friends and often met. She was beautiful, cultured, refined, one of the best conversationalists, I think, I have ever known, and possessed that peculiar creamy white complexion that so often goes with mixed blood.

All things come to an end and the evening arrived when I was to bid her good-bye for ever. As we sat at table she said quietly :—" After this evening, my Missionary friend, in all human probability we shall never meet again. For the kindness and consideration you have shown me I wish to thank you. You accepted me simply for myself alone and my private life you never attempted to pry into. May I now, before we part, show you something of that life ? " She handed me three letters, saying, " Read those "—and resting her arms on the table cupped her chin in her hands and watched me as I read.

The purport of the letters was simply astonishing. They were from her father, a former high official in the Province, now resident in England. He referred to his sons, her two brothers, and pressed her to come to England and live with him. He said he would acknowledge

her as his daughter, she should enjoy all the social advantages of the position, and at his death he would make her his heiress.

As I raised my eyes from reading and looked at her, she answered the unspoken question. "No, I will not go. East is East and West is West. I am of the East. India is my home." And then almost with a sob—"I will not leave my Mother." Rising from the table she continued—"Now come and meet my mother and brothers."

She led me into the native quarter of the City and we entered a house, comfortably and tastefully furnished; suggesting a pleasing blend of East and West. Her mother was a high caste Indian lady, stately and handsome, dressed in native costume, and cultured and refined as her daughter. Remember, she was not black or of the negro type, her colour was a dark bronze and her features as clean cut as any European.

I was undergoing a series of surprises, but the greatest was yet to come. The two boys entered, manly, upstanding lads of about 14 and 16 years of age respectively, dressed in native costume—but—they were both almost as dark in colour as their mother.

That girl was white and possessed a heart of gold. Think of the courage necessary to thus lay bare the innermost fountains of her life, and to face calmly the facts of her birth.

If she married a white man and had children they would possibly be white, but it was well within the range of probability that some of them might revert to type and be as dark in colour as their own grandmother.

THE IRATE COLONEL.

When stationed in India I visited Delhi, the Taj Mahal and other places of interest in the North.

Leaving Delhi by a night train I found myself in a sleeping compartment with a Colonel, one of the old irascible, overbearing type. At the first stop, out from Delhi, two Parsees entered the carriage and proceeded to make themselves comfortable on the floor. Soon they began to chatter and talk, when my friend the Colonel in rather violent language admonished them to keep quiet and not disturb his sleep or he would get up and throw them out.

There was quiet for a time, then the chatter started again. Without more ado the irate officer got up, grasped one of the disturbers by the throat, dragged him over to the lavatory and threw him in; he returned and treated the other in a similar manner, then flung their belongings after them and locked the door.

I left the train four hours later. The Colonel was sound asleep, snoring stentoriously, and the Parsees were still locked up in the lavatory.

He enjoyed the Indian life, and was never in better health than when out East, saw a good deal of Northern India, and visited numerous places of interest. The East ever afterwards had a call for him that was not to be resisted. He was demobilized in March, 1919, returned home and immediately resumed his studies. After taking his medical degree, March, 1922, he did hospital work

in Southport, and Maidstone, and won the Captain's Cup (Golf) at Maidstone, Kent, in 1923.

He took a three months' course at the Tropical School of Medicine, Liverpool, commencing January 3rd, 1924, and on April 3rd secured his D.T.M.

On April the 25th he again went out East accompanied by his wife to take up an appointment under the Government of the Federated States of Malaya, and served in Penang, Singapore and Sungai Patani, Kedah.

He married Muriel Woods Kay, of Belfast, on December 31st, 1923. Miss Kay won the first prize in the *Daily Mail* Golden Apple Beauty Competition, 1921, and was one of Belfast's most brilliant elocutionists.

An untoward accident occurred to them at the very commencement of their journey East. Mrs. Carson's trunks had been forwarded from Belfast and placed in their cabin on board the P. and O. boat. On the first evening when she went to dress for dinner, she found that her trunks had been rifled and everything stolen.

He secured his Commission in the Army through the nomination of Colonel Packenham, C.O. 11th Battalion, R.I.R. This necessitated his entering on his duties without any previous training or knowledge.

It was always a source of regret to him that he had not entered the Army through the O.T.C. of his College, which he could have done and which the College authorities urged him to do.

Extract from letter, Christmas, 1918.

> None of the members of the family may have won great distinction in the War, but they played the game, and did their duty. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole earth and lose his own soul." They saved their souls and retained their own self-respect.

DAVID JOHN AND WILLIAM CHARLES CARSON.

(73)

David J. Carson, second son of Isaiah Carson, Springfield, Ballybay, was born in the year 1861. He was man of big frame and heavy build. Possessed of more than average ability, with a good brain, strong, forceful personality, and a decidedly legal cast of mind, he should, under other conditions and a wider environment, have gone far. Yet, he figured large in his own town and district. His opinion and advice were sought and deferred to by people of all classes and denominations within a wide radius.

As a Magistrate he was respected, and by the evil-doer, feared. He dealt out even-handed justice without fear or favour. His sense of equity and fairness was strongly developed. What he considered right, he did, irrespective of consequence.

Naturally of a hasty, domineering temper, it became accentuated by his consciousness of mental superiority over those about him, and the excessive deference accorded his opinions. However, notwithstanding the flaw of "temper" in his composition, he was of a kindly disposition and had the "saving virtue" of being able, on occasion, to join in the laugh against himself.

He was offered the Shrievalty of County Monaghan for the years 1919 and 1920, but declined the honour.

D. J. Carson and Martha M'Murry had issue :—

David M'Murry, born May 20, 1904.
James, born May 13, 1907.
Thomas Desmond, born March 31, 1911.
Constance Elizabeth, born May 31, 1915.

James, born 1907, secured his M.B. degree with second class honours, in the Queen's University, Belfast, in 1930.

Thomas Desmond, born 1911, is studying Medicine. He entered Queen's University, Belfast, in 1930.

The strong position taken up by D. J. Carson in regard to the activities of Sinn Fein in the year 1921, when murder, arson, and intimidation stalked naked through the land, is worthy of record, and of all praise and commendation.

He, and his brother, W. C. Carson, refused absolutely to concede a single point to the rebels. They received letters of intimidation and threat, were ordered by the local Sinn Fein chiefs to remove their account from their old friends, the Northern Bank, and to cease trading with Belfast firms.

Their shop assistants received official notice to leave the town, as they were considered " a menace to the young republic," and D. J. Carson was commanded to resign his Commission as a Magistrate, but all and sundry threats and orders were calmly ignored.

To those living in England or the Northern Counties, to refuse to be coerced would, no doubt, appear to have been the simple and natural course to pursue.

To those living in Ballybay, however, it looked different. It took no mean courage for these men, and some few other loyalist business men in the town, an insignificant minority in the midst of a hostile population, to defy the Sinn Fein Junta.

At the time, loyal men received no adequate protection from the Crown. The King's Writ did not run in the county, murders were committed in the very streets of Ballybay, and dastardly murders and burnings in the immediate vicinity.

D. J. Carson was one of the few Protestant magistrates in the district who absolutely refused to obey the behest of the I.R.A., that he should cease attending the Bench on Court days.

For almost a year he and the R.M., in solitary state, dispensed justice to the very few litigants who appeared before them.

An I.R.A. Court was functioning in the town at the same time.

Yet, strange to relate, D. J. Carson was the only Protestant in Ballybay or neighbourhood, who was offered by the Free State authorities the new dignity of Peace Commissioner. He considered it his duty to accept and share in the responsibilities of the country, so long as he remained a citizen.

The brothers Carson were remarkably successful in business, practically controlled the entire trade of the district and amassed very considerable fortunes.

The business was established by their father in 1857. Finding conditions unsatisfactory in the Free State, the brothers retired in 1925, thus closing an honourable record of almost seventy years.

The firm, from January, 1921, till February, 1922, was strictly boycotted, and no Roman Catholic allowed to enter their premises or do business with them.

D. J. Carson's reply to a prominent Sinn Feiner who interviewed him in the hope that he might be induced to make some concession to their demands is worthy of note—

> I am a loyal citizen of the King and Empire and so long as the Imperial Parliament governs this country I will recognize only it and

its laws. Should, however, another government be legally established. I will submit loyally to it and its enactments, but if the time should ever come that I cannot conscientiously do so, then I shall leave this country and go elsewhere.

An analogous incident may be recorded relating to an earlier generation.

Isaiah Carson, in the dark days of the Land League, refused, when other Protestants were toeing the line, to contribute to its funds, and on principle declined to subscribe towards the building of the New Roman Catholic Chapel.

An evicted farm came into his possession in satisfaction of a debt. On refusing the mandate of the League to relinquish it, he was subjected to a boycott of his business. He absolutely refused to submit, fought the boycott to the bitter end, and won out.

(75)

William Charles Carson, born 1863, was of a kindly, pliant, and easy-going disposition, particularly susceptible to the influence of environment, and overshadowed and dominated by the personality of his brother and partner. He possessed a singularly retentive memory, in the recesses of which was stored a remarkable accumulation of fact and fiction. From this storehouse, at times, he brought forth material as startling as a conjuror producing rabbits from a hat. He cultivated a peculiar abruptness of manner and speech, that on occasion, to the uninitiated, was to say the least disconcerting. In appearance he did not resemble any of the other members of the family.

Emotional to an excessive degree, the shedding of tears without volition, on uncalled-for and extraordinary occasions, became to him little short of an actual affliction.

On one occasion walking down Ballybay Street, with an acquaintance returning from burying his wife, some chord was touched, and the tears coursed profusely down his face. A friend, seeing his emotion and tears, said sympathetically, "Man, she must have been a good woman, I never thought it of her before."

"D—— her," spluttered William Charles in his exasperation, "I know very little about her and care less."

He was an Elder in Second Ballybay Presbyterian Church and a liberal contributor to its funds.

His wife died in 1928 and was interred in First Ballybay Presbyterian Church Burying-Ground.

In the year 1921, on a certain occasion, Mrs. Carson found herself alone in her home at Glenmount. Hearing a noise in the hall she went to ascertain the cause, and found herself confronted by a wild looking man armed with a hay-fork—a formidable weapon—and shouting:—"The Shinners are after me. The Shinners are after me."

It was a perilous situation. She at once recognized her danger and faced the man courageously, spoke to him quietly and assured him she would protect him from harm.

In a short time she induced him to accompany her out on to the terrace in front of the house.

Here the laughing imp of comedy took a hand, in what, but for the courage of a woman, might easily have ended in tragedy. A man working in the garden saw Mrs. Carson and the armed lunatic emerge from the house and promptly took to the hills, en route for the town. Another man left his work in an adjoining field, dashed up to the gate with a spade in his hand, but his courage failed, and he too fled townwards. Neither men stood on the order of their going, but went.

Surely truth is stranger than fiction. A neighbour sent a message to her husband in Ballybay:—"There's a mad-man with a hay-fork in his hand standing with Mrs. Carson on the terrace in front of her house, but all is well, I am watching them carefully through a hole in the hedge." Cautious and non-committal!

When the Carson brothers received this astonishing message, William dashed out of the house, sprang on a passing car and shouted to the driver, "Let her go." The driver let her go and they swept at a gallop under the Railway Bridge and up Albert Street. Passing the Chapel the perplexed driver asked why he was letting her go. On hearing the reason he continued to ply the whip.

D. J. in the meantime had grasped a stout lath of timber and hatless pursued the car, calling on two policemen to follow. As he passed down the town and through Albert Street, people joined in the pursuit, and soon the road was black with a hurrying, excited crowd.

There is little more to relate. For a long half-hour Mrs. Carson held and dominated the man before being relieved. He was quickly secured and finally committed to an Asylum as a dangerous lunatic.

Their son, Roy Knox, born 1901, entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a medical student, and in due course took his M.B. degree in 1925, and is now practising in Nottingham.

He married, June 26, 1930, Aileen Beatrice Cowan, daughter of a former Manager of the Northern Bank, Ballybay.

Their only daughter, Marion Elizabeth (Molly), married, July 23, 1924, Wm. Joseph Stewart M'Naul, Manager, Royal Bank, Dundalk.

Issue—William Donald, born July 12, 1925.
Roy Knox, born January 26, 1930.

They had at Glenmount a bull-terrier dog named "Grip," He was a fine specimen of the breed ; beautifully formed, powerful, with a fine coat of short-dark-brown hair, quiet and docile indoors but a terror and killer outside. On the death of Mrs. Carson, this dog who was greatly attached to her, refused food, pined away, and within a comparatively short time, his once powerful frame now reduced to a mere skeleton, followed his mistress over the great divide. Joe White, the gardener, attended "Grip" with solicitude and care, and in the end assisted him to pass painlessly out of a world he did not understand. Joe was a character only to be found in the precincts of a small Irish town. He was an old soldier and served in India, of which country he told amazing and miraculous tales.

After "Grip's" demise, Joe and Fred Hartness were discussing the problem of human longevity and both came to the conclusion that when a man or woman reached an age where they became a burden to themselves and of no further use to the community they should be painlessly put to death.

"Yes, Master Fred," says Joe, "I agree with you. What's the use of keeping an old man or woman alive, when they're no use to any one."

"True for you, Joe," said Fred, "I am glad we see eye to eye in this matter."

"Yes, Master Fred, eye to eye and no mistake."

"Right ! Now, Joe, tell me what age is your father ? "

"Nearly eighty years, Master Fred, a done oul' man."

"Good!" says Fred, "Joseph, when you go home to-night—poison him."

"Oh, my God! Master Fred, you wouldn't do that? What! Poison the oul' man?"

The discussion came to an abrupt and unsatisfactory termination.

Elizabeth Carson, The Hollow, Monanton, elder daughter of Robert Carson, died March, 1924.

William Carson, Crystal Brook, born 1854, died April, 1924. Both unmarried.

William Kidd Carson, Harrymount, Clontibret, born 1849, died in 1928, no issue.

James Charles Carson, Irwin, Nebraska, U.S.A. (57), born 1861, married 1924, no issue.

(74)

Ralph Coburn Carson, born 1894, son of D. J. Carson, Ballybay, and Helena Coburn, B.A., was educated at the Ulster Provincial School, Lisburn, and the Royal School, Dungannon.

He entered the service of the Ulster Bank, Limited, October, 1913, and in September, 1914, joined the 20th Royal Fusiliers, Public School Boys' Battalion, and trained at Epsom, Mansfield, and Tidworth.

In November, 1915, he went to France with his Battalion, and till the Spring of 1918 was attached to the Horse Transport. Part of its duty consisted in conveying rations, stores, munitions, etc., from the A.S.C. in the rear to the men in the front line, usually in wagons, but if the roads were bad, on pack-mules.

During 1915 and 1916, he saw service in the Bethune, Cambrai, Givenchy and Somme sectors. In the Spring of 1917 he visited Arras, from there went to relieve the Belgians on the coast, and later spent four days at Dickebusch, close to Ypres, when the Division suffered heavily in attempting to take a small wood.

When at Dickebusch the transport were shelled off the lines one night. After getting the horses away, he saw something suspicious under a water-cart, pulled it out and to his surprise found it was one of their own men, a big fellow over six feet, shaking with fear and with nothing on but a tin hat and shirt, although it was freezing hard at the time.

Another night near Arras, taking a load of bombs up the line, the wagon was blown up by a shell-splinter hitting and igniting some of the bombs. The only casualty was one of the mules wounded, the other mule and himself escaping unhurt. He had got into a barrage, and as he said :—" It was a close call."

He spent the remainder of 1917 and the early part of 1918 in the Ypres district, when the Battalion was broken up, and he was attached for a short time to the Americans for training purposes.

June, 1918, saw him attached to the 13th Royal Fusiliers as a bomber, when he went into the line, and during the next six months went over the top three times. The first time at Achiet-le-Grand, and later twice in minor affairs near Bapaume.

Achiet-le-Petit and Achiet-le-Grand lie a few miles North-West of Bapaume and were stormed and taken in the last days of August, 1918. At this time the strategy of Foch was making itself felt, and the German line was crumbling from the sea to the Swiss frontier.

Ralph tells how on one occasion, meeting a German at an awkward angle in a trench, the German fired at him point-blank and missed, his return shot closed the German's career.

He saw some rough and heavy service in France, but fortunately was strong and healthy and it did him no permanent injury. He was big and heavily built like his father, and stood 5 feet 11 inches in height.

On one occasion he had twenty months' foreign service to his credit without furlough.

He is a kindly, genial soul, with an ever-ready smile broadening all over his face.

He was demobilized January, 1919, and soon after re-entered the service of the Ulster Bank, Limited.

Ralph C. Carson married, April, 1924, Elizabeth Jane Woodside, eldest daughter of James Woodside, Ballyclare.

Issue—Agnes Evelyn Eda, born November 29, 1925.
Helena Elizabeth Woodside, born January 17, 1931.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FRONT.

We were stationed lately near a squad of Chinese labourers. One day behind the lines, wandering through a trench, I saw a Chinaman, about twenty yards away, pick up something round, look at it, pull something out of it, and then put it to his ear. Like a flash, I knew it was a Mills Bomb, and flung myself on the ground. There was a blinding explosion. When the air cleared the Chinaman was still there, all that was left of him—he was headless.

Going over the top is nervous and exciting work. You feel as if you had no stomach and your heart had got somewhere away down below your belt. After you get over and into the work, you don't mind much, and your heart and stomach get back into place.

One day after going over we captured some prisoners but what became of most of them I don't know. What became of one of them, however, I do know.

I saw through the smoke and turmoil, at some distance from me, a man of our company, a small man not over 5 feet 6 inches and slight, walking with fixed bayonet behind a huge German, a mountain of a man, and the thing looked so ridiculous that I burst out laughing. Then I saw the little man prod the German with his bayonet, drop something into his pocket, and run. There was a flash and an explosion, and I saw that German disappear into thin air. just as the little man ran up against me, gasping :—" I took him prisoner, had not time to take him back to the lines, anyhow he might have eaten me up on the way, so I dropped a bomb in his pocket with the pin out—and there you are."

The first human being I saw killed was a boy of 13 years of age at Beuvry. He was blown sky-high by a shell. I don't know whether the Summer or Winter was worst. In Winter, days on end you would not know what it was to be warm, and in Summer, the vermin were awful. What the troops suffered, from that alone, pen can never tell. At times, also, the rats were a great nuisance ; they haunted us, and became a veritable nightmare.

Ypres was by far the worst part of the line I was ever in. I was never ill, was in the best of health the whole time in France, and to tell the truth, quite happy, enjoyed myself on the whole, and found it very difficult to settle down to a desk again.

(74)

DAVID M'MURRY CARSON, son of D. J. Carson, born 1904, was educated at Campbell College, Belfast, and entered Trinity College,

Dublin, October, 1922, as a Medical Student, on a Senior Grade Intermediate Examination Certificate.

He is a fine specimen of the sturdy old Monanton breed. Whatever his scholastic attainments may be, he has proved himself an athlete of no mean order, and a long distance runner of distinction.

A few only of the events in which he has competed with success may be mentioned.

In 1922 he represented Trinity against Edinburgh and Oxford in cross-country running.

He won the Mile Club Handicap in 1923 and the same season won the mile and three mile against the National University College. The mile was a great race. "Won after a great finish by two feet, ten yards between second and third. Seventeen competed." Again:—"Carson annexed the distance events, winning the mile off a short mark after a splendid finish."

Later, at the Harp's Athletic Club meeting, he again won the mile, but was beaten in the half-mile.

On "Trinity Monday," 1923, he won the mile yearly championship, and against Queen's, in a grand race, won the mile for his college.

In the College Races, handicap events, he came in third in mile, second in two mile, and won the half-mile, all off Scratch.

He also won the mile, County Dublin Championship, doing it in 4 minutes 42 2-5th seconds.

In the winter of 1923 he competed for his University with Edinburgh over a six mile cross-country course, and with Oxford over an eight mile course.

He qualified as a Medical Doctor in 1928, practised for a year in Enniskillen Infirmary and then went as an Assistant to Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

MARGARET MATILDA CARSON, Rev. DAVID BROWNE KNOX.

(77)

The Rev. D. B. Knox, Presbyterian Minister, Whitehead, was born October 8th, 1859, at Armoy, Co. Antrim, and married in 1897 Margaret Matilda Carson, born 1867, daughter of Isaiah Carson, Springfield, Ballybay.

He was educated at Coleraine Academical Institution, Queen's College, Belfast, and the Presbyterian Colleges, Belfast and Derry

During his college career he won a prize of £15 for an essay on the Sabbath, and the Getty prize, Derry, £10, for an essay on Wycliffe.

In connection with his ordination in the congregation of Corlea, Co. Monaghan, 1889, a rather amusing mistake occurred.

A Belfast paper gave the text from which the induction sermon was preached as Acts xiii., 10, instead of Romans xiii, 10. Acts xiii., 10, runs thus :—" O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the Devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord."

The Corlea people were dour but not devoid of native humour, and many are the tales that the Rev. D. B. narrated about them. One is characteristic :—

> A Scotsman was on a visit one July with a Corlea farmer. The Corlea man, proud of the " twelfth " procession, induced his friend to remain over with him for the great day.
>
> Taking the Scotsman to a point of vantage, he proudly pointed out to him the drummers, with their coats off, beating the big drums. The Scotsman looked intently at them for some time and then rather sarcastically said :—" Oh I, ye call that great work, but what the devil do they take off their coats for, to beat a bit drum ? "
>
> This was too much for the Corlea man, and he wrathfully retorted :— " Oh, I, will you just tell me why in thunder Scotsmen always take off their trousers to play the pipes ? "

He was of a contented nature and always kindly, bright and cheerful ; unworldly and impractical, however, to an extraordinary degree. An old aunt, who knew him well, once said :—" David should be chained in his pulpit." She might have added, " and in his study also."

He was an acceptable and successful preacher, and wielded a facile pen. A short talk or address to the children was a pleasing feature in his usual Sunday Service. He possessed in a marked

degree the rather unusual faculty of making those addresses both interesting and instructive.

No one, in his later years, was more ready to acknowledge his want of worldly acumen than himself, and to thank God that he had a wife full of commonsense and courage to guide his steps with foresight, discretion and wisdom.

Mrs. Knox was a tall, handsome woman, with a wonderful charm of manner and possessed of ability, tact and that rather rare virtue, good sound common sense. She too, wielded a facile pen and was an agreeable and cogent platform speaker.

In 1917 Mr. and Mrs. Knox were the recipients of an Address and Presentation from the members of Whitehead Presbyterian Church, to which charge he had been called in 1899.

Extracts from address :—

> The members and friends of Whitehead Congregation desire to give expression in a tangible form to the goodwill and affection they entertain towards yourself, and the high appreciation they have of your work amongst them during the past 18 years.
>
> Your life and conduct have been . . .
>
> Your zeal for the salvation of souls . . .
>
> We also wish to include Mrs. Knox in our expression of goodwill and affection. Her kind and amiable character has endeared her to the members of the Congregation. Her zeal for every good work, especially the Missions of the Church reveal her to have qualities of both head and heart. To her may be applied the appropriate words of Holy Writ—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."
>
> We beg your acceptance of this album and wallet of Treasury Notes (£150) and Mrs. Knox's acceptance of this Standard Lamp and Cake Stand as a token of our esteem and affection.

Mr. Knox in his reply said :—

> . . . It is a very beautiful thing that men and women should try to see in a faulty human being some trace of what he himself would wish to be, and should esteem him, not for what he is, but for what he strives to be. I am your debtor for numerous inspiring acts, for tolerant and kindly treatment, and for reverent attention in the Sabbath Services. . . . . .
>
> Your kindly reference to Mrs. Knox has pleased me immensely and I assure you that any measure of success that my ministry shows is largely due to her counsel and inspiration.

In 1910 he celebrated his quarter-century Editorship of the *Irish Presbyterian* by contributing the whole of the contents of the December number. His brothers, John Armoy and William Alexander, edited *Texas Siftings* and *The Texas Farm and Ranch*,

respectively. Thus, three brothers were Editors of Journals in America and Ireland.

For years he was a frequent contributor of articles to English, Scottish and American Magazines and Journals, and is the author of several interesting works.

He retired from active service in the Church in 1925 and went to reside in Newcastle.

The Rev. D. B. was particularly proud of the fact that during his college days he walked from Belfast to Ballymoney, a distance of fifty miles in eighteen hours. Considering his disability it was undoubtedly an extraordinary performance.

On one occasion he attended out of curiosity an open-air Sinn Fein meeting in Newcastle and occupied a prominent seat near the platform. After listening to rebel propaganda and speeches by "Patriots" the audience was requested to stand, uncover and sing the "Soldiers' Song." D. B. sat tight, and rammed his hat down more firmly on his head. Quite easy and natural to do, you say. Just try it and see.

Emily Carson Knox (Kitty) married Rev. Evan Claydon, M.A., Chaplain in Indian Army, October 6, 1928, in Bombay, son of Canon Claydon, Sydney, Australia.

She possessed considerable musical ability, was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and in 1925 secured the L.R.A.M. degree.

(77)

"And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhood's cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

FERGUS Y. CARSON KNOX, born 1898, only son of Rev. D. B. Knox, and Margaret Matilda Carson, was educated at the Belfast Royal Academical Institution, and the Coleraine Academical Institution.

When only 17 years of age, July, 1915, he was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion (Reserve) Royal Irish Rifles, and went into training in Carrickfergus Camp.

The members of his father's congregation, on hearing that he was going into the Army and had received a Commission, presented him with a valuable leather suit-case, pocket-book, and dress-sword.

While stationed at Carrickfergus he was sent to the Curragh for training in signalling, and took first place in the examination. On his return to Carrickfergus he was appointed Instructor in Signalling.

In July, 1916, he was detailed for duty in France, and attached to the 2nd Service Battalion and gained the rank of Acting-Captain, May, 1917. It was stated in the Press of the day that he was the youngest Captain in the British Army.

He held this rank till he was wounded, in a night attack, by shrapnel in the lung at Thiepval, July, 1917.

After recovery he acted as bombing instructor at Carrickfergus, Newry and Salisbury Camps. In August, 1917, he secured a transfer into the Regular Army, with the intention of adopting permanently the profession of arms.

He returned to the French front September, 1918, and served there till he was wounded in the left arm at Armentieres, October 22, 1918.

After the close of hostilities he was appointed Adjutant of the Depot, Royal Irish Rifles, serving at Belfast, Isle of Wight, and in the South of England, till November, 1921, when he embarked for duty in Cairo, and was attached to the 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles.

In 1923 he returned home on short leave before proceeding to India. Later he again returned to this country, for Home Service, and once more went East in 1929 for duty in India.

Lieutenant Knox was married September 7, 1920, to Ivy Carroll, widow of Captain J. F. Carroll, and daughter of Archibald Wilson, Marlboro' Park, Belfast.

He was gazetted Captain in 1925.

In appearance he is well built, with a round boyish face, and stands some 5 feet 8 inches in height. He is very reserved and of rather a shy disposition, but possessed of a keen sense of honour and duty. He has always stood high in the estimation of his superior officers, and it was on the recommendation of two Colonels

under whom he served, that he applied for and received his Commission in the Regular Army.

In the winter of 1917, when stationed in Newry, he was detailed to take the Roman Catholics in the Battalion to Chapel. The Priest in his address waxed eloquent on the iniquities of England, denounced Conscription, and condemned Irishmen who dared to wear the King's uniform. Young Knox, as soon as he detected the trend of the discourse, at once, on his own initiative, called his men to attention, and marched them out of the chapel, back to barracks. He was highly commended by his C.O. for his prompt action in a difficult situation.

From July, 1916, till July, 1917, he was on the Somme front, and often expressed the opinion that his experiences there were the worst in the War. In September he went over the top with his men, and came out unhurt.

When wounded in a night raid at Thiepval, July, 1917, several of his men were killed by the same shell. He was not aware he had been hit till he felt something in his throat, blood, and then he became faint. A small splinter, not much larger than a pea, penetrated the lung, close above the heart, and has never been removed. He has been under the X-rays repeatedly, and the surgeons decided, " better let sleeping dogs lie."

The only memento he ever brought home was a shell that fell within a few yards of him, burying itself in the ground. Fortunately for him it proved a " dud."

On one occasion, passing over open ground with some men, they came within range of machine-gun and rifle fire, and lay down flat for protection. They had on gas-helmets, and a bullet passed right through the glass-eyes of his helmet, smashing both, without doing him any injury. At another time a bullet passed through the back of his trench-coat without touching him.

Captain Barton of his Battalion wrote of him :—

> Knox was one of the most fearless boys I have ever known. I don't think he knew the meaning of the word fear.

MARY AGNES CARSON, JOHN GEORGE COBURN.
(78)

John G. Coburn, Banbridge, born 1858, died 1929, married Mary Agnes Carson (born 1869) in 1893, daughter of Isaiah Carson, Springfield, Ballybay, and had issue, three sons—James, John George, and David Norman.

Mary Agnes Coburn was a devoted mother and loyal, helpful wife. Her husband and sons worshipped her and in the seclusion of her own sheltered home she led a useful and happy life.

James and David Norman Coburn were in partnership with their father, and traded under the title, James Coburn & Sons, Wholesale and Retail Grass-seed Merchants.

J. G. Coburn took a lively interest in the affairs of his native town, and was appointed Chairman of the Urban District Council in 1921.

He was also re-appointed Chairman for 1922, and strongly urged to accept the position for a third term.

During the years of his office he was unceasing in his activities, and untiring in his endeavours to promote the best interests of the town. As Chairman of the War Memorial Committee, he had the pleasure of seeing, under his chairmanship, the erection of the imposing War Memorial that now graces the Burn Hill.

From *The Witness*, November 8, 1929.

The remains of the late Mr. Coburn were interred last week in the New Cemetery, Banbridge. The manifestations of deep regret which were apparent on every side testified to how keenly his passing was felt by all sections of the community. He was a man of affectionate disposition and greatly beloved. There was not a single phase of public and private life which was not represented in the large cortege, and it was fitting that the numerous bodies with which he had been so closely connected should in an official capacity pay tribute to his memory. The boys of Banbridge Academy, the members and officials of the Urban Council, the County Down Regional Committee, the Joint Water Board, and the Session of Scarva Street Church preceded the hearse.

Born in the year 1858, the only son of the late Mr. James Coburn, Mr. J. G. Coburn received his early education in the school conducted by Mr. Andrew Mullan, and later in the Methodist College, Belfast. Afterwards he joined his father in the seed business which he had established.

Of a sympathetic and charitable disposition he did splendid work year after year on behalf of the Coal Fund, and he was a life governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital. As Chairman of the War Memorial Committee he was largely instrumental in bringing the scheme to a successful issue. He was elected to the Eldership of the Scarva Street

Church, and he served the congregation as a member of the Session diligently and faithfully.

A short time before his death he was presented with a Solid Silver Salver bearing the following inscription :—

Presented
to
John George Coburn, Esq.,
on his retirement from
Banbridge Urban Council,
by the Members of same and Associated Committees.

(82)

James Coburn, born 1893, is of slight build and medium height, plays a sound game of golf, and, like most Banbridge men, is an ardent devotee of hockey.

For years, the Bann has maintained its pre-eminence in the hockey world, and when the call of war came in 1914, the Club responded liberally and loyally. Many of the gallant lads who once fought stoutly for their Club, now rest from their labours, and sleep the " last long sleep " on the plains of France and Flanders.

James Coburn was educated at Coleraine Academical Institution, and has developed into a keen, shrewd, business man. When war was declared he was amongst the first desirous of answering the call for men. Circumstances, however, supervened which prevented him.

He secured his " Cap " in Hockey for 1921, and played in the International for Ireland against Wales at Cardiff in that year, when Ireland won by three goals to nil. He also played for Ireland in all three matches in 1922 and 1923. He is in partnership with his brother in the seed business, Banbridge.

Dallas Bungalow was built in 1923. It is situate on the hill at the back of Fountainville on the Newry Road.

Extract from *Banbridge Chronicle*, June, 1923 :—

Coburn—Edler. June 27, at Seapatrick Parish Church, Banbridge, by the Rev. Canon W. S. Kerr, B.D., Rector of the Parish, assisted by

the Rev. J. T. Anderson, B.A., James, eldest son of John George and Mrs. Coburn, Fountainville, Banbridge, to Gladys Violet Edler, daughter of F. W. Edler, Wichita, Kansas, and grand-niece of Miss M'Clelland, Rosemount, and the late Dr. Robert M'Clelland, J.P., Banbridge.

A large congregation witnessed the ceremony, and as the happy pair were leaving the Church they passed under an arch formed by gaily decorated hockey-clubs, held by members of the Banbridge Club, who were present in force at their Captain's wedding, to see, as one of them said :—" Another good man gone wrong."

Issue—Wanita Agnes, born October 24, 1924.
James, born December 23, 1927.

Jim Coburn has won numerous golf prizes, and is responsible for rather a good golf story, that may be true, but much more likely is not :—

The Bishop of Down, playing in a clerical match, standing on a certain tee and looking over the course, decided to try and carry the bunker in front. The caddie advised caution, to play short and take no risk. The cleric, however, took his courage in both hands and went all-out for the bunker, with disastrous results. His ball lodged in the bunker in an almost impossible position. The Bishop looked ruefully at the ball, and again the caddie voted for caution. " Don't try to play over," advised the caddie, " play back for position," " What is the name of this bunker ? " asked the Bishop. " Hell bunker," replied the caddie. " Well," said His Reverence, " hand me my niblick, and you will see that it's even possible to get out of that place of woe." A full and mighty swing, and out soared the ball, like a bird, away up the course, to the caddie's astonishment. " How's that," says the Bishop, " for getting out of Hell ? " " Very good, indeed," said the caddie, " but I should like to say this, when you die, should you happen to go to Hell, then I advise your Lordship to be sure and take your niblick along with you."

(82)

John George Coburn, born 1897, was educated at Coleraine Academical Institution, and in January, 1915, volunteered for service with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, trained for a short time at the Headquarters, Lambeth, and on February 11 was posted as an Ordinary Seaman to the Public Schools Coy., R.N.V.R., then stationed at the Crystal Palace, Upper Norwood.

Meningitis broke out at the Crystal Palace, mid-March, when, with a number of others he was sent to the Naval Hospital, Greenwich, as a suspect case; fortunately, after a few weeks under observation, he got a clean bill of health and returned to his battalion.

Early in April he was ordered to report to the Officer in charge of Cadets as an applicant for a Commission. After special training at the Palace, and later at Blandford, he took second place in the final examination, out of 40 candidates, and was gazetted Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., May 30, 1915.

After being gazetted I was posted to the 3rd Reserve Battalion at Blandford, and served with it till September when I was ordered to join the Nelson Battalion then serving at Cape Helles, Gallipoli Peninsula.

With a draft of about 60 Officers and 1,000 men I sailed in September, 1915, for the East, from Plymouth, in the good ship "Berrima," a P. and O. liner. We called at Gibraltar and Malta, and after leaving the latter port had an exciting time. A German submarine began to show us nasty attention, in fact became so nasty that we were ignominiously chased back into Malta, and in the language of the poets—D—— glad to get there safely. However, in a short time we were able to proceed, and finally arrived safely at Mudros, a natural harbour in the island of Lemnos, situate some 60 miles from Gallipoli, and used both as a base for the Expeditionary Force and for the Navy operating in these waters.

At Mudros Lieutenant Coburn and party transhipped to a smaller boat and on a dark and stormy night in October were safely landed on the Peninsula, and in due course he joined his Battalion.

On joining the Nelson Battalion, I proceeded up the line, had my first taste of war, and what trench life and real warfare was. The whole front at Cape Helles was only about five miles across, and the distance between our trenches and the enemy ranged from 300 to 11 yards.

He remained with the Nelson Battalion till the evacuation, and was once wounded slightly on the head, but, as he says, "it was not serious enough in those days to warrant a spell from the line."

I was on the beach at Cape Helles when Lord Kitchener arrived in a destroyer in December, 1915. He remained only about ten minutes, and in that time evidently thought the campaign hopeless.

During late November and early December we had most torrential rain which filled the trenches, making occupation almost impossible. Many men were drowned. It was a common sight to see British and Turkish soldiers both sitting on the top of their respective trenches, drying themselves, with no thought of fighting.

The weather broke about November 26, with a torrential downpour of rain, followed by snow and frost, and high wind. The effect of this sudden cold on the men was extremely bad.

Only one dugout per company was roofed. The remainder of the men were in the open, or at best under a covering of wornout waterproof sheets, and the supply of blankets, fuel, and oil was inadequate.

The French troops on the Peninsula were much better off than the British.

> Early in January, 1916, the evacuation commenced, the troops were gradually drawn off, leaving a bare garrison to hold the line, and on the night of January 8/9 the Naval Division came away, with the last troops to leave that blood-soaked peninsula. We embarked from that now famous old boat the " River Clyde," and reached Mudros the following morning.
>
> It is not universally known that among those in high command on the Peninsula, and in the Eastern Mediterranean, were many vigorous opponents of evacuation.
>
> At Mudros we proceeded to re-equip, and have a much-needed rest, and a very enjoyable time we had, football, shooting, horse-riding, etc. In mid-February, 1916, in company with another officer and 100 men I proceeded on a month's leave to Malta, and on my return to Mudros in mid-March I was unfortunately laid up with an attack of appendicitis.

He was removed to the Hospital ship " Rewa " (afterwards sunk in the Bristol Channel) and operated on successfully while sailing through the Grecian Archipelago. On arriving at Malta, he was able to cable home that " All was well."

> On our way home between Malta and Gibraltar we picked up the crews of three cargo and coal boats who had fallen victims to an Austrian submarine. Those on deck actually saw one of the boats torpedoed. At this stage of the War, Hospital ships were, I am glad to say, immune, and the " Rewa " was allowed to go on her way. Early in April I arrived in Plymouth and was passed on to the Naval Hospital at Chatham, where I had the pleasure of a visit from my mother and my brother Jim.

After a month's stay in Chatham, he was granted four weeks' leave, and after its expiration reported himself at the Admiralty, London. A Medical Board, however, found that he was unfit to resume duty, owing to exposure at Gallipoli, and he was granted leave indefinitely. The greater part of this leave he spent with his cousin, George Anderson (who fell in France in 1918) playing golf at Newcastle and Portrush.

October, 1916, saw Lieutenant Coburn again fit for light duty, and ordered to report to the 4th Reserve Battalion, Royal Naval Division, stationed at Blandford, where for a time he acted as Staff Orderly Room Officer, and later as Acting-Adjutant to the Naval Medical Unit in the Camp. He remained at Blandford till October,

1917, when he was ordered to France and joined his old unit the Nelson Battalion in the line opposite La Vacquerie, Cambrai sector. The Naval Division had gone to France from Lemnos in May, 1916,

I remained with the Nelson Battalion in the Cambrai sector till I was wounded on December 30, 1917. We spent Christmas, 1917, about 200 yards from the German lines, and the beasts sent us over some presents in the way of gas-shells. On the 29th December the Nelsons were brought back 1,000 yards for a rest. At six a.m. on the morning of the 30th we were subjected to a most terrific bombardment, the casualties were heavy, one officer severely wounded and many men killed and wounded in C Company. The unit that had taken over from us the previous night were driven from their trenches, and we were ordered to re-take them.

C Company, to which he was attached, advanced to counter-attack and after a bloody struggle and heavy loss, while not gaining their objective, contributed in no small degree to making possible the recapture of the lost position.

Sub-Lieutenant Clerk and myself led the Company to the counter-attack. When we were almost up to our objective I was shot in the head and fell unconscious. On recovering I found myself in a shell-hole with two other wounded men who told me that Clerk was badly wounded and lying out in the open. When Clerk fell it left only Petty Officer Winn in charge, but the few unwounded survivors were unable to advance any further, and the attack failed with fearful loss to C Company and the Battalion. Poor Clerk died a few hours later in the casualty clearing station.

COPY OF LETTER.

Senior Officers' School,
Malplaquet Barracks,
Aldershot,
15—1—18.

Dear Mrs. Coburn,

I must first introduce myself as the 2nd in command of the Nelsons on the day that your son was hit. I was an old friend of his in the old Blandford days, having the next platoon to his in the 3rd Reserve Battalion. Losing sight of him for such a long time, I was very glad when I came across him in the Nelsons to which I had just been attached. He did awfully well on December 30, as his Coy. was the first to counter-attack, and his Coy. Commander was badly wounded quite early in the fighting. It was the attack by his Company which enabled the Drakes to bomb along the trench and capture the Bosch machine-guns. The Coy. was by no means sacrificed for nothing, and had your son and his men not done what they did, it would have made a recapture of our position more or less impossible. I hope he will have a quick recovery, and eventually I will see him again in the Nelsons.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
GORDON W. WHITTAKER,
Lieut. R.N.V.R.

After being wounded, and when consciousness returned he managed to stagger back through "the crash of the cannonade and the desperate strife" to an advanced dressing station where he received first-aid, then on to a casualty clearing station, thence to a base hospital at Le Treport, where he remained two months, next to a Red Cross Hospital at Netley, near Southampton, later to a Convalescent Depot on Salisbury Plain, and finally home on three weeks' leave in June, 1918.

The wound was in the back of the head and he had a most providential escape from instant death. The bullet passed through the rim of his steel helmet, and that battle-scarred helmet is now preserved in the family as an honoured heirloom.

About the beginning of July he reported to one of the Reserve Battalions of the R.N.D. at Aldershot, and remained there till September when he again returned to France and joined the Hawke Battalion. The Nelson casualties were so heavy in the action of December 30 that the Battalion was disbanded.

> Warfare at this period was a totally different affair to my former experience in the trenches, as the enemy was now definitely on the defensive. Early in October Cambrai had fallen, and the last of the German prepared positions finally broken.

After a period of welcome rest at St. Pol, the Division came forward again into the fighting line on November 6. From then onward the advance was continuous and almost unopposed. Occasionally, however, machine-gun and artillery fire made themselves felt, and exacted a toll of casualties in what was no longer a battle but a pursuit.

> The Army was now advancing at the rate of about 10 miles a day, and we were passing through towns and villages that had been occupied by the Germans since 1914. In France, the condition of the people was shocking in the extreme, the women and children in rags, and starving. On crossing into Belgium we found conditions much better. The treatment of the French inhabitants was an outrage on humanity. No wonder the French are determined—"Never again." It appeared to me, from what I saw, that the Germans from the date of occupation had determined to convert Belgium into a province of the Fatherland.

At 7 a.m. on the morning of November 11, 1918, the Division pushed the enemy back for the last time. At 11 a.m. the R.N.D. was holding the line at Vellereille-le-Sec, about 20 miles S.E. of Mons, practically the same line held by "The Old Contemptibles" in 1914, and from which the now famous "Mons Retreat" started.

Lieutenant Coburn was with his Company on this line when eleven —the hour of doom for Germany—struck, on the memorable morning of November 11, 1918.

I have a copy of the order supplied to Officers on duty on the morning of the 11th. The moment of cease-fire was a strange, memorable, and solemn occasion. We had finished our work, the end had come, and yet somehow we could not realize it. The awful silence was something that could be felt, and almost made one afraid.

Copy of Order :—

To Sub-Lieutenant J. G. Coburn, C Coy., Hawke Battalion.

Hostilities will cease at 11.00 hours, Nov. 11. All troops will stand fast on line reached at that hour, which will be reported to D.H.Q. All defensive precautions will be maintained and an outpost line established. There will be no parleying with the enemy, who, if he attempts to come over, must be sent back by an officer.
Addressed to all concerned.

Signed by the Adjutant from
C. A. Blacklock, Maj.-Gen.,
Commanding 63rd R.N.D.

We remained in the line for two weeks, taking all necessary precautions in case the Armistice should be broken. In December, 1918, the Division moved back to the village of Dour, and I had an opportunity of spending a week in Brussels. There is little more to tell. I remained with the Hawke Battalion in Dour till April, 1919, and on the 15th of that month was demobilized, and returned to civil life.

J. G. Coburn and E. M. Thornley, only daughter of Geo. W. Thornley, Craigie, Sutton, Co. Dublin, were married on September 8, 1921. Mr. Thornley came to Dublin from England some 30 years ago, and is a partner in the jewellery firm of West & Son, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Issue—John Thornley, born October 20, 1922.
Hazel May, born October 31, 1925.

George Coburn is of medium height and slight build, and in early years was not very robust. Only 18 years of age when he went out to Gallipoli, it is satisfactory to note that he came through the hardship and exposure, there and in France, without any permanent ill-effects.

(82)

David Norman Coburn, born 1900, was educated at Portora Royal School, Enniskillen, and is a fine specimen of a hard-headed, unemotional, North of Ireland business man.

In April, 1918, he joined the Officers' Training Corps, Queen's College, Belfast, in October was transferred to Cadet Corps, Royal Irish Rifles, Fermoy, and in February, 1919, demobilized. He is in partnership with his brother in the seed business in Banbridge.

He secured his Hockey Cap in 1921, and played in all three International Matches that year.

Press reference, Scotch Match :—

> Norman Coburn opened the eyes of more than one critic. He has never played a better game and never will. Time and again he was applauded for a fine run.

Press reference, English Match :— (At Beckenham).

> The International against England is the great test, and to get "capped" in this particular game is looked on as "It" in the hockey world. There is one thing all are agreed on, and that is, a more unassuming player than Norman Coburn never donned an Irish jersey.

He also represented Ireland in 1922 and 1923.

Extract from *Hockey World*, January, 1924 :—

> Fast on the wing, very dashing, centering strongly, and showing excellent control of the ball, Norman Coburn has played several fine games for his country and for Ulster, as well as for his own Club, Banbridge. The brothers Norman and Jim are well known figures in Ulster Hockey and both deserve well of their country. Both are in their prime as players and Ulster is proud of the two brothers. "Coburn's flash" on the wing is a byword in Banbridge hockey circles.

REV. ROBERT HENRY CARSON.

(76)

R. H. Carson, born 1865, fourth son of Isaiah Carson, Springfield, Ballybay, proved himself a successful and attractive preacher, and ministered acceptably for over a quarter of a century to the large and influential congregation of Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York.

He acted as Chaplain in the American Army (Home Service) during the Great War.

His wife, Mary Newland Carson, was the author of the three poems—"My Patch of Blue," "Just One," and "My Unseen Friend." For years she was confined to her room with Rheumatoid Arthritis and towards the end, almost blind. Through all her suffering and confinement she kept in close touch with her husband's work and was indeed a true wife and helpmate. By means of the Telephone, Electrophone, and wireless receiving set, installed by the ladies of the Congregation, she was enabled to keep in contact with the outside world and the work and activities of the Church.

Several thousand copies of "My Patch of Blue" have been sold.

For almost a quarter of a century she bore her suffering with courage, fortitude and cheerfulness and lived a full and useful life.

MY "PATCH OF BLUE."

By a Shut-in.

There's a bit of sky across the street,
  Which I have learned to love,
One end of it rests on the house-tops high,
  The other on the heavens above.
It looks most beautiful at times
  And has been such a comfort, too,
That when I look thro' my window-pane
  I call it my 'Patch of Blue."

When I think of God's great universe
  With its vast expanse of sky,
And of those who can roam from sea to sea
  Without a thought of why
This wondrous joy is given to them
  By a God so kind and true,
I wonder if they are quite as glad
  As I, for my "Patch of Blue."

I call it mine ; God's gift to me,
From September until June.
It heals my hurt ; it warms my heart
And I'm sure that very soon
The lesson that it teaches me
Will warm me thro' and thro'
For it seems as tho' God's blessed smile
Shines thro' my " Patch of Blue."

I've seen it when light, fleecy clouds
Went scurrying crost its face
And made that tiny bit of sky
Look like a piece of lace.
I've also seen the storm-clouds burst,
And winds go rushing thro'
But I always knew that once again
I'd see my " Patch of Blue."

I've watched it when the wintry snows
Had hidden it from sight,
But I have known full well that soon
It would once more be bright.
When sunset drops her curtain down
She turns to golden hue
That little bit of lovely sky
That was my " Patch of Blue."

When I lie upon my bed at night
Oppressed with pain and fear,
I think of the twinkling stars out there
That shine so bright and clear ;
I think of the radiant, glorious moon
Shining the whole night thro'
And I know that the morning sun will bring
Once more my " Patch of Blue."

I've looked across that bit of sky
As the twilight hour drew near
And thought of one in that " Great Beyond "
Who was to me most dear.
He was a very little lad—
Just four when he passed thro'
He's waiting for me there, I know,
Beyond my " Patch of Blue."

There are other dear ones over there,
Whose journey here is o'er ;
I shall see them sometime, somewhere
At rest, on the shining shore.
Dear Lord ! Please help my life to be
So patient, kind and true
That when at last my race is run,
I can cross my " Patch of Blue."

And then—one day when I tried to look
I found I could not see.
In my despair I cried aloud
Oh! God—it cannot be
That I must nevermore enjoy
This precious, precious view,
That I must learn to do without
My little " Patch of Blue."

I know not what's in store for me
Of sorrow, joy or pain ;
I do not know when I can see
My bit of sky again.
But I'm sure God's love and mercy
Will lead me safely thro',
And in my very heart of hearts
He can put a " Patch of Blue."

Oh! Friend o' Mine! Are you shut in ?
Does your life seem hard to bear ?
Does your heart grow sick with longing
For the joys you once could share ?
" I'll go with you " saith the Master,
And His promises are true
So we're sure that in His blessed arms
We'll find our " Patch of Blue."

Robert Nesbitt, Sutton in Ashfield, and his wife, in the year 1925, after a visit to Canada and the United States, writes :—

We've seen your brother Bob three times. Went to his Church on Sunday. After the Service he came to us, but did not recognize us—not to be wondered at. He preached an excellent sermon and as you know I am somewhat difficult to please. It was modern, cultured and apropos. We have rarely met a man that we grappled to our hearts as we did Bob Carson. He is a fine character.

His Church is beautiful—inside and out—cost some $100,000, the Organ $8,000, and as you know the Church was built in his time.

We learned from more than one source that his Congregation idolize him. Anything he wants is supplied, anything he suggests is done.

We both feel honoured by numbering him amongst our friends.

His wife is one of God's good women. For years her life has been a martyrdom, but withal so brave, uncomplaining and cheerful. When we were about to leave she said to me :—" Sit down in a chair opposite so that I can get a good look at you." Sad to say her neck ligaments are now ossified—preventing the slightest movement of the head.

Mary Newland Carson died in Brooklyn, March, 1926, and was buried at Stillwater, New York.

Her husband joined her in 1929, and they now rest together on the quiet banks of the Hudson River ; amidst the friends of his first pastorate.

Their son, Donald Newland, married in June, 1930, Marie Cornwall, of Brooklyn, New York.

After his wife's death in 1926 Robert Henry and his son, Donald, visited the old home in Ballybay and included England and Paris in their itinerary.

They spent a week in Bournemouth. During that week the writer and his brother drew very close and the intimate intercourse of those days remains a fragrant memory, now that Bob has passed into the Great Beyond. Often in his letters afterwards he would refer to the visit and say :—"Well at any rate we had that week."

He again visited Ireland in 1928, but unfortunately became ill and spent the greater part of the time in a Nursing Home in Belfast.

On his return to America he underwent two operations and died July 25, 1929.

The strain and anxiety of the long years of his wife's illness must have drawn severely on his reserve of vitality. When the final demand came, his power of resistance was unable to meet the drain on his resources, caused by the operation.

Bob was a racy and fluent extempore platform speaker, and with his Irish humour a noted raconteur.

He was a prohibitionist, and a firm believer in its ultimate good and victory.

Although a naturalized American citizen, with all his interests centred in that country, his love for his homeland never waned. His pride in, and his affection for Britain—her traditions, her history and her institutions, till the end remained deep-rooted in his being.

His was no narrow outlook. Tolerant of the belief or unbelief of others, no doubter ever received a rebuff at his hands. While holding fast to essentials, he recognised that the Great Architect worked to a design beyond his understanding, and that, as in his Father's house were many mansions, there were many roads that led thereto.

He did not confine himself, in a narrow manner, to his ministerial duties, but took an active and intelligent interest in the civic life of the country and proved himself in every respect a good and desirable citizen.

Letter written by R. H. Carson, to his sister Eda, June, 1927, giving an account of his journey to San Francisco, and the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America

there, which he attended as a representative Commissioner from the Presbytery of Brooklyn-Nassau.

This is the beginning of a letter the end of which I cannot even remotely guess. I hope it will interest you, but I need not say that, for well I know that anything touching me is always of interest to you. After reading it yourself send it on to other friends who may be interested in the dear old homeland.

On Monday, May 16, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 40 of us boarded a train in the Grand Central Station, New York, and started on our big trip across the Continent. The train was most luxurious in all its appointments, having a shower bath, a barber's shop, smoking room, observation coach, dining car, and everything, in fact, that even a millionaire could wish.

At about 10 o'clock that night several suggested that it was time to retire, but as that was not to my way of thinking, I proposed that all men, like-minded with myself, adjourn to the smoker there to have a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." This was done, and quite a company of us sat and talked, joked, laughed and argued until after midnight. Indeed that first adjournment established a precedent, and all through the trip, late in the evening, you could hear one and then another ask if it was not time to begin our meeting.

On Tuesday morning we arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, where we stopped for 20 minutes. Here we got out and stretched, and then on to Chicago, into which city we entered at five in the afternoon. A halt of three hours here gave us an opportunity to take a ride and view the points of greatest interest. At eight p.m. we again got into motion, and on Wednesday morning found ourselves in Kansas City, Missouri. Here, too, we had a stretching period of half an hour, and I can assure you we all enjoyed it. Throughout that day we were travelling across the State of Kansas—a fertile, flat and rather uninteresting country.

Thursday was spent riding over the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, and there is only one place more dreary on earth of which I know anything, and about which I shall tell you later. For hundreds of miles you do not see a soul, and then all at once you come upon a settlement of Indians. There is absolutely no vegetation except a little sage brush and a few stunted cacti. How these poor Indians live is a mystery to me. On the edge of this arid region, however, you behold a strange sight. On one side of the track death and desolation, on the other the grass is green, the wild flowers are blooming and everything is vigorous with abundant life. The solution of the problem is water. Irrigation is a wonderful boon. Water has been brought into the section of which I am speaking, through a system of ditches by which the land can at times be inundated to a depth of six to nine inches, hence the verdure and the beauty.

On Friday morning we arrived at the Grand Canyon, Arizona, and here words fail me. No language can do it justice. It is wonderful, it is awe-inspiring, it is sublime, 200 miles long, 15 wide, and in places 1½ deep. It is cut right through the heart of the earth. At one point looking down 7,000 feet you see what looks like a little stream across which you think you could easily step, but which in reality is the mighty

Colorado River that has for millions of years been gouging deeper and ever deeper that marvellous Canyon. In the rocks there you can find every colour of the rainbow, and the whole thing is a panorama the like of which, I firmly believe, is not to be found anywhere else in the world.

On the evening, Friday, we again took train, and on Saturday morning arrived at a town called Riverside, in California. Here orange groves abound, and it gave me quite a thrill to pluck the luscious fruit from the branches. Orange trees bearing fruit are a most fascinating sight—the leaves a deep green, and the oranges in thousands a golden yellow. In the evening—Saturday, we entered Los Angeles, having passed through miles upon miles of Orange, Lemon and Walnut groves, the trees being planted in long, straight rows and presenting a sight not easily forgotten. Here we spent Sunday and Monday in viewing various objects of interest. Pasadena and Hollywood, the home of the Movie Stars, we visited, and these two suburbs beggar description, for the grandeur of the residences, the exquisite beauty of the surroundings and the myriads of " fronded palms " that lift their heads hundreds of feet toward the sunlight.

Los Angeles is a splendid, busy, bustling city, increasing in population by leaps and bounds, and numbering now 1,250,000 souls. On Monday evening we again entrained, and on Tuesday morning awoke to find ourselves in a small town called Merced, where we took a bus and drove over a winding road for 30 miles up and up and up, and then down and down and down into the beautiful valley of the Yosemite. Here are the big redwood trees of which you have, no doubt, heard, and through one of which we all rode in our bus. Here too is a tree 33 feet in diameter, and said by those supposed to know, to be 5,000 years old. I tell you it fills one with a feeling of awe to look at it, and then to realise that it was standing there 3,000 years before Christ trod this earth. It makes you feel how little you are. What are we anyway ? Truly as the apostle says, our life is as " a vapour that appeareth but for a little time and then vanisheth away," were it not for the instinct of immortality we might as well look upon it as a thing not to be regarded. But I did not mean to preach—forgive me. The waterfalls in this valley are truly marvellous, and the cliffs rising up on all sides give you a feeling of man's utter insignificance in at least one aspect of his being. Oh ! My goodness, here I am preaching again ! It was night before we left, and looking up past those beetling crags at the stars as they shone in all their glory, if I had not thought of God, I would have said that there was no spark of the Divine in me. At it again, by jingo !

Next morning—Wednesday—found us in San Francisco, a city of beauty in many ways, and with a climate at this season that is most refreshing and invigorating. True, the wind blows all the time and is calculated to get on your nerves when not accustomed to it, but on the whole, the city itself is one to be desired. " The Golden Gate " in the setting sun is one of the most thrillingly beautiful spectacles that you can imagine and one on which you find yourself thinking long after it has passed from your sight.

Thursday, at eleven o'clock the General Assembly was opened with a sermon by the retiring Moderator on " The Ministry of Reconciliation," and was immediately followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,

which was partaken of by at least 6,000, of whom 1,000 were Commissioners. At 2-30 p.m. the new Moderator was elected, and the fact that Dr. Robert E. Speer was the unanimous choice was to me, at least, an indication of the divine presence and guidance. To tell you all about the Assembly would not be interesting to you, although to me every item of it was full of significance. The Fundamentalists and Modernists — I hate both words—were in evidence, but on the whole there was a desire for peace, and a real wish on the part of the great majority to give up bickerings and get down to the real work which the Church is supposed to do. Strange to say, that while I am something of a Conservative, I found myself lined up with those things for which the Liberals contend. Of only one thing will I speak, and it was the most thrilling incident of the whole meeting. A vote was taken on a subject which indirectly had to do with controversy, and which on the surface seemed to be carried by the Modernists or Liberals. "On the surface," I say, for in reality it was not connected with the doctrine, but with the constitution of the Church. There was great confusion over it; many of the elders, and indeed some of the ministers, thought they were voting for one thing when in reality they were voting for another. Next morning, an old man with white hair and a trembling voice arose and said :—"Mr. Moderator, some of us are greatly troubled over the vote of yesterday. Does it mean that we are to go back to our people and tell them that the great Presbyterian Church has repudiated the Virgin Birth?" Quick as a flash the Moderator signalled for the Commissioners to rise. Immediately he began—and it seemed as if every voice joined with his as he repeated—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." There he stopped, and said :—"That is the answer you are to take back," to which the old man replied :—"I am satisfied," and the incident was closed. To write about this seems tame, but to have taken part in it and to have felt the throb of the moment and the tenseness of the occasion, was an event the memory of which will not soon die.

I was a member of the Foreign Mission's Committee, and submitted a resolution which was adopted by the Assembly.

On Thursday morning, June 2, we ferried over to Oakland, and there taking the train turned our faces, by another route, towards the rising sun. Passing through the Sacramento Valley, which for beauty and fertility cannot be surpassed, we could easily have imagined that our journey home was going to be through a bed of roses. Not so, however. Soon we were in the arid desert of Nevada, and then a little later we were rushing through what is known as the Feather River Canyon. On one side were the cliffs rising thousands of feet above us, and on the other, the river flowing hundreds of feet below with just enough space between for the railroad track. Coming out of this, we entered the desert of Utah, and this is the forsaken bit of country of which I have already hinted. For hours we rode over a veritable sea of sand, white, glistening, blistering, not a blade of grass, not a sign of tree or shrub, and were it not for the fact that the track was laid there, one would say that on that vast expanse the foot of man had never trod.

It was dazzling, it was blinding, it was devastating, it was horrible. That was Friday, and when on that afternoon we reached Salt Lake City, we were literally covered with sand. Immediately we set out for Salt Lake, ten miles distant, where the water is 20 per cent. saline, and so buoyant that, in swimming, when you kick, your feet come right up to the surface. Some of the party went in for a bath, but I sat by the shore and quietly looked on.

Next morning—Saturday—we walked round the Mormon Temple into which no non-Mormon is ever allowed to enter, but we went to the Mormon Tabernacle which seats 10,000, and enjoyed a recital on an organ said to be the second largest in the world. Salt Lake City is magnificently laid out—its streets are wide with water running on each side and straight as the flight of an arrow. One of them starting in the centre of the city, and lined with poplars on both sides, runs out into the country in an absolutely direct line for 18 miles. In the evening, we again entrained and wended our way to Colorado Springs, where we arrived on Sunday afternoon, and like good ministers and elders attended Church. Here is a little city of 40,000, alert, wide-awake, energetic, progressive, with magnificent churches and splendid schools, and overlooking it is Pike's Peak which rises to a height of 14,000 feet. Several of the men went to its summit on Monday morning by way of a cog-railroad but I refrained as my heart told me when I was up 10,000 feet at another point that that was high enough for me, until as a spirit I took my flight into the infinite ether. I drove round it, however, and visited such places as the "Garden of the Gods," the "Cave of the Winds," and some waterfalls which were beautiful to behold. On the tops of the mountains around this section, there is perpetual snow, and it gives you a peculiar feeling to stand sweltering in the street and look up at the mighty white-capped hills.

On Monday afternoon we again took up our abode in the train and bravely set out for Denver where we arrived at nine p.m. and spent three hours driving around in the cool of the evening. Again we started and rode all that night and all day Tuesday through Colorado, Nebraska and Iowa. The section of Nebraska which we saw had not much to boast of, but Iowa is a place of beauty, and reminded me very strongly of the farm lands of old England. On Wednesday morning we reached Chicago and felt that we were almost home, although we were still 1,000 miles distant. Here we roamed about for three hours and then steadfastly set our faces towards New York where we arrived safe and sound after a most enjoyable and profitable trip, on Thursday, June 9.

I omitted to mention that we travelled in the self-same Car, right through, from New York to San Francisco, and on the return journey occupied the same Car from San Francisco to New York.

And so the surface story of those three weeks and three days is told. In writing I have felt that I was just talking to all you dear ones in Ireland, and if it has even in a small measure interested you, I am more than repaid.

RESOLUTION OF PRESBYTERY.

It is with deep regret and a profound sense of loss that we, the Presbytery of Brooklyn-Nassau, record the going hence to his eternal

reward, Thursday, July 25, 1929, of our beloved brother and co-Presbyter, the Rev. Robert Henry Carson, pastor for nearly thirty years of Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. He came to the church when that company of people was numerically small and while they still were worshipping in the original chapel that stood at the Southern end of the plot, corner of Stuyvesant and Jefferson Avenues. To-day, on that corner, with the old chapel remodelled so as to be in harmony with its stately architecture, there stands an imposing edifice which in its churchly exterior and worshipful interior composes the monument of our brother. This beautiful building, to say nothing of the congregation itself, bears most eloquent testimony to the fidelity, the consecration, the love and the prophetic vision of Robert Henry Carson.

Our beloved Robert Henry was born in Ballybay, Ireland, May 28, 1865. Belfast and Derry Universities welcomed his undergraduate days while Princeton Seminary supplied him with his theological equipment. His first charge was a little Presbyterian Church at Stillwater, New York. From that delightful country pastorate he was called to the growing city pastorate of Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York.

He came from a rugged, Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestry. His father for thirty years served as elder in the old church at Ballybay. Two of his brothers are holding office to-day in that same Church in which Robert, with his brothers and sisters worshipped. Three brothers and three sisters still abide in the North of Ireland country. In him the Scotch-Irish strains found a distinctive interblending. This is evidenced on the one hand by his sparkling wit, fine sense of humour, warm-hearted sympathy; and on the other hand, by his vigour of mind, granitic character and boldness of conviction. He was unafraid when once convinced that he was right.

In his friendships he was most delightful and always loyal and true, as some of us can well attest. A charming travelling companion was he, whether upon land or sea. And one always came away from such seasons of fellowship regretting their brevity, but inspired to finer Christian life and service. No one could come intimately into touch with him and not be the better for it.

We, his fellow-Presbyters, together with our Presbytery, which he served with distinction and whose Moderator he had been, feel that we have suffered a great loss in his going from us. Our hearts go out in deepest and most affectionate sympathy to the members of Grace Presbyterian Church—his dear people; to the families across the sea denied the privilege of beholding the brother's face in this last experience; and most tenderly to that well beloved son—Donald—the only one of the immediate family surviving him.

We record herewith anew our high esteem, brotherly regard and great gladness for him who has entered within the veil and now seeing eye to eye and face to face has been accorded the well-merited greeting :—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Extract from letter to Eda Carson, from the Clerk of the Presbytery of Brooklyn-Nassau, covering the foregoing memorial resolution :—

> This was by no means a mere formal expression of respect. The resolution was prepared by Dr. Rotenbach, neighbouring minister for twenty-five years and Mr. Ritter, Clerk of Session of Grace Church. These two men loved your brother in a quite unusual friendship ; they were as brothers to him. In Presbytery Robert Carson was loved as no other man among us.

From the *Presbyterian Outlook*, Brooklyn, N.Y., September, 1929 :—

> A great life has ended. Robert H. Carson has run his race ; he has finished his course. For more than a year he waged a heroic battle—not so much for longer life as for a little longer time in which to serve. As the pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church since December 1, 1899—almost thirty years—his was an outstanding, self-sacrificing service. Coming to a divided church, he united it ; to a small membership, he enlarged it ; to an inadequate edifice, he built a new and beautiful temple ; confronting a heavy debt, he extinguished it. Most of all, he served his day and generation and held fast to a pure gospel. His preaching was always Christian, not political or controversial : constructive, not destructive. His life and spirit were so genuine that one recognized in him a friendship to which one could confide his inmost secrets and problems. This was true no less of his neighbours of whatever faith or of no faith than of his own people. So was it true of his brethren in Presbytery. His voice was rarely raised to chide. As the Moderator of that body, in 1915-16, he maintained a standard of judicial poise, sympathetic yet rigidly correct decisions which has never been excelled.

Address delivered at the funeral of the Rev. Robert H. Carson, at Stillwater Presbyterian Church, August 30, 1929, by the Rev. Arthur Johnston, one time Minister of the Methodist Church, Ballybay :—

> We are met this afternoon under the spell of a very poignant but sacramental sorrow to think of one who was infinitely pitiful and tender-hearted and yet one so unswervingly and unobtrusively brave.
>
> I may be excused for saying that it is not unfitting that a fellow-countryman of his own with intimate connections with his dear ones across the sea should be asked to pay tribute to his dear friend.
>
> Were it not for the consciousness and inspiration of his own inflexible fortitude my courage should fail me and I should be silent in this hour. Indeed I am not sure but that silence is what he would most desire at the end of his well-fought fight.
>
> What I owe to him personally I cannot speak of, for that is too great to be compressed into words.
>
> I can only say that he was one of the strong ties that bound me to America and yet linked me with the past and another land. I am

thinking of that town over the ocean in which the last years of my ministry in the old world were spent, the town which gave birth to our dear friend and around which all his boyhood associations clustered.

I know his great love for his native land. He came of a stock of which he might well be proud. You, too, Donald (his son) have much to be proud of here. I challenge you to cherish this bequest. He could not be other than Robert Carson with all the splendid backgrounds of family integrity and abhorrence of sham. He never sullied that unblemished heritage, he never lost the charm of the early years and he was proud to retain unchanged that so familiar and sincere Ballybay accent, all of which made him so lovably Irish.

But if his backgrounds were yonder his roots were firmly planted here, and as many of you know when he was so seriously ill in Belfast a year ago his one desire was to get home—perhaps to die; and home was America. Home was here because of his boy, because here a valiant soul had trodden not the dusty and common city streets with him, but had adventured and made a matchless pilgrimage with him in the ways of the spirit. Home was here because three years ago with his own untrembling, immortally confident and courageous voice he committed that worn out body to rest in sure and certain hope. And with those words I am persuaded he laid his own heart away with her who had meant so much to him through the long and heavy years, and now he has gone where she so shortly preceded him. I shall never forget that snowy, bleak and desolating day three years ago and the contrast of the tremendous courage of the man—for *man* he *was*—how he looked out almost optimistically toward the coming days, and how confident he was that she was not dead. That confidence I am persuaded was the crowning force of his life.

A little while ago I sat by his bedside. I talked to him about everything from Ballybay to Brooklyn and Stillwater and Troy and back again to Ireland, and then I said something about immortality and quick as a flash he said :—" Why, Johnston, you can't do anything else than believe in immortality." In that faith he refused to let death bandage his eyes, but consciously or unconsciously he greeted death as a friend.

There is an open wound in our hearts to-day for some of us have lost the best friend we have ever had. Our loss is irreparable. We shall not see his like again. And now the labourer's task is o'er, we pray that his happiness—if that may be—may be increased in the land where there are no shadows and there we leave God's servant sleeping.

EDA CARSON.

(82)

Eda Carson, youngest daughter of Isaiah Carson, Springfield, Ballybay, born in 1874, was originally christened "Martha Eda." In the course of time, however, the "Martha" fell into disuse, and she came to be known far and wide simply as "Eda Carson."

In appearance she is small and dainty, as the French would say "petite," with dark hair and eyes, a somewhat dark complexion, and altogether gypsy-looking, a cast-back probably to some old ancestor of Eastern extraction.

The simple story of her life is so like that of many others, who, as the years pass, full of tolerance, charity and love, fill up the measure of their lives doing good and helping others.

From her youth her life was one long record of unselfish self-sacrifice.

During her mother's illness, she attended on her to the very end with loving care and affection. Sisters, nieces, and others have had reason to bless her presence and ministering care in their hours of suffering.

Her courage and pluck carried her over the rough places of life with a smile, and without the shadow of complaint.

By March, 1915, the Great War had got into its stride. The Allies had recognized the magnitude of the German menace. Years of war were in front of the Country. The Nation had settled down in grim earnest to fight for its life.

The Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital, one of the finest and best organized hospitals in the kingdom, was established in the grounds of the Queen's College, Belfast, for wounded soldiers. Later, Dunbarton House, Gilford, Co. Down, was acquired, and organized as an auxiliary hospital.

Early in March, 1915, Eda Carson volunteered for service in the Hospital at Gilford, and after a few weeks probation was appointed as Superintendent of the Domestic Department.

She had full charge and was responsible for the management of the Kitchen, Stores and domestic activities of the establishment. The duties were akin to those of Quarter-Master. The Hospital was capable of receiving 50 soldiers, and in addition provided accommodation for the staff. She held the position for two years, and retired for reasons of health towards the end of February, 1917.

After resting and recruiting for something over a year, she again took up duties in a Canteen connected with Neauport Air-

craft Factory, Cricklewood, London, as store-keeper and Assistant Superintendent, July to October, 1918. The War was drawing to a close, but she was compelled to relinquish her post, and return to Ireland, owing to the illness of a sister.

Eda Carson had an abounding love for all animals. To her they were only a little lower than human beings. She seemed to participate with them in suffering and trial and to rejoice with them when happy. That they survived death and that she should, on the other side, find some of her four-footed friends awaiting her was part of her faith. She too was undoubtedly psychic to a degree. I have heard her say a beloved cat visited her after its death, and that she experienced certain manifestations, not to be accounted for in the ordinary way, before the decease of several near and dear relatives.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

For several years she lived with the writer in Bournemouth, overseeing his household arrangements with her usual ability.

In 1927 she purchased a Bungalow in Newcastle, naming it Springfield Cottage, after her old home near Ballybay.

FREDERICK CARSON HARTNESS.

(72)

F. C. Hartness, born 1881, elder son of George Hartness and Elizabeth Boyd Carson, Ballybay, was educated at Coleraine Academical Institution, entered the service of the Ulster Bank Limited, 1898, went out to Australia, 1910, returned home 1912, acted as a Commercial Traveller for a large flour and meal firm for a short time, joined in December, 1914, the 18th Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Battalion,) demobilized October, 1919, and re-entered the service of the Bank, August, 1920.

He married, November 5, 1921, Georgina S. Campbell, widow of Lieut. T. C. Campbell, R.E., and daughter of Alexander M'Gugan, Ulster Bank, Ballymoney.

Issue—Patricia Knox, born October 22, 1922.
Shamus Dermot, born March 26, 1925.

Fred Hartness is of slight build, boyish face, stands about 5 feet 6 inches in height, is an inveterate joker, and somewhat easy-going in disposition. He is a first-class clerk, good horseman, and while in Australia acted as boundary-rider on a sheep-farm.

On entering the Army, he trained at Epsom, Mansfield, Tidworth, Salisbury Plain, and went out to France, November, 1915.

He was attached to the Transport Section of the Battalion, and for a time got special training in a Camp at Lord's Cricket Ground, London.

> I was sent here to learn to ride and train for the Transport, with some dozen others, who could hardy tell the difference between a horse and a cow. I got the tip to say I knew very little about horses and could ride practically none. I took the tip. We were paraded and asked by the Sergeant-Major if we could ride. They all could, bar me. We then proceeded to the stables, and I got a nice, quiet mount; the others got all sorts. I never saw such a mess, the riders were on the ground most of the time. The Sergt.-Major called me out and informed me I was a b—— liar. I retorted, "So were the others." I had a grand time to the finish of the course.

The Battalion arrived at Havre, and entrained for the Bethune Sector on the La Bassee, Lille front. While stationed at a place North of St. Omer he was promoted Corporal. For a short time he was at Festubert. "Not much doing there," he says, "trenches bad and no tin hats yet." It was while driving a transport wagon on the La Bassee road that he first experienced shell-fire and saw men killed.

Moving with a convoy of transport wagons on the main La Bassee road a few days ago, an incident occurred that might convey to you one of the many phases of war.

There were about twenty wagons. Mine was about half-way in the line between front and rear. I was driving four of the finest mules I ever cracked whip over. Do you know that mules are like men ? Each one has a definite character of its own. They are a bit crooked in their way, but if you treat them decently, they are not so bad, and will work for you till they lie down and die, that is, if they have not kicked you to death in the meantime.

The day was bright and warm.

Away to the right front we could hear the sullen roar of the guns, and ever and anon a shell whistled overhead from the long-range artillery. The road in front, like so many French roads, ran straight as an arrow for miles, a long white strip dwindling to nothing in the distance.

We were jogging along, singing, whistling, laughing, with the cheerful jingle of the harness in the air, when we saw coming down the road, meeting us, an old ragged Frenchman, sitting in a ramshackle cart, and driving one of the most broken-down-looking horses ever seen. The old man had on his head a dilapidated French military cap. Just as the poor old soul came alongside, passing down the line, out of the blue shrieked a shell and exploded between the Frenchman and the sixth wagon in front of me. Alas ! for Frenchman, and alas ! for wagon. When the smoke and stour cleared, the Frenchman, horse, cart and all, had disappeared, and sitting peacefully in the road on the spot where he was last seen, was his old cap. The wagon was smashed to splinters, and two horses and some three men killed. It halted us for a few minutes, but we were soon on the move again, laughing and singing, as if nothing had occurred. Such is War.

While stationed near St. Omer, about March, 1916, he and a number of others were sent back to England to prepare for Commissions.

I went with about 100 others to an Officers' Training Camp at Denham, Uxbridge. The training was very severe, but good, and the discipline woeful. I never thought I should pull through the examination, as, you see, it was a bit late in life for me to start studying again. But there you are, I got through alright August, 1916, having spent four hard but jolly months with some of the best fellows I ever hope or wish to meet. I was gazetted 2nd Lieutenent in the 10th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, on the 5th August, 1916.

He joined his Battalion at Newtownards, Co. Down, and remained there till early October, 1916, when he again proceeded to France.

His memory of this time in Newtownards is not pleasant. The reception given to him and some other returned men from France, who were given commissions, was far from cordial. He

speaks bitterly of these "temporary gentlemen" who had never heard a shot fired in anger, and contrasts their treatment of him and his comrades with the warm and friendly reception they received when they reported at the headquarters of the 9th Battalion, 36th (Ulster) Division in France, to which he was now attached.

He joined the Battalion at Red Lodge Camp, near Ploegsteert, North of Armentieres, October 10, 1916.

> We remained near Ploegsteert and Dranoutre until some time in February, 1917, when we moved a few miles North, opposite Wulverghem. Everything was very quiet all the time we were here.
>
> We spent Christmas, 1916, in the front line, and celebrated it at Neuve Eglise, near the Belgian frontier, in the New Year. After a rest we again went into the line at Wulverghem, where we remained till taken out for the Battle of Messines.
>
> At Wulverghem we were holding the line right opposite "Hell Fire Wood." Our trenches were in a place called the "Bull Ring," and at certain points not over 20 yards from the German lines.

Lieutenant Hartness about this time was being examined on the mechanism of a Maxim Gun. He was getting along very well till the examiner pointed out a certain part and asked him to name it. That was exactly what Fred could not do.

He examined it carefully, put on glasses which he used on occasion and examined it again, then boldly said:—"That's a Larry bolt, Sir." "A what?" said the astonished examiner. "A Larry bolt, Sir." The examiner then put on his glasses and after looking very carefully at the part, said:—"I never heard it called that, I always called it so-and-so." "Ah, yes, of course, of course," replied Fred, "that's it, I was thinking of a Hotchkiss."

The conversation was overheard, and ever afterwards in the Mess he was called "Larry" or "Larry Buck." To the men of his platoon he was always "Charlie Chaplin."

The winter was very severe, and the New Year of 1917 opened with snow and some six weeks' hard frost. A rumour got abroad that the Bosche was going to avail himself of the hard ground and attack.

The 9th Royal Irish Fusiliers at the time in billets in Dranoutre was in reserve to the 12th Rifles who were in the line. The Fusiliers were not allowed to take off their clothes day or night, and were employed at night generally wiring behind their own front line.

> The ground being so hard, in the silence of the night the noise raised by our working parties was terrific. The Bosche could not

make out what we were at, and sent out a patrol, dressed in white, as the ground was covered with snow, but they were caught on, and at least two of them never saw the Fatherland again.

It was on the Wulverghem front Joe Johnston, of Lurgan, an old Ulster Provincial School boy—was killed, shot through the heart, while looking over the parapet on a misty morning.

Rather a laughable incident occurred lately. I had some Electric Snuff in my possession. One night twenty men from the Transport were sleeping in an old building behind the lines. I blew some snuff through the keyhole. A man sneezed, then another, then several more. A big fellow from Co. Cavan suddenly sprang to his feet and shouted :—" Gas, by God." In an instant the men were swarming out of the house like a hive of bees in spate, struggling into their gas masks.

In April, the 9th Fusiliers were stationed near Locre, and working on the defences of Kemmel Hill. Later they were in the line at Messines, were taken out, and on the morning of the big attack, early in June, were in reserve. The sound of the explosion of the great mines at Messines was heard in the suburbs of London.

We were about 600 yards away from the mines when they exploded. On the night of June 7, 1917, we took over from the 11th Rifles. There were no trenches and we had to start and dig in. Just as we commenced digging, the Boche made a counter-attack, and I never saw anything like the way our boys got underground—just like moles. The attack lasted about four hours. It was terrible. The shells were falling like rain. A short distance from me a heavy shell fell into one of our machine-gun sections and killed the lot. The next day was not so bad, but we had some five days of it before relieved.

The battle for Messines Ridge, June 7, 1917, was one of the few one-day battles in the War. General Plumer was in command. The artillery preparation before the attack was on a scale unheard of before. Twenty great mines were driven into the long, low hill, attaining at the summit only 250 feet. They were loaded with some 600 tons of explosives. The largest mine was named the Spanbroekmolen. The artillery preparation and the explosion of the mines opened the way to victory, and made the work of the infantry comparatively easy.

Nine miles of commanding country was carried, and permanently held, from near Ploegsteert in the South to Mount Sorel in the North. The British losses in dead and wounded amounted to about 16,000.

After this he had a few weeks' rest at a Camp near Boulogne and joined the Battalion again at Merville. From Merville they were sent up to near St. Omer by night-marches, and spent a month there, training.

About this time I was Brigade Burial Officer and business was slack. One day the Adjutant sent for me and suggested that as, for the time being, my occupation was gone, I should make myself useful and go out and try to find a field 1,000 yards by 500, with a building of sorts in one corner, as the Colonel wanted it for the purpose of exercising the Battalion in some special course that he had in view.

Cheerfully I proceeded to the Transport Lines, got a horse and went out on my quest. It led me to an adjoining town where I met some kindred spirits and with them spent a most enjoyable day.

The following morning I reported to the Adjutant that there was not a field in Belgium would meet the Colonel's requirements.

As I was leaving the office he called after me :—" Did you read the General Orders which say, that all Officers, unattached, were to attend morning parade ? I notice you are always absent." I returned, saluted, and said :—" Do you think, Sir, it would be good for the morale of the men to see the Burial Officer on the parade ground every morning ? "

" Get out ! " " Go and bury yourself," was all the satisfaction I got.

Towards the end of July the Battalion was on the march North of Ypres. On August 16 they went over the top, 850 strong and 24 officers, and after a terrible time left the line with about 70 men and 4 officers.

Lieutenant Hartness says :—" this was the worst time I ever experienced in France, and beggars description."

The fighting on the 16th was of a most desperate character, and taking the battle-ground as a whole, the effort made a considerable gap in the German third line. The operations covered Gheluvelt, Passenchdaele, and Menin Road.

In the attack at Frezenberg, North-East of Ypres, the ground was a swamp, the weather was atrocious, and through a morass of shell-holes, in which wounded men were drowned, the attack was pressed home ; in the process various units, notably the 9th R.I.F., were all but annihilated.

William Magill, son of Dr. Magill, Lisburn, and Fullerton, another Lisburn man, were wounded about this time and lay in a shell-hole, out in No-Man's land, for 30 hours. They were in a woeful condition when brought in. I helped to revive them with rum and tea. Magill was a good soldier and good comrade.

The enemy front was sown with " pill-boxes," a new and destructive device. They were low, solid, cement structures, loop-holed in all directions, with a small entrance away from the British lines.

The pill-boxes were an infernal invention. They were loop-holed for both rifle and machine-gun. To get at the occupants, you had to go round them, to the entrance at the rear.

One of them might hold about 20 men, and nothing short of a direct hit from a big gun had any effect on it.

After the fight I saw some sights inside these same pill-boxes, where our men got round and bombed the inhabitants, that I still dream about. Talk of a shambles—I won't say any more.

After a rest, and re-organization of the Battalion near Poperinghe, they moved South to the Cambrai Sector, and took part in the attack on Moeuvres, November, 1917. He was then Machine-Gun Officer, and the Battalion was in the line till the 21st of December.

Going up the road one evening to the trenches, I saw three men walking abreast. A shell killed the centre man, and never touched the others. It seemed to turn him into pulp. You could put your fist through him, and not feel a bone.

The sights on this front were woeful. The roads were covered with dead men and horses. The dead lay there, and over them galloped transport and artillery.

It was on this front, one night in November, wandering about the front line, that I ran into "Co" (J. C. Carson). I was never more surprised in my life, as I did not know he was down here. We had a few minutes chat, and I rather think he was shot in the thigh a short time afterwards.

About the same time I met Captain Uprichard one night in a trench, and we held up the good old war for half an hour, while we discussed dogs. He came from near Gilford.

The 9th Royal Irish Fusiliers spent Christmas, 1917, at a village not far from Doullens. He was still Machine-Gun Officer, and about New Year's Day, 1918, found himself on the St. Quinten front.

On New Year's Day, 1918, we took over from the French a section of line on the St. Quinten front, which we held till the never-to-be-forgotten 21st March.

The unfortunate 5th Army under Gough had a cruel time and was asked to do the impossible.

We were at one time four weeks in the line, and officers and men were simply worn out. I had a stroke of luck. Had been ordered home on several occasions for sick-leave, but the Colonel would never agree to let me go. However, on the 20th leave was granted, and I left the Battalion for home, just 12 hours before the debacle of the 21st. I escaped by the skin of my teeth.

Our C.O., Colonel Kelly, was one of the best. He was killed late in 1918, leading his men, like the brave and gallant gentleman he was.

I remember once being very anxious for a week's leave for a special purpose, but could not manage it, so tried a ruse. I strode into the Adjutant's office and saluted. He looked up from his work and said :—

"Well, what do you want ?"

"A week's leave, Sir."

"You can't get it, you know d—— well you can't !"

"Sorry, Sir, my father's dead."

He laid down his pen, and looking sympathetically at me said :— "That's bad, Hartness. I'm sorry. When did he die ?"

"About twenty-five years ago, Sir,"

"Get out !" he shouted, jumping up from his chair. "Get out, d—— you, and go to Hell !"

I saluted and went out.

That night at Mess the Colonel called me up and quite seriously said to me, "Sorry to hear your father is dead, Hartness, I have been speaking to the Adjutant about it, and have decided for sanitary reasons that you should take seven days' leave ; get home at once, and have the corpse put under ground as quickly as possible."

After returning to duty June, 1918, he was again several times on leave, served in various camps through England, and was finally demobilized in October, 1919. He saw a good deal of service in France, and came through without a wound or serious illness.

The following story was told by Fred Hartness, many years after the close of hostilities, sitting by his own fireside in Rathfriland. At the same time he gave expression to certain views worth recording. The war he acknowledged was terrible, but to have been out of it or to have missed those four years with the Army and in the field, was unthinkable. Similar views have been expressed, time and time again, by every member of the family who served.

Notwithstanding pacifists, conscientious objectors and universal fraternity cranks, patriotism is still a living force and there is something deep down in the heart of the healthy, normal boy or man that responds naturally to the call of country and the care-free life peculiar to the camp.

"The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize (confess)
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness."

Yes, I stole the pig's kidneys right enough, aided and abetted by my good comrade, O'Flagherty Johnston, a wild man from the West Coast of Ireland, and familiarly known in the Battalion as "The King of the Islands." Well it was for me our Colonel was one of the best, a good sport and a very perfect gentleman. Had it been one of the "old dug-outs" I have known, nothing short of a Courtmartial and probably a firing squad would have satisfied their wounded dignity.

The War was not all mud, blood and tragedy, as some writers since have tried to make us believe. It is disgusting to see men, for gain or notoriety, emulate the bird of evil omen, and foul their own nest.

Amongst the millions who served there were bound to be "rotters," incompetents and failures. There were errors of judgment, mistakes and at times crass stupidity. Of course there were. But why write as if there were nothing else? Why take isolated incidents and retail half truths; magnifying them till it would appear as if there were no other side to the picture.

"Two men looked through the bars,
One saw mud the other saw stars."

Probably these writers can only see mud, or deliberately overlook or forget the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the devotion to duty, the good comradeship, the adaptability under trying conditions, the unbounded cheerfulness and the exuberant sense of humour that characterized the British Armies in the Field. I served as "Tommy" and Officer and know whereof I speak.

Excuse the digression. To return to the kidneys.

It was drawing near Christmas, 1917, and the Turkeys expected from Ireland had not arrived. To provide against disappointment the Q.M. purchased four young pigs. In due course they were killed and hung up in a doorway near B.H.Q.

O'Flagherty Johnston and myself returning to quarters late one night saw the pigs, like ghosts, gleaming white in the moonlight and the B.H.Q. sentry marching up and down, close by.

Says O'Flagherty, looking hard at the pigs, "Kidneys make a nice addition to breakfast."

"Right you are," says I, "but what will the Colonel say?"

"We'll have to risk that," says O.F. "Captain Despard has a good razor; I'll hop in and get it."

"Now, Buck," says he, "slip those kidneys out neatly in your best style and I'll engage the sentry in intellectual conversation."

So O.F. got hold of the sentry and pointing up to the sky spoke of the beauty of the Heavens, the Stars, the Universe and the Lord knows what, while I wielded the razor and did my part.

We invited Captain Despard to join us at breakfast and all enjoyed the kidneys.

Passing the pigs the following day I saw the Colonel's cook sharpen his knife and examine the pigs one by one.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"The kidneys, Sir," says he.

Pigs as young as that have no kidneys I told him. "Is that so, Sir," says he, and put up his knife.

On Christmas morning the Colonel asked the cook why the kidneys were not on for breakfast. Says the cook, "The pigs were too young, Sir, to have any."

"Who told you that?" asks the Colonel.

"Mr. Hartness," says the cook.

"Damn him, you fool, he's at his old tricks again, send for him, say I want to see him."

So I marched in and there was Captain Despard at table.

"See here, Hartness," says the Colonel, "this won't do, you have made a fool of the cook and stolen the kidneys that were intended for my breakfast How did you get them out?"

"Very sorry, Sir," says I, "I cut them out with Captain Despard's razor." Despard sprang to his feet and disclaimed all knowledge of the business; which was quite true. "Captain Despard," says I, "is quite right, he knew nothing whatever about the matter, but he helped us to eat the kidneys." Despard again sprang to his feet, hesitated, got very red in the face and sat down again.

Then the Colonel began to laugh, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At last turning to me, he said, "Get out!" I got out, and you may be sure, stood not on the order of my going.

Captain Despard was known as a brave and daring officer. Not long after the "Kidney" episode he received a serious wound in the thigh, almost severing the limb from the body. When a brother officer and stretcher-bearers arrived to remove him from the field, he turned on his back and looking up at his friend, said :— "It's all up, old man, this means 'Blighty' (home) for me." He died soon after from loss of blood and shock.

Fred Hartness was appointed Manager of the Ulster Bank, Ltd., Ballyconnell, Co. Cavan, and after a few years transferred to Rathfriland Branch, Co. Down, towards the end of 1928.

His experiences in Australia were of an interesting and at times somewhat lurid character. This, however, was only to be expected from a man of his peculiar temperament, and the fact that he was living in a new and only partly settled country. It was difficult to induce him to say much regarding those years, but once in an expansive moment, he told in some detail why he always held the Salvation Army in such respect.

He was working on a station somewhere up in the "back-blocks" and about a week before the day of the Melbourne Cup went for a short holiday into a neighbouring town and put up at the local hotel.

The neighbouring town was only some 60 miles or so from his station. The favourite for the Cup that year was a horse named Kangaroo The whole town plunged on Kangaroo, and amongst the plungers Fred plunged the last note in his wad.

On a Saturday evening, the day of the race, he found himself penniless and homeless, for Kangaroo had let him down.

There was a Salvation Army Citadel in the little town, and thither the broken Fred repaired, was received kindly, and given his supper and a bed.

The following day, Sunday, in the late afternoon, the Army Captain asked him if he would join the Band in a march round the town. He had been so well treated he did not like to refuse, but hedged by saying he could not play an instrument. The captain surmounted that difficulty by suddenly clapping a Salvation Army cap, with the red band, on Fred's head, and handing him a pair of cymbals.

So the gallant Band marched out of the Citadel with the new recruit ambling gently in the rear and diffidently clashing his cymbals,

while a wild prayer surged up in his heart that they should not go near the Hotel, where he was well-known to the proprietor and some of the guests.

Round the town they marched and the strains of sweet music blended with the peaceful summer air, but ever the player of the cymbals kept his eye on the Hotel and cursed Kangaroo in his heart. "But O vain boast, who can control his fate?" The Band, after circling round, marched straight on the Hotel, and in the usual orthodox manner formed in a circle in front of the door. One can almost hear Fred mutter as the cymbals clashed :—

"Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

But worse was to come, and he might almost have been heard howling, "O bloody period," when the Captain handed him three copies of the *War Cry*, and asked him to go inside and sell them.

Fred's courage was never in doubt, the Army had been good to him and he would see this thing through, so he fixed the cap firmly on his head, got the cymbals under his arm, and the papers in his hand, and with a high head marched straight in and up to the bar where he found the proprietor behind the counter in shirt-sleeves, and an astonished proprietor he was when Fred banged his three papers down on the counter.

The proprietor gasped, his eyes were glued on the cap, and when he recovered speech he ejaculated a sacred name of two words—not to be quoted here—and then as he got the better of his astonishment, still watching the cap as if fascinated, he shouted, "What the Hell do you mean, don't you know, man, even you are broke, there is always a bed and spoon for you here."

"It won't do," said Fred, "I won't sponge on you or on any man."

"Oh, you won't," shouted the Proprietor, "Oh, you won't. You have got damned proud."

Then in a quiet voice, "Maybe, you would take a drink?"

"Yes," said Fred. "Rum!"

"Try another," says the Proprietor.

"Yes," says Fred, smacking his lips.

"Try another," says the Proprietor, still with his eye on the cap.

"Yes," says Fred, "another, sure."

"Three's quite enough for the present," says the Proprietor.

"So it is," says Fred. "Now hand me over a bob for the papers."

The coin passed, and Fred marched out, with jaunty step, and handed over the spoil to the Captain.

On the outward march, Fred at the rear of the column moved with becoming meekness and elicited only low, sweet tones from his instrument. On the return march to the Citadel, however, he swept to the head of the procession, and his cymbals dominated the situation, the cymbals first, the rest nowhere, the very house-tiles jumped to the thunderous crash.

Fred will always have a kindly corner in his heart for the Salvation Army. Notwithstanding his performance on the

cymbals, the Army kept him, housed him and fed him for three days, till his remittance arrived, when he recouped his friends generously and left the Citadel on the best of terms with all therein.

Law at one time in Ballybay was the recreation of a certain portion of the population which attended in the Court House on Bench days—once a fortnight—as the Petty Sessions Court was called, much as we to-day go to the Cinema.

Bench-day was an event to look forward to, and the discussion of cases a never failing source of conversation.

Fred Hartness tells the story of a case he heard in Court, and it is worth repeating as it could only take place in a small Irish town, and possibly nowhere else in the whole wide world.

There resided in Ballybay at the time a respectable, dignified old man, named Mick Hughes. Although in comparatively humble circumstances, he was very particular about his clothes, and always wore a peculiar white hat, a kind of cross between a bowler and a silk. At the same time there lived in the town a rather rough character of the name of Murtagh.

One day, Hughes making his way home, down the Clones road, passed Murtagh who was sitting on a low wall. Either the white hat attracted Murtagh, or the Devil entered into him, at any rate he lifted a stone and with it struck the white hat viciously on the poor old man's head.

Hughes, indignant and angry, went over and shook his fist in Murtagh's face and said :—" I'll have the law of you for this, Murtagh."

In due course a summons for assault was issued.

A few days before the Court sat, a friend met Murtagh and said :—" This is a bad business, Murtagh, you know you have been bound over to keep the peace, and if you are now convicted, it will mean jail." " I know that," says Murtagh, " why the Devil I did it I don't know. I think his old white hat must have aggravated me, but what can I do ? " " Well," says the friend, " I have been thinking it over, and I see a way out. If things go against you in Court, call me as a witness, and see what happens."

In due course the case came on. Murtagh pleaded not guilty. Hughes was sworn and told the story, word for word, exactly as it happened. Then Murtagh looked round the Court and said he would like to call a witness, and the friend came forward and was sworn.

On oath he deposed that on the day in question he was sitting on a wall, by the Clones road, playing with half a dozen small stones, that Hughes passed close by him, and one of the small stones must accidentally have either hit or lit on the white hat, and Hughes shook his fist in his, the witness's face, and said :—" I'll have the law of you for this, Murtagh."

Poor old Hughes, standing beside the witness, listening to this extraordinary and false evidence, was so paralyzed that he was only

able to ejaculate in a loud and exasperated voice "merciful heavens!" The case was dismissed, and Hughes hustled out of Court in a state of stupefaction, with a warning to be more careful in future about his statements.

Murtagh soon after left the town, and on returning some years later accosted D. J. Carson, who had been on the Bench at the trial, with the words, "Do you remember the day, Master David, that you tried me for the assault on old Mick Hughes? Well, it was all true, I hit him on the hat, sure enough, and he shook his fist at me and said the words. That was a good witness I produced."

"Yes, I remember," said D. J., "and I knew, as did the other magistrates on the Bench, that your witness was an infernal liar, but on the evidence there was no other course for us but to let you off. Don't try it on again."

George Ernest Hartness, born 1884, returned from Australia in 1912. He went on a voyage to the East for his health early in 1913, and on his way home fell overboard in Shanghai Harbour, and was with great difficulty rescued by the ship's doctor. From the immersion he never quite recovered, and died December 4, 1913, at Glenmount, Ballybay.

It was rather a curious coincidence that he died at the same hour, and on the same day and month, that his sister, Elizabeth Gertrude, had died five years previously.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

(49)

G. Taylor, born June 2, 1885, was the son of John Taylor, and grandson of Robert Taylor, Darraghland, brother of Margaret Taylor, second wife of James Carson (1781), Monanton.

He entered the service of the Ulster Bank Limited in 1903, volunteered for active service in the Army, December, 1915, was demobilized January 1, 1919, and re-entered the service of the Bank February 1, 1919. He married, August 10, 1921, Meta Fyffe, daughter of Samuel Fyffe, Omagh.

George Taylor was an only son, his father dying soon after his birth. His mother married again, and the greater part of his school life, prior to entering the Bank, was spent at the Hollow, Monanton.

In appearance he is rugged, strongly built, and stands about 5 feet 11 inches in height.

He tells how one day at Aldershot, going into the barrack room and seeing a little puppy playing about, he shouted out, "Look at the wee dog." The "wee" evidently sounded so peculiar to English ears, that from that day till he left the Battalion he was known as "Wee Taylor."

Early in December, 1915, he joined the Banker's Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and after reporting in London, went into training at a Camp in Epping Forest, near Loughton.

> It was our first visit to London (W. E. Morrow, another Banker from Derry, was with him), and Throgmorton Street was our destination. We, unfortunately, took the Underground and circled all round London before we could get off, or knew how.
>
> There were about 1,000 of us encamped in Epping Forest and we were housed in some old tea sheds. I shall never forget my first few nights there.
>
> We were served with three blankets each, and shown some raised boards up the centre of the shed, as our sleeping quarters.
>
> Did I sleep? Not much! It was freezing hard and often my fingers were so cold and numbed that I could not straighten them out to wash and shave.
>
> They were the most miserable few days I ever experienced and when uncomfortable many times afterwards, I always recalled those days and did not grumble.

Christmas, 1915, saw him quartered in Barracks at Aldershot, where real training commenced. One gathers that he was not enamoured of Aldershot or its surroundings. It was here, however, an event occurred that coloured his whole life in the Army.

A few days after coming here I was taken into the Transport Section of the Battalion, after protesting that I knew nothing whatever about horses, and in this section I remained all through my Service in the Army.

During Easter Week, 1916, the Battalion was under orders for Ireland, but this was cancelled, and early in May it sailed for France.

We landed at le Havre, and one was astonished to see the vast quantities of stuff required to carry on the War. We spent the night in camp outside the town and next morning entrained for the front and took up quarters near Armentieres.

Here our trouble started with vermin on our bodies and from them we were never afterwards free while in France.

Many a good gallop I had while there through the village of Ploegsteert, under heavy shell fire, going with rations to the front line.

For a few weeks in August, 1916, the Battalion was in a Rest Camp near Abbeville, and while there the men appreciated very much the French omelette and cooking.

The Bankers' Battalion became well-known, a large number of the men were practically on full pay, and the Irish Bankers on half-pay from their old occupations, in addition to Army pay, and as they all had cheque books, money flowed freely and they were a cheerful crowd.

The Y.M.C.A. was very good in cashing cheques and never had cause for regret in the confidence displayed. While the Battalion was at Abbeville, one cheque cashed by the Y.M.C.A. was dishonoured, but the man collected the amount, and made it good.

The Bankers' Battalion was in the 41st Division. Early September, 1916, saw them at Albert, and on the 15th the Division attacked and took the village of Flers. The Guards' Division was engaged at the same time. It was in this attack that Tanks first came into action.

It would be impossible to describe the long lines of cavalry, artillery, etc., that passed up to the front line.

I remember on one occasion waiting for three hours to cross a main road with a limber, a road barely six yards wide. On this road everything was moving in one direction. There was another road by which to return from the front. It might have been 10 miles of a roundabout, but that did not matter.

On another occasion, coming back to the Transport lines from the front, it took me 18 hours to cover what I should easily have done in four.

The ground here where we camped was full of dead Germans. One of our horses was killed by a kick from another, fair between the eyes.

We started to open a grave to bury him in, on a piece of ground that appeared never to have been broken, but soon came on a dead Bosch, tried again and found another, but kept on digging till we finally found a clean resting-place for our friend.

The mud at times on the Somme front was dreadful.

I saw a horse go into an old filled-up shell-hole, and stick there. We could not move him or get him out.

At a particular watering-place near our lines 5,000 horses and mules were watered three times a day, and all these animals were located within a radius of not more than half a mile from the watering-place.

The first battle of the Somme commenced on July 1, 1916, and continued with varying fortune till mid-November.

Referring to the death of his friend Morrow, he says :—

One night before an attack, Morrow and I were having a chat. Some ambulances coming down from the front line passed and he said :—" By this time to-morrow I will have come back in one of those."

Poor fellow, he never got the chance, he was killed next morning immediately on going over the top. Thus ended the life of one of the best I have ever known. I never knew him to lose his temper or say an unclean word, a very rare thing in the Army. He was the son of a Methodist Minister living at Belleek, Co. Fermanagh.

The Division was engaged on the Somme till the second week in October, and only about a quarter of the Battalion survived. The Transport came out intact after undergoing severe shell-fire almost every night in the discharge of its duties.

George Taylor next found himself with his Battalion at Dickebusch, in the Ypres sector, where he spent Christmas, 1916. About April, 1917, the Battalion went out of the line to Steenwoordie to train and recruit. During the Summer and Autumn of 1917 the 41st Division was at Messines Ridge.

After leaving the Messines Sector he had two weeks' rest at Wimmireux, near Boulogne, and then the Division in October, 1917, was dispatched to Italy.

We were rushed off to Italy, going by the South of France. Unfortunately we passed the most interesting places at night, but it was a lovely country, and the reception we got all along the line was great, until we reached Italy proper, where the people were not so civil, saying the English were keeping the war going for their own ends. I do believe that had the British Divisions, I think there were three, not gone to Italy, the Italians would have thrown up the sponge, at this time.

They marched across Northern Italy to the Montello, had a good opportunity of seeing the country, and found it a great change from Belgium and France.

The climate during the day was dry and warm, and quite cold at night.

The scenery on the Montello was fine. Crossing it at night, with the snow on the ground, the moon shining brightly, and the cheerful jangle of the horses' harness, was a time never to be forgotten.

We witnessed some terrible sights, as the result of the great Italian retreat across the mountains. In one village I saw mules that had been in the retreat, and the pack-saddles had worn away the flesh till the bare ribs were actually showing.

It was rather strange that here, wounds which would have healed up quickly in France, often proved fatal. Whether the kind of shell used or the climate was the cause, I do not know.

The Montello is an isolated ridge, 700 feet high, and more than seven miles long, with the River Piave running under its Northern and Eastern slopes. It is checkered with roads, and covered thickly with little farms and copses.

On Boxing Day, 1917, we saw 32 aeroplanes coming over the Alps and flying in our direction. We thought at first that they were ours, but as they came closer, flying low, we saw they were enemy machines, which gave us quite a shock. They did not do much harm, and 13 of them never returned.

We heard afterwards the raid was the result of a bet made by some Austrian airmen at the Christmas dinner, that they would bomb our aerodromes. The machines brought down contained four men each, and it was quite evident the whole thing was a foolish, drunken frolic.

He joined the Army, December, 1915, and his first leave home was in January, 1918. He returned from Italy via the Mont Cenis Tunnel, describes the railway journey as gorgeous, and considers Padua the most beautiful town he had seen south of the Alps.

Returning from leave, he was quartered for a time at le Havre and Etaples, and rejoined his Battalion at St. Leger, where it was in training after its return from Italy, chiefly in the use of gas-masks.

March 21, 1918, the opening day of the second battle of the Somme was an amazing day. Sir Julian Byng commanded the Third Army, and Sir Hubert Gough the Fifth Army, and between them they were responsible for some 60 miles of front. The brunt of the battle fell on the Fifth Army, holding the approach to Amiens.

Against 19 British Divisions in line the enemy had hurled 37 Divisions as a first wave, and before dark came, not less than 64 German Divisions had taken part in the battle.

It had been a day of sustained and marvellous heroism outposts standing firm to the last, batteries fighting with only a man or two in the gun-teams, handfuls desperately counter-attacking and snatching safety for others with their own lives.

By April 10 the second battle of the Somme was at an end, and the road to Amiens for the moment closed. The cause of the defeat—for defeat it was—when two armies fell back for 30 miles and suffered heavy losses, was simply that a long front had been imposed upon the Commanders and that they had not been given sufficient men wherewith to hold it.

There were troops and to spare in Britain at the time. The baleful hand of the politician, however, intervened and blighted, as it so often has done before, and brave men paid the price of their blunder in blood, death, and defeat.

The success of the retreat was in flat defiance of all precedent and law, and it succeeded only because of the stubborn valour of the British soldier.

By April 9 the total British force in action had grown to 49 Divisions, and against them more than 80 German Divisions had been launched.

> During the big retreat in March, a German on one occasion did rather a "slim" thing, and it cannot be said the action of the troops involved, was much to their credit. No doubt they were nervous after the harassing time they had passed through.
>
> An officer in staff uniform galloped up to our lines and shouted, "Sound the retreat, every man for himself, the Germans are upon us."
>
> The scene that ensued is beyond description. Transport, horse-artillery, etc., took to the country as best they could in the wildest confusion. A shame-faced lot we were when we learned the truth, that it was only a ruse, and that the staff-officer was a German in disguise. We fell back that day to near Doullens, and the Germans were miles away. We were in that retreat till nearly the end of April, undergoing privations it is difficult to write about.

After a short rest, the Battalion was moved up to Ypres, with the transport lines near Poperinghe. One quiet night, returning from the trenches, a driver about 100 yards in front of Taylor was taking a dangerous corner at the gallop, when out of the night a single gun spoke, driver and mules were killed, and the limber smashed to atoms. In the quiet of the night the sound of limbers moving on the tiled roads travelled for miles.

He saw Kemmel Hill being taken and retaken by the French, and was stationed at Abeele for a time.

We had a Battalion of Americans attached, and for a while they talked of the "Shooting Gallery," but quieted down later. Their self-esteem and egotism were amazing to men who had stood the brunt of the War for four years.

In July, 1918, he went for a course of gas instruction, and returned to the Transport a Lance-Corporal. In 1917 he was asked by his C.O. to go forward for a Commission, but refused as a number of his old friends were still in the Battalion in the ranks.

Then the German retreat commenced. He was outside Courtrai on the day of the Armistice. Later, he marched through Waterloo Village, Hue and the old battle-fields, ending at Namur on Christmas Day, 1918.

He was appointed Manager of the Ulster Bank Limited, Limavady, in 1925, and transferred to Larne Branch, 1929.

Issue—Maurice Geo. William, born January 12, 1925.
Margaret Lydia, born June 15, 1928.

JOSEPH CARSON.

(91)

Joseph Carson, of Theydon Bois, Essex, born at Monanton, Ballybay, in 1862, died at King's Sutton Manor, Banbury, on July 17, 1921.

Extract from Banbury paper :—

> Joseph Carson, of King's Sutton Manor, Banbury, died on Sunday morning, July 17, 1921, at the comparatively early age of 59 years. Mr. Carson came to King's Sutton two years ago from Theydon Bois, Essex, where he had resided some 24 years.
>
> He had been in a precarious state of health ever since coming into this neighbourhood, and last November accompanied by Mrs. Carson, went to South Africa on the advice of his doctor, and in the hope that the change might benefit him, but the reverse was the case. They returned home early in June, and the news of his death has been heard with great regret by all those who knew him.
>
> Mr. Carson was widely known in the agricultural world, and as a breeder of Jersey cattle he was prominent both in the Show Ring and in the exportation of the breed to all parts of the world. He was a prominent exhibitor and prize-winner at the Royal and other leading Shows. He was also a successful breeder of Shire horses, and Berkshire pigs. The funeral took place on the 20th inst. from the Manor House, the coffin being conveyed to the cemetery on one of the farm wagons.

Never physically robust, he had a nervous break-down during the War, brought on by the air-raids. Theydon Bois was on the path taken by the German Zeppelins on their way to and from London. They frequently passed right over his residence at Pine Mount, occasionally dropping bombs on his farm. Hemorrhage of the lungs was the final cause of death.

Joseph Carson had a remarkable career. Starting in life without means, his education of the most meagre kind, born on a small farm in Monanton, his early business training received in a provincial town in the North of Ireland, yet he lived to make his mark in the City of London, and to die a wealthy man in an old English Manor House.

Even his personal appearance could not be claimed as an asset towards success. He was small to medium in height, dark in complexion, and even to the close of his life slight in figure with a round boyish face.

Yet he could command men, and was an unerring judge of character and of the implements he made use of.

As he advanced in years, the consciousness of success and the confidence that the possession of wealth gives, made their impress,

and in his later years with his white hair, jet-black moustache and dark eyes, he was an interesting and noticeable figure.

His judgment was sound, and once he had decided on a certain course of action, he was capable of taking what appeared great risks and of entering into big enterprises.

He was of a kindly, quiet, and rather retiring disposition, but withal a business-genius of the first water.

From Monanton Hill to the Manor House at King's Sutton is a far cry, and the road between at times no doubt rough, but he "made good"—and all credit to him for it. May the earth rest lightly on his breast in his quiet English grave.

Till his death, he retained his interest in the firm of Carson & Co., Wholesale Woollen Merchants, London.

His son, Robert Wilson, is a farmer and cattle-breeder in the neighbourhood of Banbury. His daughter, Doreen, born 1891, married a Mr. Tozer. Jack Newbon, born 1893, was in the Regular Army, when war was declared, served in Mesopotamia, was severely wounded, recovered, remained on permanently in the Army, and is married.

JOHN GEORGE ANDERSON.

(81)

J. G. Anderson, youngest son of James Anderson and Mary Coburn, was born at Rose Lawn, Banbridge, December 31, 1889.

He was educated at Campbell College, Belfast, and Edinburgh University, where he graduated in Medicine towards the end of 1914.

Before Christmas of the same year he had applied for and received a Commission in the R.A.M.C., was attached to the Highland Field Ambulance, and for some twelve months did duty in a Camp in the North of Scotland.

Christmas, 1915, saw him in France, where he became attached as M.O. to the 6th Black Watch, 51st Division, with which gallant and celebrated regiment he was closely associated till his death before Bapaume on March 21, 1918.

George Anderson, as he was familiarly known, was a student of remarkable ability, although he did nothing exceptional during his college career. As boy and man, at home, school, college, the Army, he was deservedly popular and a universal favourite. His luck was proverbial. Many of his friends held that during his life, his unfailing good-luck had never deserted him, till, on that wild morning in France, in the pride of his youth, he was unexpectedly called upon to pass out on the last, lone trail. The more discerning, however, think differently. His luck to the very end did hold good. "Those whom the Gods love die young." Full of health, life, vigour, his ideals untarnished, his heart free from the corroding hand of time and care, in the company of heroes, he passed out unspoiled into the great unknown.

He played a sound game of golf and was an enthusiastic hockey player. He played hockey for his own home team, the Bann, for his University, and for several years played International Hockey for Scotland. A beautiful silver cup was presented in his memory, by his brother Thomas N. Anderson, to the Hockey Union, to be played for annually and to be known as the Anderson Challenge Cup. He was awarded the Military Cross early in 1917.

On April 1, 1917, this Medical Officer displayed great gallantry in tending the wounded under heavy shell fire at Maroeuill, France; he also showed conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in his untiring efforts during operations on April 23 and July 31, 1917.

Captain J. G. Anderson, M.C., R.A.M.C., was mentioned in despatches, November 7, 1917, for gallant and distinguished service in the Field.

On March 21, 1918, the Germans made a determined attack on the British line on the Somme, held by the Fifth Army under General Sir Hubert Gough. The battle raged till mid-April and amounted almost to a first-class disaster to British arms. The line was not strongly held, and although the British made an heroic defence against overwhelming odds, the Germans broke through, occupied a considerable track of country, and captured large numbers of prisoners, with guns and munition, before they were finally held.

The weather conditions were all in favour of the enemy, who during the night of the 20th under cover of a mist had been pushing up troops on a front of some 60 odd miles.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st the whole weight of many thousand guns was thrown against the British forward and battle zones and the back areas drenched with gas, which hung in the moist and heavy air.

About eight o'clock the German advance commenced under cover of the thick fog. Soon the British outposts were surrounded, the enemy well in their rear, and they were practically overwhelmed before they could send back warning.

The outposts were gone and the Germans were now battling in the forward British zone. The line of resistance here did all that was possible, garrisons and redoubts held on till far in the day, messages continued to be received from many till a late hour, when that silence came which meant destruction.

Early in the day, somewhere within the ring of this inferno of bursting shells and fighting men, a few miles from Bapaume, at a point not far from the Lagnicourt-Louveral road, George Anderson fell.

A brother officer who survived, told how he had seen him attending to his wounded when practically surrounded by the enemy.

He was last seen by Captain Cable, of the 6th Black Watch, taking refuge in a shell-hole, and from that time was never seen or heard of again.

What his end was will never be known, and can only be conjectured. This fact, however, emerges, that he died like a

brave and gallant soldier, doing his duty, as he saw it, unflinchingly to the end.

Dread sound of guns, and hurrying feet,
The dying groans of the sore distressed ;
And then—the peace that is deep and sweet—
And another soul " Gone West."

JAMES COBURN ANDERSON, born 1887, was educated at Campbell College, Belfast, and Edinburgh University, where he graduated in Medicine, July, 1915.

After doing some hospital work in Lincoln, he entered the Army, March, 1916, spent some three months in Camp at Limerick and Dundalk, sailed for India June, 1916, served at Bangalore, and a hill station near Wellington, and returned home February, 1918.

On his return he was a short time at Blackpool, and went out to France April, 1918, attached to 56th Division, doing duty at Arras, Cambrai, Bullecourt, Valenciennes, Mons, etc., etc.

He retired from the Army March, 1919, with the rank of Captain, and practised for a time in Bristol. In January, 1924, he purchased a partnership at Bideford, Devon, which he relinquished in 1925.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

I had an extraordinary experience about mid-October, 1918. The enemy was on the run, and we were following up in open country. Although beaten he was still able to sting. I had a casualty dressing station in a lonely spot, with a sergeant and two bearers. Our hut was fitted up with four beds, two on each side, one above the other. like a ship's cabin. I slept in one of the upper beds. One night I came in and for no reason whatever that I know of, decided to sleep on the floor. The sergeant remonstrated and was then inclined to laugh at me as I proceeded to make up my bed. All was quiet, not even the sound of a gun down the line. About an hour after we retired a most intense " strafe " broke out and we could hear the shells bursting all about us. Then one must have fallen quite close, for the splinters burst through our hut like a hurricane, killing the three men. Being low down on the floor I escaped. I rushed out and had not gone 30 yards when I saw another shell fall right on the hut and wipe it

completely out. I must acknowledge I was in a mortal fright. There I was, out all alone, and the shells bursting round me like Devils. I crept into a hole down on the bank of a canal near, and waited till the storm blew over. Why did I elect to lie on the floor on that particular night? That's what I want to know?

About the beginning of September another officer and myself were standing out in the open gazing up into the sky at some hostile planes. We could hear the rattle of machine and anti-aircraft guns. Suddenly, and without warning, my companion fell at my feet. He was dead. What appeared to be a machine-gun bullet had struck him on the forehead and penetrated the brain. Now, I am satisfied the bullet could not have come from the enemy, and the only possible explanation is, that the bullet was fired at a high-angle into the air by one of our own guns, and that after going up to a great height it returned to earth with enormous velocity. A machine-gun bullet is conical in shape, with a sharp point, much the same as rifle ammunition.

AGNES HELENA ANDERSON, born 1892, did duty in two hospitals in Scotland during the years of the War.

THOMAS NORMAN ANDERSON, born 1886, continues successfully to carry on the business of Yarn Bleaching at Ballydown, Banbridge, inherited from his father.

In memory of his brother George he presented a silver cup, value 70 guineas, to be annually competed for by the Hockey Clubs of Ulster, the proceeds of all matches to be given to Hospitals.

MARY (COBURN) ANDERSON, their mother, born 1854, died February 22, 1910.

ROBERT NESBITT, SURGEON.

(81)

R. Nesbitt, of Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts., was born in the year 1855. During the War he was appointed a member of the District Emergency Committee, and Chief Special Constable, having charge of the Special Constables of the District to the number of 200. For these services he was awarded a Chief Special Constable's Medal. He retired from practice early in 1928.

His wife—Annie Elizabeth Coburn—was in many respects a remarkable woman—possessed of great charm of manner, versatile, optimistic, an accomplished public speaker, interested in politics and not infrequently opposed to the established order of things. In temperament and disposition she was the opposite of her husband, yet they were complementary to each other and lived a full and happy married life.

Their son, JAMES VICTOR NESBITT, born in 1883, was called to the English Bar, January, 1909.

He was Private Secretary for twelve months, 1914-1915, to Sir John Simon, when Attorney-General, and later entered the service of the Treasury Solicitor, where he remained till some time after the close of the War.

His duties in the Treasury Office included sifting and piecing together evidence supplied by the Intelligence Department relating to enemy ships, and contraband cargoes captured by the Fleet, and instructing Counsel in the Prize Court accordingly, so as to secure their condemnation.

He married April 26, 1912, Winifred Joan Pearson.

Issue—Richard Mark Eyre, born August 7, 1917.
Virginia, born January 15, 1921.

MARGARET MURIEL NESBITT, born 1885, married William George Stewart, M.D., Nottingham, August 17, 1911.

Issue—Annette Mary Nevin, born November 14, 1913.
Patrick Robert Nesbitt, born February 18, 1918.

ANNIE GERTRUDE NESBITT, born 1888, married January 3, 1921, at Colombo, Ceylon, Thomas Lanyon Shield, Assistant Traffic Superintendent, South Indian Railway.

Issue—Peter Nesbitt, born 1923.
Sonia Patricia, born 1927.

MARY IRENE NESBITT, born 1895, is an accomplished dancer, and was from her early youth deeply interested in teaching children the art. During the War she organized several entertainments in aid of War Charities, and for a short time acted as local postman. In 1921 she went on tour, through a number of the larger English cities, with Madam Pavlova, the celebrated Russian dancer.

Dr. Nesbitt and the writer spent a very enjoyable week in 1920, in company with a number of American delegates and others interested in the "Pilgrim Fathers."

Various places of interest in Nottinghamshire, associated with the memory of the "Pilgrims," were visited, including Scrooby, the birthplace of the Pilgrim Movement.

The Mayor of Nottingham entertained the delegates and others to lunch. The good Mayor, rather an illiterate man, raised a hearty laugh by remarking in his opening address that he had only heard of the "Pilgrim Fathers" some seven days ago, and knew very little about them.

Later, he called on a big, burly American minister to propose a toast. The American stood up, looking apparently very nervous, and in rather a hesitating manner said he had been enjoying his lunch, but the enjoyment was now spoiled, and he did not know what to say. He then fumbled with his napkin for a few moments, looked rather pathetically at the Mayor, and said he would tell them a story that would exactly express his position at that moment.

> Down in Kentucky, a negro who wanted to leave the plantation he had been working on went into the manager's office to ascertain if there was any money due to him, and said :—"How do I stand, boss ?" The manager after consulting his books replied, confidentially, "Sambo, you're in 'statu quo.'"
>
> A negro won't confess to a white man ignorance on any subject, so Sambo walked out of the office pondering deeply on what "statu quo" could mean.
>
> Accosting another negro that he thought might help, he said :—"Jumbo, I was in the office seeing if there was any money coming to me, and the boss said, 'Sambo, you're in 'statu quo.'' What did he mean ?" Jumbo considered for a moment, then shaking his finger solemnly at the questioner, said, ''It means Sambo, that you're in a Hell of a fix."

"That's exactly how I feel now," said the American, and then he launched out into a torrent of speech that kept the audience spell-bound for twenty minutes.

The writer of these family sketches wishes here to place on record a few personal notes relative to his old friend and school-fellow, Robert Nesbitt.

We were at school together, drifted apart, and after many years came together again through our wives—we married two sisters.

The friendship that has existed between us has been one of the pleasures of my life. Never have I known a man more free from guile, nor one more full of human kindness, unselfishness, and tolerance.

We had much in common. The study of genealogy and a mutual interest in digging into the musty records of the past, served as a bond of union between us and a never-failing source of pleasure.

Robert Nesbitt is a Co. Monaghan man, born in the townland of Corglass, near Rockcorry, and everything pertaining to his native County and its past history is of the profoundest interest to him.

As a genealogist he is careful, exact and painstaking.

For the past quarter of a century his recreation has largely consisted in searching and delving amongst the mouldy records of by-gone days, till he has now accumulated an astonishing mass of information regarding the past history of his family and its numerous ramifications. The results of his researches he has embodied in a most interesting and valuable history of the family, printed for private circulation in 1930.

GUN-RUNNING AT LISBURN, 1914.

Friday night, April 24, 1914, will long be remembered in Ulster as the night of the Gun-Running at Larne, when 50,000 rifles and 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition were unloaded from the good ship "Mountjoy," and distributed over the Province before breakfast-time next morning.

On Wednesday evening, the 22nd, some ten officers of the South Antrim Battalion of the U.V.F. in Lisburn were taken into confidence and arrangements made for securing the complement, 600 rifles and 60,000 rounds of ammunition, coming to the town. In view of the large numbers over Ulster, who must have known of the coming in of the "Mountjoy," it was amazing how the secret was kept.

About five o'clock on Friday evening, A. P. Jenkins, Commandant of the South Antrim Battalion, George Duncan and J. C. Gowan, quietly left the town, with three motor lorries, en route for Larne, avoiding Belfast.

The signal for mobilizing the Battalion in case of unexpected emergency was the blowing of the mill-horns in the town and vicinity.

The town was quiet, and nothing unusual or untoward anticipated on that Friday evening when suddenly, about seven-thirty, the mill-horns simultaneously sent forth an ear-splitting blast, then wailed and moaned in a manner weird and uncanny. In an instant the town was in uproar. Frightened women were seen clasping their children in their arms. People, pale and trembling, asked each other what was happening. Then in an instant, like a swarm of bees that had been disturbed, the Volunteers were to be seen rushing from their houses, struggling into their equipment, and all hurrying in the direction of the rendezvous at Woodlands, on the Belfast road.

Edwin A. Sinton, Ravarnette, was in command of the Battalion that night.

After the men were mustered, some 600 strong, detachments were sent out to various places, and all the roads leading to Belfast picketted. The men were in utter ignorance, till the following evening, of the reason for the mobilization.

Volunteers were detailed to attend at the police barracks, watch policemen as they came out, attach themselves to them, and follow and shadow them till their return. As a matter of fact, the chief reason for the mobilization was to draw away the police from

the Stoneyford side of the town, where the rifles were to come in, and it succeeded admirably.

About eleven o'clock, the writer, who had charge of the dispositions and arrangements for receiving the rifles and ammunition, slipped quietly out of the town with a number of picked men. He detailed men to wait near houses in the country, where rifles were to be secreted, to assist the lorries in discharging. Then he and a few others proceeded to Pond Park, on the Stoneyford Road, to await events.

The night was mild and dry. The lorries were expected about two o'clock. Three o'clock came, then four, and no sign. Fear grew, and anxious eyes scanned the hills from the mound in Brown's yard at Pond Park. Then, after five, far away up at a gap in the Stoneyford range, a light was seen ; the headlights of a car, then another, and another, and another, and still more. Soon, the leading car reached Pond Park, and was asked, " Has all gone well ? " The reply came, " Yes, all has gone well, the first lorry will reach you in about half an hour." And the sigh went up—" Thank God," and then, " Good Luck ! Pass on Dunmurry ! " and the cars with their loads sped away into the darkness.

Soon after, the thunder of a heavily-laden lorry was heard far up the pass, and in a few minutes Mr. Jenkins handed the writer an order, which was forwarded at once by despatch-rider to Edwin Sinton on the Belfast road, and he, immediately on receipt, called in the pickets and disbanded the now weary battalion. Mr. Jenkins (now Major Jenkins—he served later in the War, and was a prisoner in Germany) passed on to deliver his goods on the Moira road.

Another hour passed before the next lorry came to hand. It had already discharged part of its load at Stoneyford Rectory. The world was beginning to awake to the new day, and it would not now be safe to secrete the spoils, so they were lodged temporarily in the yard at Pond Park.

Geo. Duncan, in charge of the third lorry, proceeded to Ballinderry.

C. C. Craig, M.P. (afterwards Captain, and for a time prisoner in Germany) tells how at Ballinderry Corner, he waited and watched the long night through, almost in despair, hope failing as the hours passed, and no news from Larne. Then, far up the long straight road, he saw the head-lights of a car, and more and more came into view, till the road was ablaze with light, and some 60 loaded

cars swept past on their way South. Not less than 600 motor cars, lorries and traction engines were assembled in Larne on the night of the 24th.

The night of the 25th and many nights after were fully occupied in moving, secreting and finally adjusting matters.

The securing and secreting of the guns and ammunition was an arduous undertaking and could not have been successfully carried through but for the spontaneous and whole-hearted assistance rendered by so many friends. A few may be mentioned. Ewart, of Derryvolga ; Stevenson, of Woodlands ; Sinton, of Ravarnette ; Clark, of the Island ; W. J. Fraser, and his brother Hugh, of Danescroft ; Miss Johnston, of Ballymacash, who secreted the rifles in an alcove in her house, and with her own hands boarded it up and papered it, to make it uniform with the rest of the room ; Henry Munro, Lissue ; Gordon, of Hilden ; Samuel Bradley, Maze, who stored them in a small room and built up the door ; Dr. St. George ; Richard Boomer, of Knockmore ; Hogarth Davies, Joseph Lockhart, James M'Keown, Moses Bullick, William Wilson, Brown, of Pond Park, Canon Pounden and many others.

Lisburn shall not soon forget the gentle, kindly Canon, who would not knowingly harm a fly, yet after his death, a regular arsenal was discovered in the Rectory yard. As far back as the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill in Parliament, he had secured a quantity of guns and ammunition. There they were, now obsolete and useless, covered with rust and dirt, packed in huge cases like coffins. His sister gave the writer a service revolver of that day as a memento.

During 1913 and up till August, 1914, Sprucefield Mill was a hive of activity. In its vacant and deserted halls the Ulster Volunteers drilled and practised the arts of war. Within its walls and in the immediate precincts many memorable meetings were held.

Major Jenkins, the Commandant of the Lisburn Battalion, was undoubtedly the mainspring of the local movement, ably supported by Edwin Sinton, the second in command, and an able body of energetic officers.

An important feature at this time was a School of Instruction held at Colonel Pakenham's place, near Crumlin, for officers, where musketry and the various branches of practical field work were taught.

Officers and men were keen and they prepared seriously, as Ulster men will, for whatever fate might have in store for them and for their beloved land.

Harry Maze, a Park Ranger, was an invaluable assistant and in attendance at all nocturnal operations. He stood over six feet high and was as strong as a horse. He handled ammunition boxes and bundles of rifles as if they were toys, had the gift of silence, and obeyed orders without question.

A V.A.D. department was organized by the ladies and all hospital and first aid requisites provided. Mrs. Sinton, Commandant.

A Motor-Cycle Post was in operation throughout the Province and rendered valuable service. Mrs. Jenkins was in charge of the Lisburn branch.

An incident that occurred at the School of Instruction lends a human touch to the proceedings. A staid and steady middle-aged man, called out of bed in the raw hours of the early morning to repulse a surprise attack, collapsed, and accidentally shot an instructor in the leg. It's not easy for middle age to fight on an empty stomach. All honour to him, however, and to the thousands scattered over Ulster who put country before comfort, who suffered many privations, and who at no little trouble and inconvenience prepared themselves for the day of trial.

There were some few who laughed and scoffed at the Volunteers, and even continued to belittle them when, under another name, they took an honoured part in the Great World War.

The R. C. population remained sullen and silent ; not so the local Protestant Home Rulers. For the credit of Lisburn their numbers were few. Strange to say they all bred true to type—politically aggressive and vitriolic. Let them rest, their names unrecorded.

Some other and abler pen than mine must tell how, on that never-to-be-forgotten night of April 24, the Volunteers occupied the Midland Railway Station, Belfast ; how the Police and Dock officials at Larne were interned ; how the same fate befell those at Bangor, and how the " Mountjoy " in broad daylight discharged part of her cargo there ; how the " Mountjoy " was, in large part, unloaded at Larne, and rifles and ammunition despatched to the remotest corners of Ulster ; how the British Fleet, cruising off Belfast Lough, must have looked at the " Mountjoy " with its blind eye, as Nelson did when he said he could not see a certain

signal ; how an old Collier, as a Decoy boat, waddled into the Belfast docks to mislead and entertain the authorities ; how General Gough and his officers refused to march from the Curragh into Ulster, and the resultant confusion and consternation amongst the dove-cots of Westminster. How in August, 1914, the Volunteers, sinking minor considerations, embraced the larger patriotism ; how Southern Ireland failed in the hour of trial, and above all, how a craven Government failed in its duty to govern. All those things, and much more, are matters of history and will find their place in the records of the period.

The Volunteers always made it clear that this arming and drilling was not a threat against the Imperial Government, but simply engaged in, so that in case of need, they might be in a position to defend their rights and liberties against another foe.

They were never under any delusion as to the illegality of their proceedings, and in their heart of hearts despised and laughed at the poltroons, then in power, who shirked doing the obvious, and feared to exercise those powers that were the first duty of any self-respecting Government.

Some optimists there were who considered the Volunteer movement only bluff ; if this were true, what an amazing bluff it was. Those, however, best able to judge of the spirit of Ulster at that time, knew that the people had put their hand to the plough in grim earnest and that in their souls there was no shadow of turning.

Ulster was fortunate at this critical period in its history in having such a leader and adviser as Sir Edward Carson.

No country in its extremity ever had a more able and loyal !

No leader was ever more beloved and faithfully followed !

The passing of the years only go to prove his wisdom. His fears have been justified. His enemies and the enemies of Ulster, by their actions and out of their own mouths, have proved the truth of all that was foretold and more than was ever anticipated.

Early in June, 1914, a disused Methodist Chapel was acquired in Antrim Street, Lisburn, and converted into an Armoury, and to this hall the hidden rifles were publicly removed. The Volunteers now drilled and marched, fully equipped, and with rifles in their hands.

War was declared early in August, the guns were once more removed to hiding, and the Volunteers are next heard of on the Fields of Flanders and the blood-stained slopes of Thiepval.

In 1918 it was decided to remove the Lisburn guns and ammunition to the U.V.F. Headquarters' Armoury in Belfast. A permit was procured from the Military Authorities to cover the removal.

On the day before removing, Sinton, Davies and the writer, waited on the District Inspector of Police, to inform him, in a friendly way, of their intention.

He said, "You can't do that; last night, in company with other Inspectors, I met the Chief Secretary in Belfast, and after a long interview we were instructed to allow no arms on any account to be moved or removed in the Province."

They replied, after some thought, "Well, we have got the permit, and are going to remove the rifles." Then, from the D.I., "I thought so, and I'm with you as far as I can go. I will place a constable on the road near Lambeg Station, he will ask to see your permit and take a copy, and for God's sake, boys, show it to him, and just tell him as much as you wish."

As the first lorry, early in the morning, approached the appointed place, a sergeant, with a grin on his face, raised his hand, and the driver stopped.

"What have you got on board?"

"Guns!"

"Where are you taking them to?"

"If you are asked, say you don't know."

"Will you let me see your permit?"

"Sure!"

So he took a copy of it, handed it back, and with a wave of his hand, as the lorry moved off, "God bless you, and good luck."

A curious sidelight is here thrown on Dublin Castle government. A few days after moving the guns, the County Inspector met Sinton and said:—

> You and your two friends were moving rifles and ammunition on Thursday. The D. I. wired Dublin on Thursday evening, stating what had occurred, and on that night about 12 o'clock I was roused out of my bed to go to the barracks to take a special 'phone from the Castle. Evidently, there was the Devil to pay over the Chief Secretary's instructions. The 'phone message was, by the Lord Lieutenant's orders, to the effect, that we were on no account to interfere with Ulster Volunteers, moving guns or otherwise. So, there you are, you can now do as you like.

Evidently, the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary did not see eye to eye in the matter.

District Inspector Swanzy, of Lisburn, in July, 1920, when returning to his home on a Sunday forenoon, after attending divine service in the Cathedral, was done to death by four Sinn Fein gun-men in Railway Street, close to the Northern Bank. The populace exasperated at this wanton outrage, in their hitherto peaceful community, got out of hand, and for three days there was a wild orgy of incendiarism and riot. Upwards of 50 houses were destroyed, and Lisburn might be said, for the third time in its eventful history, to have been devastated by fire.

The order of the Victoria Cross was instituted during the Crimean War. Lieutenant Lucas, a County Monaghan man, was the first to have the coveted decoration conferred upon him.

Two County Monaghan men, during the Great War, won the V.C.

Sergeant David Nelson, Royal Horse Artillery, Stranooden, Monaghan, went to France as a N.C.O., and died of wounds there in 1918, when he held the rank of Major.

> For helping to bring the guns into action under heavy fire at Nery, on September 1, 1914, and while severely wounded remaining with them until all the ammunition was expended, although he had been ordered to retire to cover.

In Cahans Presbyterian Church a Memorial Tablet has been erected to Major Nelson's memory.

Private Thomas Hughes, Connaught Rangers, Castleblayney.

> For most conspicuous bravery and determination at Guillemont, France, on September 3, 1916. He was wounded in an attack, but returned at once to the firing-line, after having his wounds dressed. Later, seeing a hostile machine-gun, he dashed out in front of his company, shot the gunner, and single-handed, captured the gun. Though again wounded, he brought back three or four prisoners.

Private William Frederick M'Fadzean, 14th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles, was born in Lurgan, in 1895, and before joining the colours was on the Staff of a Belfast Manufacturing firm.

V.C. conferred posthumously.

> For most conspicuous bravery near Thiepval Wood, on July 1, 1916. While in a concentration trench, and opening a box of bombs for distribution prior to an attack, the box slipped down into the trench, which was crowded with men, and two of the safety-pins fell out. Private M'Fadzean, instantly realising the danger to his comrades, with heroic courage threw himself on the top of the bombs. The bombs exploded, blowing him to pieces, but only one other man was injured. He well knew his danger, being himself a bomber, but without a moment's hesitation he gave his life for his comrades.

WALTER CHARTER BOOMER.

A short note on a young Ulster Volunteer may not be considered out of place here. Walter Charter Boomer was born in Lisburn in the year 1891. He was an active member of the U.V.F. and a valuable ally in the early Gun-Running days. Soon after the declaration of War in 1914, with other Volunteers, he joined the ranks of the 11th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, saw varied and

strenuous service with the Ulster Division, attained the rank of Captain, and won the coveted distinction of the M.C.

London Gazette, March 7, 1918.

> For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when in command of his Company. When the assaulting troops were falling back, he rallied them under very heavy fire, collected parties of other units, and reorganized the defence of the front line.

The fighting North-East of Ypres in August, 1917, was of a desperate character. The ground was covered by a multitude of little strong posts, machine guns everywhere, and concrete redoubts sunk in the mud between gullies and on the sites of vanished farms.

Towards the close of a fierce day's fighting Walter Boomer was ordered forward, with a small party of Machine Gunners, to occupy an advanced post. One by one his men were shot down, till not a gun was in action. Then to his surprise, about 300 yards away, he saw some of the enemy evacuate a trench, every two men carrying a heavy box. As he thought of his dead gunners the blood-lust seized him and an overpowering desire to exact life for life.

His rifle spoke and a German pitched forward in the mud. From an adjoining shell-crater a gun barked. Till the light failed the two marksmen took their dreadful toll.

Through the gathering dusk a familiar voice reached him, "We're not bate yet, sorr." It was his sergeant, a man from Tyrone, the only other survivor of the party.

Leading an attack at Becelaere, Belgium, on October 1, 1918, he was shot in the chest and died soon after.

The Chaplain of his Battalion wrote :—

> He always seemed to me the finest type of young officer one could wish for—calm and dependable under the most trying circumstances, always a source of help and inspiration to his men.

From a brother Officer :—

> Walter was absolutely fearless, and always loved by his men. Only the day before he died he led his Company in a successful attack, and had he lived it's almost certain his splendid work would have been rewarded by a further decoration.

His parents, in memory of their son, presented to the Cathedral, Lisburn, an artistic and beautiful Reredos.

A WATERLOO HERO.

Sergeant John Graham, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, "The bravest of the brave" at the Battle of Waterloo, was born

in the townland of Clonoula, near Clones, Co. Monaghan, and died in the year 1843.

Hougomont was a French chateau situate to the right front of the British lines, between the two armies. It was held by the Coldstreams, and was a key-position. Had it fallen, and the right flank of the British been turned, Waterloo might easily have become a French victory.

All day long Napoleon battered it with his artillery, and flung regiment after regiment against its stubborn walls. Once, the French burst through the huge gates into the courtyard of the Chateau. Their success, however, was only temporary. Colonel MacDonnell and Sergeant Graham sprang to the rescue, and by an almost superhuman effort closed the doors in the face of the enemy.

A prize of £500 was offered for the bravest man in the British Army at Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington awarded it to the Colonel of the Coldstreams, who passed it on to Graham, his gallant Sergeant.

Hougomont, its battered walls and ruined, smoke-begrimed buildings, held out till the end of the day, when the Iron Duke closed his glasses and gave the order for the whole line to advance.

Has not such havoc brought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame ?
Yet—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
  And Blenheim's name be new ;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
  And Field of Waterloo.

THIEPVAL.

The 36th (Ulster) Division ranks as one of the most famous in the British Army. It went over the top for the first time on the morning of July 1, 1916, which witnessed the beginning of the prolonged Battle of the Somme.

The Division, as primarily recruited, was essentially territorial. The old Ulster Volunteer Force acted as its precursor or parent. Its personnel consisted of friends, relatives and neighbours, all drawn from the North of Ireland. The best blood of the Province flowed into its ranks ; boys and men of grit and character, animated by a common aim and knit together by ties of blood, religion and

race. Soon after the declaration of war, practically all the members of the U.V.F., fit for active service, volunteered for service in the field. These men, already drilled and disciplined, after a short course of training with the Colours, were soon welded into a fighting machine, unsurpassed by any Division in Kitchener's Citizen Army.

From "The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1916," by Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Ulster Division was composed of magnificent material, for the blend of Scot and Celt to be found in the North of Ireland produces a soldier who combines the fire of the one with the solidity of the other.

These qualities have been brought to a finer temper by the atmosphere of opposition in which they have lived, and the difficult economical circumstances which they have overcome in so remarkable a way.

Long ago in unhappy civil strife they had shown their martial qualities, and now upon a nobler and wider stage they were destined to confirm them.

It might well seem invidious to give the palm to any one of the band of heroes who shed their blood like water on the slopes of Picardy, but at least, all soldiers would agree that amongst them all there was not one which could at its highest, claim more than equality of achievement on that day at Thiepval, with the men of Ulster. . . .

The long line of Irish Riflemen had rolled over every obstacle, and although their dead and wounded lay thick behind them they still stormed forward with the same fury with which they started.

The third line of trenches was carried and now ahead of them, across a considerable interval, was a fourth line, with the Schwaben Redoubt upon the flank. Both were captured, but it proved their limit and for many of them their grave.

In this splendid deed of arms, the Ulster men left half their number upon the battlefield.

Had the Divisions to right and left been able to get as far, the whole gain would have been permanent. To have penetrated all alone for two miles into the German line, and to withdraw from such a salient in military order, holding fast to all that could be retained, was indeed a great feat for any troops to have performed.

Wherever a son of Ulster is,
Honour and glory shall aye be his!
Was ever a fight in the world like this,
  Or a charge of sublimer splendour!

Merrily—every mother's son—
Laughing, as tho' they fought for fun,
With a song and a cheer they charged the Hun,
  Marring his Maker's image!

Chaffing, as tho' each shell might be
The whistle-call of a Referee!
And the bloodiest tussle in history
  Only—a Football scrimmage!

BALLYBAY IN 1921.

The writer paid a visit of some weeks to Ballybay, in October, 1921, during the Sinn Fein terror, and the outstanding and astonishing feature to him was the calm, confident, courageous manner in which the small Protestant community, men and women, faced the situation. They had experienced harassing and anxious times during the year, and were quite aware of the dangers threatening, but there they were, going cheerfully about their daily duties, and participating amongst themselves in the customary social amenities of the day.

There were no social relations between the Protestant colony in Ballybay and their Roman Catholic neighbours. It was simply impossible that there should be, and there never had been. Religion may have been, no doubt was, a contributory cause of the cleavage. The fact, however, stands, that these peoples had nothing in common politically, their outlook on life was different, and their ideals as wide apart as the poles. Race, too, counted. They were two peoples, living in one community, but sprung from widely different stock. Let some future historian decide, why, after two centuries of equal opportunity, they should still be antagonistic, and why their relative positions in the social scale should be so definitely defined.

Leslie House, the beautiful residence of the Leslie Family, situated in the Demesne, about a mile from the town, was maliciously destroyed by fire in the year 1921.

The Demesne was broken up and sold in small lots in 1923, and in the same year the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, and their son who fell in the South African War, were removed from the private cemetery, situate some 300 yards from the Castle, desecration being feared, and re-interred in the Church of Ireland burying-ground.

First Ballybay Presbyterian Church and Derryvalley partially united in 1909. The Rev. Hugh A. Mackenzie, B.A., was appointed pastor of the combined congregations in 1910.

The Rev. Hugh Jamison, B.A., was installed Minister of Second Ballybay Presbyterian Church in 1915. He transferred to Ekenhead Church, Belfast, in 1919, and was succeeded in the Ballybay charge by the Rev. Joseph Henry Boyd, B.A. An organ was installed in the Church in 1913.

From July, 1920, till June, 1921, in the Ballybay district there were 122 Protestant houses raided by the members of the so-called "Irish Republican Army," and guns, rifles, revolvers, ammunition, bicycles, money, jewellery, tools, clothing, etc., etc., forcibly taken. In fifteen cases *extreme* violence was used towards the inmates, and in four cases the raiders were successfully resisted.

In October, 1920, the house of William Fleming, situate some miles from Ballybay, in the townland of Drumgara, Castleblayney district, was raided by Sinn Feiners for arms. The Flemings resisted, and the attacking-party retired. At least, one of the raiders was shot dead.

In April, 1921, Fleming's house was again attacked. The household consisted of the father aged 60, son 24, mother of Fleming senior 84, and two young children.

The attackers came in force, and after firing some shots at the house, and fearing resistance as on the former occasion, offered terms—that if father and son came out and gave up their arms, they would not be further molested. The father distrusted the offer, and wished to defend the house at all costs to the end, but the son over-persuaded him, and induced him to accept, in the hope that they might save their lives.

They accepted the terms, surrendered, and were immediately taken a short distance from the house and shot, the son dying at once, riddled with bullets, the father surviving till the next day. The house was burnt to the ground. The old woman and the children lay out in the cold all night, and were subsequently taken to Castleblayney Workhouse.

Henry Kerr, Cordula, Tullycorbet, an old man of 70 years of age, in October, 1920, had his house attacked. He resisted. His outhouses were burned, and an attempt made to fire his dwelling-house. In March, 1921, he was again raided, taken out of his house, brought to Tullycorbet Cross, where he was brutally done to death and his body left lying on the road.

On the night of January 1, 1921, an attack was made on the town of Ballybay. One "Black and Tan" policeman was shot dead in the centre of the town, and several wounded. A Protestant civilian, John Somerville, was also shot, and both bodies lay all night in the street, till daylight next morning. Reinforcements were rushed in from Dundalk, but all the roads approaching the town were blocked, and trenches cut across them.

For almost half a year, September, 1920, to February, 1921, the train service to the town was suspended.

On April 28, 1921, the town was again raided by Sinn Feiners, the police barracks attacked, some houses burnt, and the town bombed. The raiders were driven off.

The military occupied the town in June, 1921, and remained in possession till the Treaty took effect. They were quartered in a house in the centre of the town, formerly known as the Leslie Arms Hotel. It was fortified as were the police barracks, with sandbags and wire entanglements.

FAMOUS SIGNBOARD ALTERED.

February, 1922, Press Notice.

(15)

Sam Gray's Signboard, suspended from a corner house in Ballybay, has been revised. Since the days of the notorious Sam Gray, whose name figures in Monaghan history of 100 years ago, the signboard in question has hung out from his former dwelling. It bore on each side a portrait of King William, with the inscription, "No Surrender! Gray, 1690."

"The same on the other side, like Sam Gray's signboard," is a phrase well known all over Ulster. Last week the signboard was re-decorated with photos of Mr. De Valera and Mr. A. Griffith, and it is no longer "the same on the other side." The Ulster war-cry has been obliterated.

Extract from letter, February, 1922 :—

Yesterday the poor old "Union Jack" left Ballybay for ever, and indeed amongst the loyalists there is a feeling that nothing but trouble lies before them. The soldiers are gone, and the R.I.C. leave in a short time. The I.R.A. has taken possession of the Hotel, and the Sinn Fein Flag now floats from its windows. Sam Gray's Sign has disappeared, and I think Collins and Griffith have taken the place of King William. It made my heart sore to see the Flag we loved dishonoured, and to see the rebel flag triumphant. But the end is not yet!

Ulster contributed eleven Presidents to the United States. To the Declaration of Independence the names of eight Ulstermen are subscribed, and amongst those are to be found the signatures of Samuel Carson and Alexander Nesbitt.

Ballybay and Tullycorbett Parishes were united for ecclesiastical purposes in 1885, Aughuamullan entered the combine in 1920. The Rev. Edward Carlisle Bigger, B.A., was appointed rector of the three parishes in the same year.

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF FAMILY.

Extract from "The Critical and Historical Remarks on the Ragman Roll" to be found in the British Museum bound up with Vol. II of "A System of Heraldry, &c., &c.," by Alexander Nisbet, 1742.

The Ragman Roll contains a list of those who swore fealty to Edward I of England in 1292.

CORSANE OF MEIKLE KNOX.

This Sirname and family have it handed down from age to age that the first of their ancestors in Scotland was an Italian Gentleman of the Cossini family who came into this Realm with an Abbot of New-abbey, or Dulce Cor, in Galloway, about the year 1280.

Among many other instances that might be given of this ancient name and family of Corsanes appearing from authentic vouchers, this is one. Sir Alexander Corsane is witness to a charter granted by Archibald, called the Grim or Austere Earl of Douglas, to Sir James Stuart, Laird of Gryton, of the lands of Calie ; tho the Charter is without date, yet it must necessarily have been before the year 1400, when the granter of that Charter died.

The principal family of Corsane was designed of Glen. In the reign of King James IV., failing a male heir, Marion, the daughter and only child of Sir Robert Corsane of Glen, married Sir Robert Gordon, who thereupon assumed the title of Sir Robert Gordon of Glen, and came to be designed of Lochinvar by the death of Sir Alexander his elder brother, who was slain at the Battle of Flowdon in 1504. And of that Lady descended lineally the Barons of Lochinvar and Viscounts of Kenmure.

Sir John Corsane an early Cadet, and next Heir Male of this family of Glen, settled at Meikle Knox, Dumfries, where he increased in riches and honour, and had a lineal succession of Heirs male for eighteen generations ; and that they were all of the name John, has been constantly asserted by the Family. Some of their brethren were ecclesiastics, particularly Dominus Thomas Corsanus, designed perpetual Vicar of Dumfries in a Charter granted by him for some church lands in Dumfries, dated 1408.

That there were so many generations of that Family appears as well by other vouchers, as by an excellent inscription on the funeral monument of John Corsane, Provost of Dumfries, in the reign of King James VI., who was the thirteenth in order descended from the said Sir John Corsane (1408) inclusive, in direct Masculine Course of Succession.

The succeeding generations are given in detail down till the year 1731.

Corsane, Carsain, Corsan, Corson, Acarson, Carson, De Carsan, Curson, Coursan, are in Scotland all variants of the same name.

Tradition has handed down that Cossini the Italian was an Architect or Master Mason and superintended the building of Holywood Abbey, in Galloway, and the old stone bridge over the Nith at Dumfries, and that he settled in Galloway.

Whatever foundation there may be for the Italian origin, it is interesting to note that there are at the present time living four members of the Monanton branch of the Carson family with marked Italian or Southern Europe characteristics—Eda Carson, Kathleen Patricia Lister, Mrs. Knox and Mrs. M'Naul. Fred C. Hartness might well be included in the group. They all have jet black hair, dark eyes, and that peculiar creamy complexion characteristic of those born under sunny skies.

Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., writes in 1908 :—

> I have always heard that the Carson family in Ireland came from Scotland, and that they were originally of Italian origin, being sculptors who came over during the twelfth or thirteenth century and settled in the vicinity of Dumfries.

Co. Monaghan prior to 1641.

The district known as " M'Mahon's Country " was not definitely constituted nor recognised as a County until 1585, when it became known as County Monaghan. Long before this date the other Counties of Ulster had been defined, named and acquired a modicum of civilization.

The County of Monaghan was not one of the " escheated " Counties, was not mentioned in the " Plantation Papers," nor referred to in " Pynnar's Survey," 1619. This survey was made in connection with the Plantation of Ulster under James I.

A comparison of the English and Scotch population in County Monaghan with that of surrounding counties in 1659 gives some idea of the backward state of the county in those early years.

Although almost surrounded by the " escheated " counties, it appears largely to have been neglected both by settlers and Government. With the exception of Farney, acquired by the Earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the great estates of the Blayneys and the district in the vicinity of the town of Monaghan, the infiltration of settlers into the county prior to 1642 was negligible.

In perusing the meagre records of the county in those early days one is driven to the conclusion that with the foregoing exceptions, the rest of the county was the happy hunting ground

and resort of all the masterless men and undesirables from the neighbouring counties and the country at large.

The native inhabitants of the county consisted almost exclusively of M'Mahons, M'Kennas, M'Cabes and O'Connollys.

In the State papers of the reign of Charles I, is the following reference to the county :—

> And to this day the county is the most barbarous, poor and despicable in the Kingdom, the Earl of Essex's lands excepted, where several English dwell.

The County of Monaghan may aptly be described in those days as a " No-Man's Land," wild and rugged and peopled by a turbulent and quarrelsome race, constantly engaged in petty wars and internecine strife. An ancient writer remarks in regard to it :— " M'Mahon's Country was the wildest part of the North."

Such was the condition of the county when, in 1641, the storm of rebellion and massacre burst on the province. This was an attempt on the part of the native Irish leaders to recover Ulster and exterminate the new settlers. It was carried out with relentless barbarity and cruelty. The sparsely scattered and isolated settlers in Monaghan, with the exception of Farney, were practically annihilated. Three-fourths of the county was cleared of the few settlers who had drifted in during the previous thirty years. Shirley, in his " History of County Monaghan " says :—

> With the exception of the Barony of Farney, which was not in any degree affected by the rebellion, the other Baronies of the County of Monaghan may be said to have been resettled for the third time after 1641.

The first two attempts at settlement of the county were sporadic and timorous. Not so the third. The Cromwellian settlement, which commenced about the year 1652, was conducted with vigour ; disbanded soldiers and Scotch settlers pouring into the county side by side.

The years 1690-1750 must have seen a large influx of Scotch settlers into the county, as may be gathered from the numerous Presbyterian Churches founded during those years and the large number of leases of land granted, as it were in groups.

The Carsons of Shanroe and Monanton.

From the foregoing notes on the settlement of the county it is obvious that little will be gained by the genealogical student in pursuing his studies anterior to the year 1642.

The earliest mention of the Carson family in County Monaghan appears in Shirley's History of the County :—" John Carson, gent, the ancestor of the respectable family of that name, was living in Shanroe in 1667." He bought Shanroe from Thomas Coote, of Cootehill, July 2, 1667. Shanroe is situate within two miles of Smithboro'. In Kilmore Burying ground there is an old stone recording the death of Thomas Carson, born 1631, died 1705. Kilmore is situate between Smithboro' and Monaghan.

John Carson came to Shanroe late in the Cromwellian settlement, so it is a fair inference that he was not a soldier. Further, the fact that he purchased his holding would lead to the belief that he did not come into the county direct from Scotland, but moved in from some other part of Ulster ; where he had settled temporarily, lured probably by the prospect of cheap land.

In the Hearthmoney Rolls for Antrim, Derry and Tyrone, 1663-1669, the name—Carson—appears eleven times. In a few instances it is spelled Carsone. Unfortunately there are no records for Monaghan. Amongst the names appear those of John, James and Thomas.

Except in rare instances it is practically impossible to bridge the chasm, genealogically speaking, between Scotland and Ireland. We find John and Thomas Carson in County Monaghan at a certain date and in a certain place and nothing further is known about them.

A descendant of John Carson, of Shanroe, writes in 1908 :—

> We have very little record of our ancestor, John Carson, of Shanroe, except that he owned that townland in 1667, and we do not know of his having had any brothers or other sons beside Thomas, our own ancestor, although it certainly seems probable that your family was of the same stock. We have always believed that John, of Shanroe, came in under Cromwell, but have not definite evidence to that effect.

There is a tradition in the Carson family, well authenticated, that a William Carson lived in the Rookery on the hill in Monanton, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that he served as a Volunteer in King William's Army at the Battle of the Boyne, and that he owned the whole townland. That he had two sons, James—who succeeded his father in the old homestead, and Thomas. That James had one son, John, born 1713, died 1774, who succeeded his father in Monanton, and was buried in Tullycorbet. With the advent of John we are on solid ground. It may be pointed out,

however, that very frequently tradition is founded on fact and that not infrequently it is more reliable than written history.

If John Carson was 40 years of age when he purchased Shanroe, the year of his birth would be 1627. Thomas, of Kilmore, was born in 1631. Might they not be brothers, relatives or friends, venturing together into a new and strange land ? In all probability they were brothers.

Shanroe and Kilmore are only distant from Monanton some eight or ten miles. Considering all the circumstances, the dates and contiguity of residence, it is a reasonable conjecture that the original William, of Monanton, was related to John, of Shanroe, or Thomas, of Kilmore, or to both.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that William, of Monanton, and possibly his two sons—James and Thomas—being Protestants, actively espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange. From the State Papers of His Reign we gather that the men of Monaghan were not inactive spectators of the struggle for liberty. Under date March, 1689, appears the following :—

> Colonel Gustavas Hamilton, at Clonish, to the Earl of Shrewsbury. The enemy have, within these few days, deserted four passes they had upon a river between this and Castleblayney. At each of which were two companies of Colonel Arthur M'Mahon's regiment, who have all retired now into Castleblayney.

A sword said to have belonged to their ancestor William is still in possession of the family. Breakey in his diary refers indirectly to this weapon.

The tradition referred to comes down independently through the two branches of the family founded respectively by James and Thomas, the sons of William.

Thomas Breakey, a descendent of an old Huguenot family long resident in the neighbourhood of Ballybay, compiled a most interesting diary from notes left by his ancestors. In it he makes the following statement :—

> When the Breakeys came to Lisquellin in 1690 they found Carsons in Monanton, long established, being Scotch settlers under Cromwell. The house on the hill in Monanton, known as the Rookery, is of great antiquity, being the first house of a Carson.

Various theories regarding the advent of William, of Monanton, might be put forward, including the tradition of the three brothers, common to so many Scotch-Irish families in Ulster. These, however, need not be entered into here, as they are fully discussed in another place.

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF FAMILY.

Whether William, of Monanton, was related to the Shanroe or Kilmore Carsons, or whether he came into the county independently must always remain a matter of conjecture. Certain concrete facts, however, emerge. That he lived in Monanton about the middle of the seventeenth century. That he was a Scotchman or of Scotch descent. That he came into the county at some period during the Cromwellian settlement, and that he had two sons—James and Thomas. There is sufficient reasonable data for these conclusions and this must suffice.

John Carson, born 1713, died 1774, owned the whole townland of Monanton, and was a man of considerable importance. By his will, dated 1772, he disposed of the townland amongst his four sons. The will is extant and quite a remarkable document.

From the year 1713 down to the present time the history of the Monanton branch of the family is complete and unbroken and fully dealt with in the volume published in 1909.

GENEALOGICAL FAMILY TABLE.

Thomas Carson, 1631–1705, of Kilmore, and John, of Shanroe, 1627, probable founders of the family in Co. Monaghan. Followed by William, of Monanton,—James,—John, 1713–1774, The Rookery on the Hill, Monanton,—James, 1741–1837, The Hollow, Monanton,—James, 1781–1864,=Margaret Taylor, 1806–1834,— Isaiah, Springfield, Ballybay.

Isaiah Carson, 1830–1895, Springfield, Ballybay=Elizabeth Boyd Woods, 1835–1907, Woodstock, Emyvale, Co. Monaghan.

They had issue :—

James, 1857=Sara Coburn, B.A., 1864–1916, Banbridge.
Issue, Kathleen Elizabeth, 1892 ; James Coburn, 1894.

Elizabeth Boyd, 1859–1891=George Hartness, 1841–1893.
Issue, Fred Carson, 1881 ; Geo. Ernest, 1884–1913 ; Elizabeth Gertrude, 1885–1908.

David John, 1861=Helena Coburn, B.A., 1861–1898.
Issue, Ralph Coburn, 1894 ; Evelyn Elizabeth, 1896–1900.
Married secondly, Martha M'Murry. Issue, David M'Murry, 1904 ; James, 1907 ; Thomas Desmond, 1911 ; Constance Elizabeth, 1915.

WILLIAM CHARLES, 1863=Marion Knox, died 1928, Armoy, Ballymoney.
Issue, Roy Knox, 1901 ; Marion Elizabeth, 1903.

ROBERT HENRY, 1865–1929=Mary E. Newland, Stillwater, U.S.A. She died in 1926.
Issue, Robert Henry, 1902–1906 ; Donald Newland, 1903.

MARGARET MATILDA, 1867=Rev. D. B. Knox, 1859.
Issue, Fergus Y. Carson, 1898 ; Emily Carson, 1900.

MARY AGNES, 1869=John G. Coburn, 1858–1929, Banbridge.
Issue, James, 1893 ; John Geo., 1897 ; David Norman, 1900.

EMILY JANE, 1872–1899. Unmarried.

MARTHA EDA, 1874. Unmarried.

* * * * *

ANNIE ELIZABETH COBURN, 1856, Banbridge=Robert Nesbitt, 1855, Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Issue, one son and three daughters. Related to family by marriage.

MARY COBURN, 1854-1910=James Anderson, 1847–1902, Roselawn, Banbridge.
Issue, one daughter and three sons. Related to family by marriage.

GEORGE TAYLOR, 1885, Cousin of Isaiah Carson, once removed.

ELIZABETH CARSON, died 1924 The Hollow, Monanton, Niece of Isaiah Carson.

JOSEPH CARSON, 1862–1921, Theydon Bois, Essex, WILLIAM CARSON, 1854–1924, Crystal Brook, Monanton, Brothers, descended from John Carson, 1713.

WILLIAM KIDD CARSON, 1849–1928, Harrymount, Clontibret JAMES CHARLES CARSON, 1861, Irwin, Nebraska, Brothers, Nephews of Isaiah Carson.

CAPTAIN CROZIER, R.N., F.R.S.

"OF THE PLACE OR TIME OF HIS DEATH NO MAN KNOWETH UNTO THIS DAY."

Passing through the Church Square, Banbridge, one wet and dreary evening towards the end of January, something caused me to look more closely than usual at Crozier's monument. Probably it was the desolate aspect of the place, and the tall manly figure on the monument standing out alone, grim and silent, under the leaden sky, and pelted with the rain which fell in wind-blown sheets. Be the cause what it may, the influence of the man and scene caught hold on me, so that I paused, and almost unconsciously passed over and read the inscription, first on one side of the monument and then upon the other. Going on my way, and musing on the transient nature of all things human—life, memory, renown—the words kept singing in my ear—"But of the place or time of his death no man knoweth unto this day."

The Dream.

The words remained with me and to their cadence in sleep my eyes closed that night. Then in a moment, as it were, once more I stood before the monument, looking up at the tall silent figure.

Suddenly, and without warning, and it caused me no surprise, Captain Crozier stepped down from his pedestal. Looking solemnly at me, and laying his hand kindly on my shoulder, he said:—"Stranger, through the wind and rain you came to visit me to-day. Little more than half a century has passed since my life went out in that far, desolate, northern land, and the men of my generation who knew and loved me erected this monument (and he waved his hand towards the empty pedestal), to keep my memory green. Has it done so? The children pass day after day, week after week, year after year, and grow up into men and women, and die; yet how many of them know of my story, or give a passing thought to me or my monument? The stream of the living passes to and fro, caring nothing, knowing nothing, save that the tall figure between the bears was one Captain Crozier, who did something long ago in Arctic lands. And yet, once, I too was a little child, and played round this square, and ran up and down the steps of the old house across the way, with the slate covered gables and the railings in front. But (and he raised his hand, and pointing at me, said)—shut thine eyes, behold—"

To my ears came a low moaning, and a blast of wind struck so cold, so chilling, that it froze the very marrow in my bones. Instantly the scene was changed; methought I stood on the shore of a desolate sea, and yet was it sea, for water there was none, nothing but ice and snow, ice broken in huge masses, crushed and driven upon each other, piled up in wild confusion, and in the midst two ships. Such ships—they looked in the dim, cold light like ghosts; their shrouds and masts and rigging sheeted in ice and coated thick with snow. Silently over their sides came a long procession of men, and at their head strode Crozier; like phantoms, they moved into the shadows and disappeared.

Weeks seemed to have passed, when I saw them again; they were on an island, starving, perishing with cold and hunger, sleet and snow, and the wind pelted them, and the fierce fangs of the frost-fiend fastened on their bodies. One by one they lay down and died.

After a lapse of time, once more I saw the remnant left—how few they were, how weary and dejected—they had left the island and were marching on—Whither? God only knows. With bent heads they moved, buffetting the freezing wind and blinding snow. Anon one fell, and then another, and as they fell face downwards in the snow—the kindly snow that can so cruel be at times—covered them over and was their burial pall. And then their leader, the face I knew so well, but O so changed, turned for a moment towards me, waved a last farewell, and passed for ever out of human sight and ken into the swirling reek of the wild Arctic night.

I awoke shivering, and behold it was a dream. Now, this dream made such an impression on me that I determined to find out all that was known of this man, his life and death, and to set it down here, so that the reproach might pass that none knew or cared for his story.

Birth. Service in Royal Navy. Promotion.

Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier was born in Banbridge, 1796, and died somewhere within the Arctic circle on or near the North American coast in the year 1848. At the age of 14 he entered the Royal Navy, and served on the home station till 1817, when he passed his examination, and the following year went out to the Cape of Good Hope as mate on the "Doterel" sloop. From 1821 to 1827 he served on the "Fury" and "Hecla" under Captain Parry,

and during these years made three voyages to the Arctic regions. He was appointed Lieutenant, March 2, 1826, and from 1831 to 1835 was engaged on the coast of Portugal. 1836 saw him on board the "Cove" under Captain Ross, once more within the Arctic circle, and on January 10, 1837, he was promoted to the rank of commander. On May 11, 1839, he was appointed to the "Terror," and, accompanied by Captain Ross, made a voyage to the Antarctic Ocean, from which they both returned in 1843. During Crozier's absence he was raised to post rank.

Last Voyage. Death.

In 1845 Sir John Franklin commissioned two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror" for Arctic exploration, and appointed Captain Crozier to the command of the latter. From this ill-fated expedition Crozier never returned, nor one of all those who accompanied him on the two ships.

The mystery surrounding Captain Crozier's death has never fully been removed. Numerous relief and discovery expeditions sailed to those inhospitable seas in quest of the lost ships, but it was not till 1859 that anything reliable became known. In this year Captain M'Clintock sailed in the "Fox," and was destined to find the relics of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions, and to tell us all that will ever probably be known of their awful fate.

The two ships, "Erebus" and "Terror," sailed from England on May 19, 1845. All went well with the expedition till September 12, 1846, when both ships became frozen in the ice. Sir John Franklin died June 11, 1847, when the command devolved on Capt. Crozier as senior officer. The ships remained frozen up till April 22, 1848, and as there was no sign of the ice breaking Captain Crozier determined to desert the ships and endeavour to save his starving men, 105 souls in all, by retreating to the Hudson Bay territories up the great Fish River. This much is told in a record left by Crozier, and found in a cairn by M'Clintock's search party.

The remaining information was gleaned from natives and traces found of the lost crews. The sad story would appear to be—Captain Crozier and his men set out from the ships laden with clothes, utensils, valuables, and what provisions they had and dragging a boat. The weather was bitterly cold and the way rough. Snow storms raged, and the thermometer ranged between 60 and 80 degrees below freezing point. Near the cairn where the record was found were quantities of articles of all kinds scattered about,

as if at this early period the men recognised they were retreating for their lives and discarded everything superfluous.

The boat referred to was discovered by the search party with two skeletons in it, 26 pieces of silver plate, and six watches. In another place they found a skeleton, perfectly bleached, lying on its face as it had fallen. An old Esquimaux woman told—"They fell down and died as they walked along." How many ever reached Montreal Island, about 200 miles from the ships, was never known, nor who or how many left the Island, wandered about till they died from starvation and cold on the banks of the great Fish River, will never be told.

Six months after the retreating crews left the ships the ice broke up, one sank in deep water and the other was driven on shore. Large quantities of relics were purchased by Captain M'Clintock from the natives—forks, spoons, and other articles.

A strange feature was that no native interviewed ever actually saw any of the lost crews alive, they found the dead bodies afterwards, marking like dead fingerposts, the line of that last lone march. The crews deserted the ships in April, 1848, and there is little doubt that long before the end of the year not one survived. When or where, however, Captain Crozier laid himself down to die, no man knoweth unto this day.

THE CAHANS EXODUS

(Ballybay, Co. Monaghan, 1764).

The story of the Pilgrim Fathers, who left the shores of Britain in the year 1620 to found a new nation beyond the turbulent waters of the Atlantic, has been told in prose and verse. The history of their voyage, wanderings, privations, and ultimate success is known wherever the English language is spoken. Two great nations vie with each other in doing their memory honour.

The title, Pilgrim Fathers; the name of the good ship that bore them on their perilous voyage, the May Flower; the sacred spot on the shore of the great Western continent where their pilgrimage terminated, Plymouth Rock; their leader, Governor Bradford; Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth; and his friend, John Alden, are all household words within the far-flung frontiers of Anglo-Saxondom.

Longfellow, in his poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish," has handed down to all time an imperishable picture of the Pilgrim Fathers in those far-off days at Plymouth on the wild New England coast. With a master hand he paints, so that the very characters stand out in bold relief from his pages as living men and women. As we read we find ourselves moving and living again amidst the old scenes in company with the grim captain, John Alden, and Priscilla, the Puritan maiden.

Prince, in his ancient chronology, states in quaint language the number who sailed in the May Flower and their reason for leaving England.

> So there were just 101 who sailed from Plymouth in England, and just as many arrived in harbour. And this is the solitary number, who for an undefiled conscience, and the love of pure Christianity, first left their pleasant and native land and encountered all the toils and hazards of a tumultuous ocean in search of some uncultivated region in North Virginia, where they might quietly enjoy their religious liberties and transmit them to posterity in hopes that none would follow to disturb or vex them.

Another old writer tells, with a simple faith in an all-wise and good God, how the Pilgrims came to settle at Plymouth in New England, a place apparently unsuited to their requirements, situated on a land-locked bay difficult of access and at low tide shallow and abounding in mud flats.

> It must have been at high tide the Pilgrims found their way into this harbour. You would think how easy and how natural for them

to find their way just to this landing-place, and how beautiful and how admirable the region for the thrift of a colony, both in commercial and in country life. How differently God sees from man! He seems to have shut up the Pilgrims in this inlet, difficult of access from the sea and barren in the country, to set their growth, firm and steadfast, amid much tribulation, in dependence neither on the riches of the land nor the sea nor the attractions of commercial intercourse, but upon Himself alone. He hid them as in a tabernacle from the strife of tongues, and let them grow unperverted by the admiring notice and unassaulted by the temptations of a wicked world. It was a costly growth, but glorious.

Some 144 years after the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of Britain, that is to say in the year 1764, another exodus took place from these islands, in many respects as remarkable as the departure in 1620. Save within a comparatively narrow circle the history of this exodus is unknown. No great writer has enshrined the ancient story in his pages, no poet has immortalised the humble actors in the strange drama in verse. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, they went forth from their country for conscience sake, labouring under a sense of injustice and persecution, to find a new home beyond the sea where they could enjoy their religion and worship God as conscience dictated.

In the fair province of Ulster, Ireland, in the county of Monaghan, and some four miles north-west of the town of Ballybay, lies a secluded district known as the Cahans. From this district, in the year 1764, the greater part of a Presbyterian congregation, pastor and people, numbering in all about 300 souls, went forth to brave the perils of the deep, to encounter dangers, difficulties, and discomfort untold, leaving behind homes and friends and all that men and women hold dear. This extraordinary and unique migration may aptly be called "The Cahans Exodus."

The history of Ireland during the eighteenth century is a record of misgovernment, oppression, and injustice—a record that none but the most biased partisan can recall without feelings of sorrow and shame. With the treatment of the Roman Catholics this article is not concerned. The Protestant population of the island at the time was probably one-fifth or one-sixth of the whole, "but small as was this Protestant body, one-half of it fared little better, as far as power was concerned, than the Catholics; for the Presbyterians, who formed the bulk of the Ulster settlers, were shut out by law from all civil, military, and municipal offices." Oppressive land laws, and political, religious, and social disabilities were responsible for driving out of Ulster during those one hundred

years upwards of 500,000 of the best blood of the province. They went forth with bitterness in their hearts to find a new home in America, and these men and their descendants were the chief factor in wresting the colonies from England and forming the United States of America.

The men of the Cahans exodus suffered with their fellow-Presbyterians under all these disabilities, and all Seceders in addition came into conflict with the authorities regarding the form of taking an oath in a court of justice. They objected to "kissing the Book" as unscriptural, and insisted on making their deposition instead with uplifted hand. Large numbers of them also objected to take the Oath of Abjuration on the ground of its peculiar phraseology. And as if all this were not sufficient to embitter their lives, as Seceders from the Synod of Ulster, they and their pastors suffered sectarian persecution from certain ministers and congregations of the surrounding Presbyterian churches, from whom they had separated themselves.

During the early and middle parts of the eighteenth century it would appear that some laxity, and possibly error, had crept into the ministrations of a number of the ministers of the Synod of Ulster. That there was ground for this belief regarding individual ministers there can be little doubt, but that it did not apply to the majority of the Synod is certain. About the year 1747 some 200 families of Presbyterians resident in the Monaghan and Ballybay districts "not finding themselves edified by those who had been placed over them as religious teachers, neither believing the soundness of certain doctrines which they taught, withdrew from them, refusing to longer wait upon their ministrations."

Accordingly a requisition was sent to the Associate Burgher Presbytery of Glasgow asking that a pastor should be sent to them to minister to their spiritual needs. In response to this call was sent the man, the Rev. Thomas Clark, M.D., who became minister of Cahans, 1751-1764, and was the leading and guiding personality in the Cahans exodus.

Dr. Clark, as he was called in the district, was a native of Scotland, and the third Seceding minister who was ordained over a congregation in Ireland. Previous to the year 1745 he acted as chaplain or tutor to a gentleman's family in Galloway. In that year the landing of the Pretender in Scotland called him to action, and he took up arms on behalf of the Government and the House of Hanover. In 1748 he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and on

the 27th June, 1749, he was sent to Ireland with a commission to preach at Ballybay, Clennaneese, and elsewhere in Ulster. His first sermon at Cahans was preached from Acts xvii., 16-18. Calls were presented to him from three different congregations—Scone, near Perth ; Clennaneese, near Dungannon ; and Cahans, near Ballybay. He selected what at that time was probably the most unpromising of the three, and in due course was ordained minister of Cahans in William M'Kinlay's field on the 23rd July, 1751. In his pastoral address he says : " William M'Kinlay was one of the first four who supplicated Glasgow Presbytery, it was at his house I lodged, and in his field I was ordained."

Dr. Clark proved to be a most faithful and indefatigable minister, and from Ballybay as a centre, he travelled over Monaghan and the adjacent counties, arraigning the Synod of Ulster for its shortcomings and sins. Traditions lingered long in the district of Dr. Clark, with his Scottish brogue, Highland bonnet, and long gaunt figure riding over the country on horseback, acting as physician both to the souls and bodies of his people.

> His zeal as a preacher, and the persistence with which he impugned the religious character of the ministers of the Synod of Ulster, made enemies to Dr. Clark, and the refusal of himself and his people to comply with the usual forms of swearing adopted in the courts of justice gave point to the charges of disloyalty whispered from one to another, and furnished to the unscrupulous a ready instrument for giving him trouble.

There can be little doubt but that the charges made by Dr. Clark were much too sweeping and exaggerated in tone, " for it must be remembered that he was engaged in establishing in the country a new sect which could only prosper by its success in dissociating members from the large Presbyterian body, and it was only natural for him to see ecclesiastical blemishes through an eye of very high magnifying power."

Be the charges made by Dr. Clark against the ministers of the Synod of Ulster justified in their entirety or not, what follows is a sad commentary on religion and Presbyterianism. " Local and limited as this action was, it is certainly one of the most humiliating facts in the whole history of Presbyterianism." Let us hope it is an episode without parallel in the history of the Church. " There can be no doubt that sectarian jealousy was at the bottom of this unworthy act," an act, the baseness of which was intensified by the circumstances, similar to those acts of sectarian hatred perpetrated

by the clergy of another denomination and the magistrates of Belfast against the Rev. John M'Bride of that city and the Rev. Alexander M'Crackan of Lisburn.

Advantage being taken of Dr. Clark's known scruples with regard to the Oath of Abjuration and also in regard to the manner of taking an oath by kissing the Book, and that he refused to take it in the manner and form prescribed by law, a warrant for his arrest was procured on the ground of disloyalty to the King. Yet this was the man who took up arms in the '45 on behalf of the Government and the House of Hanover. "He was put in prison under the pretext of punishing him for disloyalty, of which these facts were supposed to furnish presumptive evidence, but in reality for being a Seceding minister."

His Arrest.

The plot to arrest him was kept secret, awaiting a favourable opportunity. His enemies, fearing the people, did not dare to attempt to arrest him at his own home. It became known that Dr. Clark was to preach at Newbliss.

> Looking upon this as the most favourable opportunity for their purpose likely to present itself, one of the members of the rival Presbyterian Church at Ballybay (First Ballybay) taking the lead, accompanied by several of the elders (Robert Nesbitt and William Burgess), and a number of the members of the same congregation, proceeded to the above-named place, and on the 23rd January, 1754, nine months after the warrant had been procured, these men entered the church and arrested Dr. Clark just as he concluded his sermon from Jeremiah xxi., 11 : "Watchman, what of the night ?"

It has been supposed that the elders in question who effected the arrest acted at the instigation of their minister, the Rev. James Jackson. The Rev. David Hutcheson, minister of First Monaghan, 1744-1757, is associated with Jackson in this discreditable business. Mr. Jackson was minister of First Ballybay congregation 1750-1782. This congregation is the oldest in the district, dating back to 1698. Several of the congregations in the neighbourhood seceded from or are chips from this ancient foundation.

Cahans, or as it was known in its early days, "Ballybay New Erection," branched off in 1749, Derryvalley in 1800, and Second Ballybay in 1831. It is more than probable there were strained relations and bitter feelings in the years following the Secession between the parent congregation and its earliest offspring. It is known at any rate that an acrimonious and prolonged discussion took place in print between the Rev. Mr. Jackson and Dr. Clark.

The members of the congregation having become aware that Dr. Clark had been arrested would at once have rescued him from his persecutors, but he forbade them, telling them to be calm and do no violence to anyone. That night he was kept under guard in a tavern in Rockcorry, and the next day under a strong escort taken to Monaghan and thrown into the county jail to await his trial.

On the 3rd April, 1754, ten weeks after his arrest, Dr. Clark was brought up for trial. "The judge, upon examining the warrant upon which he was committed, found it to be defective and insufficient for detaining him, and ordered his immediate release.'

He was urged to prosecute those who had persecuted him and who were responsible for his illegal arrest, but he would not, simply replying: "No," "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

During his incarceration in Monaghan prison he wrote week by week letters of instruction, comfort, and encouragement to his people, which were read to them on the Lord's Day as they assembled for worship.

He was visited, too, on the Sabbath and at other times by large numbers of his congregation, who came from love of their pastor and for worship, for marriage, and for baptism.

> So many as the space could accommodate met inside the massive walls, and there clustered about the honoured and beloved pastor, listened to the words of life from his lips, and joined him in prayer and praise to God. Here old men and matrons, young men and maidens gathered, notwithstanding the dolefulness of the place. Here parents brought their children, and Dr. Clark baptised them. Here the young man and young woman who had agreed to fight life's battle and share together its joys and sorrows, its sunshine and its shadow, came, and were by Dr. Clark joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

He tells with pardonable pride how, while he lay in jail, he married one couple, Joseph Harris and A. Ronalds, and baptised thirteen children.

In his pastoral letter he refers to Joseph Harris and his wife. "They are now settled here by the Cataba River, South Carolina; she lately died an eminent Christian, and her children still act as firm friends to religion, and are in very comfortable circumstances."

Some authorities state that Dr. Clark was re-arrested and imprisoned again on the 24th April, 1754, but there is no reference whatever to this event in the Pastoral Letter.

Prior to his arrest in January, 1754, he was fined for alleged disloyalty to the King—his people generously paying the fine.

One of his elders, as he calls him "honest William Craig," was also arrested and imprisoned for some months on a similar charge to that preferred against Dr. Clark himself—his refusal to kiss the Book and alleged disloyalty to the King. William Craig's release was only effected through the Doctor going personally to Dublin and appealing direct to the authorities there.

An old poem suggested by the persecution of Dr. Clark :—

When error and profaneness spread
Their baneful tenets without dread
Hibernia's Island o'er,
Pure Gospel doctrines to proclaim,
The pious Clark undaunted came
From Caledonia's shore.

The light he bore offensive prov'd
To those who obstinately mov'd
In their own perverse ways.
Pens, tongues, and hands they did employ
His useful labours to destroy,
For sake of gain or praise.

Like his great Master he was caught
And rudely to the prison brought
To feel oppression's rod,
While his forlorn, dejected flock
With ardent supplications knock
At the just throne of God.

Dr. Clark, early in his ministry, married Elizabeth Nesbitt. She died in 1762, leaving him with three small children. He thus writes of her death to his people in the Pastoral Letter :—

> On December 19, 1762, at nine o'clock, it being Sabbath night, you lost a praying friend by the death of my spouse, who, a little before she expired, said : 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His, and His desire is towards me." After taking a little medicine, she said : "Now I am gone," then prayed a few words and ceased, saying : "My Lord and my God."

The inscription on the old stone over her grave in Cahans Churchyard reads : "Here leyeth the corps of Elizabeth Clark, alias Nesbitt, spouse to the Rev. Thomas Clark, who died December 19, 1762, aged 32 years. A true Christian." She was the second person who was buried at Cahans meeting-house.

Wearied with his contendings, and now that a strong tie that bound Dr. Clark to his congregation was broken, he felt more and more dissatisfied with his position.

> Moreover, the signs of revival which accompanied the ministry of his early years began to wear away. The people, as he imagined, cooled

in their enthusiasm. The very means of life was now parsimoniously supplied. He felt as if his usefulness in that district was over, and he determined to leave it.

Notwithstanding Dr. Clark's pessimism at this time, a large proportion of his congregation must still have remained loyal and attached to him. When he finally decided to leave the scene of his labours and of his persecution and theirs, and to seek asylum beyond the waters of the Atlantic, upwards of 300 of his people decided to cast in their lot with their pastor and to follow him to the land of his adoption. It was no small matter for this people, reared in the secluded homesteads of Co. Monaghan, the vast majority of them never even having seen the sea, to finally come to the momentous decision that they would go forth into what must have been to them the unknown, to seek a home where they could enjoy their religion undisturbed, none daring to make them afraid. During the spring and winter preceding their departure, in the homes in glen and vale, and on lonely hillside, what anxious discussions and consultations must have taken place!

Think of the grave and serious men and women in their brave, homely, God-fearing way, facing the situation, as Ulster folk will, counting the cost, making preparation, speculating on the future, but ever and always trusting in God! There were sad hearts, too, for behind the brave front and smiling face there was the ever present pain as the day of departure drew near, the pain that only country-bred men and women know and feel to the full, the pain of leaving home for ever, leaving the homes they made and loved, leaving the lands they had turned by their toil from a wilderness into a garden, leaving the sacred spot where their dead rest, where their young married life began, and where their children were born.

Modern men may smile and wonder and speculate, but the fact remains that it was an abiding, unbounded trust in their God that bore these people up in their tribulation. It was the same trust that carried the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth Rock and far beyond. It was on the wings of the same assurance that the Cahans Pilgrims journeyed in safety to the far banks of the Hudson and to the mountains of South Carolina.

Dr. Clark having had some correspondence with persons in America, received calls from two congregations there. His first intention would appear to have been to go out for one year, and in the meantime not to dissolve the pastoral relation existing between himself and his people at Cahans. His last sermon at Cahans was

preached from I. Cor. ii., 3 : " And I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling." Of the departure and voyage across the Atlantic of these pilgrim fathers of Cahans we have the brief account in the following devout terms of Dr. Clark himself :—

> May 10, 1764—We sailed from Newry. The all-gracious God carried three hundred of us safe over the devouring deep in the arms of His mercy, praised be His name. We arrived safe in New York, July 28.

What a subject for a painter's brush or poet's pen, the departure of those three hundred from Cahans. It was possibly a bright summer morning, for the month was May. See the long procession of carts and vehicles bearing the cherished household belongings and provisions for the journey. The tender parting between friends who would never meet again. The hurrying in of outlying families to join the general gathering. There, too, were old men and women, long partners in life's journey, young men and women in their prime, and children, and directing and guiding all the commanding and picturesque figure of Dr. Clark himself.

The route taken on the journey to Newry is not actually known, but there can be little doubt that it was by way of the old road through Dunriamond, Corlea, Tullycorbit Church Hill, the Scotch Corner, and thence on to the sea.

Before leaving Ireland Dr. Clark forwarded the names of one hundred families who desired to go to America. A warrant was procured to survey and lay off 40,000 acres around the head of Lake George, on which it was proposed these families should be located. This land they never occupied. At New York the people divided, several families going to Cedar Springs and Long Cane, South Carolina, the congregation proper going to Stillwater, on the Hudson. Their stay at Stillwater was only temporary, as Dr. Clark had procured for them, at a place afterwards known as Salem, Washington County, in the State of New York, a grant of 12,000 acres of land, free of charge for five years, after which there was to be paid an annual rent of one shilling per acre.

While halting at Stillwater occurred the first death in the congregation. James Harshaw, one of the elders, died at Stillwater during the summer of 1765. About the year 1895, the Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Harsha, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Presbyterian Seminary of Omaha, U.S.A., and great-grandson of James Harshaw, preached in Second Ballybay Church. Dr. Harsha said that from his great grandfather had sprung at least ten Presbyterian ministers, the speaker and his two sons being of the

number. He further read a letter written in 1765, from James Harshaw at Stillwater to his cousin at Cahans. A portion of this letter is worth recording :—

> We were hastened out of Ireland like as the Israelites were hastened out of Egypt by Moses, so that I scarcely got time to take my leave of you with that religious solemnity that the voyage required, but now I am come back by this letter to bid you a solemn final farewell ; with my dying breath earnestly to wish all grace and peace to be multiplied upon you, and upon all my dear brethren in the session, and all my fellow-worshippers in that congregation with whom I often went to the house of God on our solemn holy day, and with some of them I took sweet counsel about my soul's case many times ; and although in myself I am worthless, yea, the chief of sinners, yet let me own to you that I must bless the Lord that ever he led me to hear the Gospel in the meeting-house of Ballybay. It is the place where I have been often refreshed, edified, and quickened by sweet, clear, and pure doctrine of Christ's imputed righteousness and sanctification by His Word and Spirit. There never was a time that the Lord's Supper was celebrated in that house but either in the time of it, or soon after, I got some token for good. May the Lord continue that spot, that house of prayer, and make it a Bethel to many, as it has been to some now in glory, whose dust keeps beside it till the heavens be no more. Please, in my name, kindly to offer my regards to John Riddle, James M'Mullen, James Thomson, James Gibson, William Craig, William Dunlop, John Little, Widow Ritton, Joseph Gibson, George Harkness, Hugh Clark, John Rowen, and William Thomson, and all who abide by the doctrine, worship, and government of Presbytery, authorised by Jesus, Who is the Head of the Church.

The life of these early pioneers was hard and rugged in the extreme. They indeed went out into the "forest primeval." The country was wild, uncleared, unsettled, and uncultivated. Salem as a town, or even as a village, did not exist. When the Cahans pioneers first visited the spot, in 1766, where the town now stands, there was nothing but virgin forest and a few rude huts. In writing of those early days, when the term "Salem" is used, it is simply made use of as an expression of convenience. As a matter of fact, the place was at first variously known as White Creek, New Perth, and finally, in 1786, as Salem.

In the Spring of 1766, Dr. Clark, with a number of his followers, moved to Salem to make preparation for receiving the main body.

> Their first work was the erection of a log house in which to deposit their provisions and baggage, which house served them as a place in which to repose at night and of protection against the wild beasts of the forest. This first house erected was also to be the future residence of their pastor. At this time and in these circumstances the first par-

sonage was built. In this same year also the first church building was erected, and at the same time the first school-house was opened. The church was constructed of logs such as the men could bring together by hand, as they had no teams. The crevices between the logs were filled with clay. The floor was the earth, the roof was of black ash bark, and the seats rough benches made from logs. The building itself was some forty feet in length, and said to have been the largest house of the kind then in the county.

The year 1767 is the actual year of the general settlement of the town of Salem. The first family of the Cahans contingent that reached it was that of John Lytle. The first service held in the log church was celebrated in May, 1767. As this was the commencement of the regular preaching of the Gospel in the town, the congregation was and has since been known as "The First Presbyterian Church in Salem."

The congregation was born and nurtured to maturity on the other side of the Atlantic, and was transplanted from thence a fully-organised Church, with Pastor, elders, and members.

In this respect it is possible that it is unique and altogether singular. Another remarkable fact is that during all its wanderings, from the time it left Cahans, till constituted in Salem (three years), there was little, if any, interruption in the regular services. Preaching on the Lord's Day and the administration of the Sacraments were regularly observed on sea and on land.

The congregation of Salem was composed of Dr. Clark, Pastor; Elders, George C. S. Walsh, David Tomb, William Thompson, William Moncrief, William Wilson, Richard Hoy, John Foster, and David Hanna, and some two hundred members, including children. That is to say, Dr. Clark at Salem had in his Church there eight ruling elders and one hundred and fifty communicants and their children, who had come with him from Cahans, Ballybay.

The log church, as may be conceived, was far from being comfortable, and at the same time was too small to accommodate the worshippers. It was occupied only during the winter and on stormy days in the summer; on other occasions the meetings were held in the open air. It was used as a place for worship only for about three years. In the year 1770, convenient to the old log church, a new and more commodious building was erected, which was standing in 1876. Unfortunately this venerable structure, hallowed by the prayers of one hundred years, has now disappeared. The old log church, when no longer required as a place of worship was used as a school, afterwards as a barn, and finally in 1777 it

was taken down and the timber used in building a blockhouse, or fort, as a defence against attacks by the Indians.

Dr. Clark continued as the Pastor of the congregation till the Summer of 1782, when he decided to sever his connection with Salem. The reason of his leaving is soon told. He was responsible for the payment of the annual rent of one shilling per acre on the 12,000 acres allotted. When his people came to Salem every one desiring it received from him a farm, becoming responsible to Dr. Clark for their respective proportion of the annual rent. As was necessary, the Doctor was prompt in the collection of these rents. Some fell behind in their payments, and as is not unusual even at the present time, when he insisted on his rights they felt aggrieved, and enmity ensued.

> Dr. Clark felt so uncomfortable about this that he resolved to leave, although the congregation, it is said, voted with but two dissenting voices that he should remain.

After leaving Salem, he appears to have resided at Albany, N.Y., between two and three years. Then he went to Abbeville, South Carolina, to labour amongst the Cahans people who had parted from him in New York. There he organised the Cedar Spring and Long Cane congregations, over which he was installed Pastor in the year 1786. In this charge he laboured till the date of his death, 26th December, 1792.

It appears that in South Carolina practically nothing is known of the early history or settlement of the Cahans Pilgrims there beyond possibly what is recorded in Dr. Clark's Pastoral Letter. The Rev. R. E. Telford, Upper Long Cane Church, writes :—

> There is no history preserved of the early settlers. The records of our Church were lost about 1852. So we have nothing beyond that date. The Courthouse in Abbeville was burned in 1828 with all the records it contained. Upper Long Cane is situated about two miles from Abbeville. Our Presbytery has no record of the exact date of the organisation of our Church, but services were held there, it is believed, as early as 1764 or 1765.

Dr. Clark was buried in the graveyard at Cedar Spring, and on the tombstone over his grave is this inscription, slightly corrected :- -

> To the memory of the Rev. Thomas Clark, M.D., who was born in Scotland. Licensed to preach April, 1748. Laboured in Ballybay, Ireland, 16 years. Emigrated to New York, July 28, 1764. After labouring there many years, came to Abbeville, South Carolina, 1786,

where he laboured as the founder and first pastor of Cedar Spring and Long Cane, until his death, December 26, 1792.

It will be noticed that the inscription states "Laboured in Ballybay, Ireland, 16 years." Both in Salem and South Carolina it is "Ballybay" that is always spoken of. "Cahans" appears to have been entirely unknown. The original name of Cahans Church was "Ballybay New Erection." First Ballybay Presbyterian Church, founded in 1698, was and is known as Ballybay Presbyterian Church, although it is situated some two miles from the town of that name. It was from this Church that Cahans originally seceded. In an address delivered in Salem in 1876, which has been copiously drawn upon in writing this article, "Ballybay" is always referred to, and never "Cahans." The Rev. Dr. Harsha, when speaking in 1895 in Second Ballybay Presbyterian Church, referred to his great grandfather as an elder in Ballybay Presbyterian Church; in fact, it would almost appear as if Mr. Harsha believed he was speaking in the Church in which his departed relative had been an elder.

The Rev. Thomas Clark, M.D., Scotchman and one time minister of Cahans, Ballybay, in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, was a most remarkable man—Tutor, Soldier, Doctor, Pastor, Prisoner, Pioneer. He was a man of sterling and indomitable character. His convictions were strong and immovable. He was a stern and uncompromising fighter against injustice and everything he considered wrong. His faults were the faults of his time and character. He was hard and unyielding, and made many enemies. He was, however, a good and loyal friend. Withal he was a truly great, noble, pious, and God-fearing man.

After a stormy and eventful life Dr. Clark's end was peace. His passing recalls the passing of another great Scotchman—Dr. Livingstone. Livingstone, away in the heart of the wild African forest, worn out with privation and illness, a solitary white man in the vast solitude, retired to his hut for the night, his faithful native servant keeping watch outside. In the morning the servant entered the hut and found his master kneeling by his rude couch—dead. In the lonely solitude of the night the brave heart had ceased to beat. In communion with his God the great traveller had passed into his rest. Dr. Clark's end came too in solitude and communion. He had retired for the night to his room as usual. When discovered later he was sitting in his chair, dead. On a table before him was an affectionate address—since known as "The Pastoral Letter"—

to the people of his charge whom he had left in Ireland, which he had evidently just completed. The closing words were—" What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

In this remarkable production it is interesting to notice how the asperities of controversy and the disposition to lay his finger on the sores in the life and doctrine of his brethren, and to pinch them by his touch, have entirely passed away. He dwells fondly on the scenes of his early ministry, which had left such deep impression on his own mind, the first text from which he preached to the people of Cahans, the place of his ordination in William M'Kinlay's field, his first visitation to the first family in the congregation, and the first-fruits of the harvest which in that district of the country he had gathered to the Lord."

" And, though you be done to the death, what then ?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critics will call it good.

Dr. Clark's influence for good still lives, and is felt on both sides of the Atlantic. The congregation he founded in Cahans, Ireland, and transplanted to Salem, New York, America, continued to progress and flourish after his death. The old (second) church built in 1770 contained thirty pews ; in 1791 the gallery was finished, adding five more pews and a number of seats. Thus, forty-two families were accommodated. These pewholders, however, did not represent more than one-fourth of the families belonging to the congregation. On the Lord's Day, when the people assembled for worship, not only the pews, seats, and aisles were filled, but men, women, and children clustered about the open windows and doors, wherever they could find a place within hearing of the preacher's voice.

In 1797 a new and much larger church (the third) was built. That church is still standing and used for worship, and known as " The Old White Church of Salem." Since 1797 it has frequently been repaired, renovated, altered, and enlarged, but still the main body of the church, wooden as it is, remains sound and staunch, after the stress and storms of almost a century and a quarter. The seating accommodation is now 1,000, and there are, adjoining the church, stables containing 50 stalls, solidly built, for the convenience of members who have to come from a distance to attend worship.

In the old cemetery are the names of many who sleep far from the land of their birth, names with a familiar home ring about them, names of some of those who must have gone out with Dr.

Clark in 1764 :—Agnes Adams, consort of John Adams, died 1793. aged 76 years ; Robert M'Murray, died 1814, aged 70 years ; Wm, Matthews, died 1816, aged 79 years ; Rachel M'Farland, consort of James Henderson, died 1791, aged 51 years ; Robert M'Clelland, died 1789, aged 73 years ; Andrew Lytle, died 1795, aged 76 years.

Amongst other names connected with the congregation about the year 1790 are :—M'Dougall, Williams, M'Whorter, Carswell, M'Crea, Stevenson, Rowan, Cruickshank, Crozier, Stewart, M'Nish, Steele, Beatty, Graham, Armstrong, Boyd, M'Millan, Reid, and Harshaw.

There are still some eighty families of the old stock connected with the congregation. "The family name of these has not in every case been transmitted, but the same blood runs through their veins, the same spirit animates them."

Dr. Asa Fitch, speaking at the centennial celebration of the congregation in 1867, said :—

> Long live the old White Church in Salem ! (offspring of the Church at Ballybay, Ireland). And when the last of its present members shall lie beneath the sod, and our spirits have returned to God Who gave them, when the deeds of this present time shall furnish the material of history, may it be the lot of a future chronicler, upon scanning the materials which we shall leave, may it be his lot to record that we were worthy of the precious heritage which it is our privilege to enjoy.

" Speak ! long silent, unwritten years,
Voicing those grand old pioneers
From Ballybay :
Who kneeling prayed, while morning sun
Witnessed to Heaven, a work begun
To last for aye."

MONAGHAN, BALLYBAY, TULLYCORBET.

(*Extracts from Articles published in* 1904.)

For some men the old and musty records of the past have a wonderful fascination. Their vivid imagination lays hold of the dry bones and bare meagre facts handed down through the ages, scanty records of dead and bygone generations, and clothes them with living interest and human sympathies. To these individuals, however, the records are neither musty or uninteresting ; rather they are full of life and colour. Multitudes pass across the stage of life and leave so little trace behind—the story of their life but as a ripple in the sand ; a broken twig to mark the way they passed. Every human life has had its story—passion, trial, defeat, victory, love and hate. Yet millions pass and leave no trace, no ripple even in the sand, no guiding broken twig. How careful, therefore, should we be to note the scanty records that we have, and save the memory of those we may from fading into nothingness. To all, the general history of their country should be of interest ; of a more local and personal interest is the history of the county of nativity, individual families, or the particular district in which we live, and with which we are connected by common interests and associations. The history of the nation is accessible to all, and within the reach of the poorest.

MONAGHAN.

The town of Monaghan is described in 1606 as not deserving the name of a good village, consisting of diverse scattered cabins or cottages. Part of the town of Monaghan is in the townland of Mullaghmonaghan—the summit of the little hills.

At the Settlement of 1591, afterwards confirmed in 1606, the Barony of Monaghan was divided between the two principal chiefs of the MacMahon tribe. Before the Rebellion of 1641, however, the larger portion of the property had passed by sale into the hands of English and Irish " undertakers."

In 1595 Monaghan was captured by the Irish, and retaken soon after by Sir Henry Bagnal, who encamped on a hill close to the abbey. In 1600 the town was burned by Brian MacMahon, and in 1602 an English garrison took possession, and Monaghan Castle was built.

" The Statistical Survey of County Monaghan," in 1801, describes the town as " neat, but rather whimsically built, branching triangularly from the centre." In this survey the Courthouse is

mentioned, and that in front of it was held the linen market. The linen was sold in the grey state, and the annual value, some £180,000. The Diamond, Market House, shambles, county infirmary, military barracks, and diocesan school are referred to. The following quaint extracts are worth recording :—

> The environs of this town are very neatly built, the slovenly custom of making large dunghills in the fronts of their houses is very offensive, which are otherwise pretty and engaging. Excellent strong beer is made at two breweries in Monaghan, which supply the country around for a considerable distance, and is in great demand ; this wholesome beverage ought to be particularly encouraged, and is a most excellent substitute for spirits, which are now entirely out of reach of the peasantry, and which have evidently retarded their improvement and consumed their wealth and strength for ages.

Wheat was cultivated in this district more extensively than in any other part of the county, the average yield being about 160 stone to the acre. Oats yielded 200 stone from 28 stone of seed ; barley 150 stone from 16 stone of seed, and potatoes 2,000 stone from 30 stone of seed. As late as 1750 the place of execution in Monaghan was on a pear tree which grew convenient to the present site of the Diamond ; the prisoner was drawn in a cart under the tree, the rope adjusted round his neck, and attached to a branch overhead, then the cart was withdrawn. No one ever ate the fruit which grew on that tree. In the famine years, 1846-47, people died on the very roads from starvation. The great drought of 1857 caused much privation and loss, cattle died from want, the corn was pulled, and hay cost 15s. per cwt. Sugar was a luxury, and cost as much as 9s. per stone. A famine occurred in 1792 ; flour cost £3 per cwt. and meal £2. Gas appears to have been introduced into Monaghan about the year 1845, the church built 1836, and the foundation of the cathedral laid in 1861.

BALLYBAY.

Ballybay was originally known as Ballymeaghan, or Ballogh-nebegh. The ancient spelling of the modern word was Ballibea. The Parish of Ballybay was constituted in 1796, and the church built in the townland of Cornamuckaglass—the round, green hill of the pigs. The Leslie family appear to have purchased the estate about the year 1750.

A Cromwellian soldier, Jack Whip, is said to have owned the first public-house opened in the town, and over his door was the legend :—" Drunk for twopence, dead drunk for fourpence."

Huge mud banks occupied the present site of the Railway Bridge, Quinn's Corner, and the police barracks. The population of the town in 1831 was 1,947, of the Parish 6,685, 1,426 Church of Ireland, 2,096 Presbyterian, and 3,163 Roman Catholic.

The meaning of the word Ballybay is, Mouth of the Ford of Birch ; Annaneese, Ford of the Ages ; Corkeeran, Hill of the Rowantrees ; Monanton, Bog of the Fire ; Drumar, Ridge of Slaughter.

"The Statistical Survey of 1801" gives some interesting information regarding Ballybay :—

> Since the establishment of its linen market the town has greatly improved, and several new houses are building, two stories high, and slated. There is also a market-house, and the weekly market is held on Saturdays. The value of linen sold annually is about £80,000. Before these new houses were erected this town must have had a very miserable appearance. In the neighbourhood are the extensive bleach-greens and mills of Crieve. Ballybay stands in the heart of a manufacturing country, and is on the estate of Mr. Leslie.

Peat was sold in the town at 6½d. per horse load ; labourers' wages 8d. per day in winter, 10d. in summer. The postage on a letter from Dublin to Ballybay was 5d. ; there were three deliveries weekly.

The Cahills, in the Ballybay district, was remarkable for its flax crop—112 stone scutched flax to the acre, or four bushels of seed ; the quality, however, was coarse ; the average yield over the county was about 60 stone. Cootehill was the only market in the district in which linen sheetings were sold ; the annual value of yard-wide webs and sheetings offered totalled some £200,000. The average value of arable land in the county was about 25s. the Irish acre, in the vicinity of Ballybay 15s. The number of houses in the county 22,500, and the population 130,000. "Scarcely a cabin is without a loom or two ; over the whole county every farmer, be his land ever so little, is engaged in the manufacture of linen." Everything was done by the inhabitants in its manufacture, from the sowing of the flax-seed to the completed article. Women and children spun the yarn, and earned 4d. to 6d. per day, journeymen weavers about 1s. per day and their food. The food of all the peasantry was potatoes and oatmeal ; the former diet they preferred, and those who held land or paid more attention to it than manufacture were seldom able to afford better than salt with their potatoes, and sold their milk to weavers. The introduction of the power-loom sounded the death knell of the linen industry in County Monaghan.

SAM GRAY.

A prominent Orangeman and celebrated character, Sam Gray, lived in Ballybay, during the early part of the nineteenth century. He occupied several public appointments, and was the means of thwarting Jack Lawless and his Nationalist followers in their attempted march through the town in 1828. The numbers in the procession have been variously estimated at from ten to fifty thousand. At Ballintra they were broken up and ignominiously dispersed, many never reaching their homes again. A good story is told how Lawless and some of his followers entered Ballintra Chapel for worship. Some one shouted—"Here's Sam Gray." The reverend gentleman officiating rushed down the aisle and tore off his vestments, crying—"D—— you, run for your lives!" Mr. Gray was charged with various offences, and frequently arrested and prosecuted, but the Crown never succeeded in a conviction. Finally, he died in his own house in the year 1849, at the age of 67.

EARLY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.

Clontibret appears to have been established about the year 1725; Glennan, 1650; Corlea, 1824; Stonebridge, 1750; Ballyalbany, 1764; Creivagh, 1798; Derryvalley split from First Ballybay, 1800.

Second Ballybay seceded from First Ballybay, 1831—John Harris Morell, 1834-1888; James Morell, 1884.

First Monaghan—Robert Darragh, 1697-1712; Thomas M'Laine, 1718-1740; David Hutchinson, 1744-1757; James Hamilton, 1758-1775; Matthew Trumble, 1776-1821; John Bleckley, 1821-1873; J. A. Allison, 1873.

The first minister, Mr. Darragh, had rather an unfortunate career, and was degraded in 1712. Mr. Hutchinson removed to Cork in 1757. Mr. Hamilton to Waterford in 1775. Mr. Bleckley taught an academy in Monaghan; he was an excellent scholar, eloquent preacher, and influential minister. The old church appears to have been built about the year 1827, the new church and lecture hall in 1901.

Cahans—Thomas Clark, 1749-1764; John Rogers, 1767-1814; — M'Kelvey, 1815-1829; Matthew M'Auley, 1829-1875; James Henry, 1876.

Mr. Clark, the first minister, was a Scotchman, and always wore the kilts, bonnet, and tartan of the Black Douglas. In 1764

he emigrated to America, accompanied by the greater part of his congregation. Mr. M'Auley resigned in 1875.

TULLYCORBET.

Mr. Shirley, in his comprehensive history of Co. Monaghan, refers to the parish of Tullycorbet, and gives some interesting information regarding it. So early as 1525 the parish was known as Tolachcarboyd, or "The Hill of the Chariot." The name appears to have taken its rise from a legend that St. Patrick met with a car accident in the neighbourhood. If the road adjoining the church was in existence in his time one can well imagine the saint coming to grief, let him drive ever so carefully. The parish of Ballybay was constituted in 1796, and consists of portions filched from Aghnamullen and Tullycorbet, the larger portion being taken from the latter.

In the Survey of 1591 Tullycorbet Church is described as "Temple Tollagh Carbet."

There are numerous stones in the old churchyard, amongst the oldest one to the Jackson family, with a large coat of arms covering almost half the surface—date illegible; another broken into three parts, but with the inscription quite legible, is to John Carson, Monanton, born 1713; died 1774.

Henry Leslie was Rector of the parish, 1751-1759; he afterwards became Rector of Tanderagee, and about the year 1760 purchased the Ballybay estate. His father was Peter Leslie, Rector of Ahoghill, Co. Antrim. The succeeding Rectors were—Walter Cope, 1759; John Jackson, 1771; Wm. Wolseley, 1784, grandfather of Lord Wolseley; Sir H. Lees, 1801; John H. Burgh, 1806; Morgan Jellett, 1823; John Hare, 1832; Adderley Campbell, 1861; A. B. R. Young, 1885.

Conscription has never actually been the law in these Islands, yet a minute in the old Vestry Book a hundred years ago, savours very much of it.

> Resolved that the sum of twenty-six pounds be laid on this parish for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses attending the raising of our quota of men for the Monaghan Regiment. That we will jointly and severally endeavour, as much as in us lies, to procure the recruits forthwith.

The old Vestries had very large powers vested in them. The care and maintenance of the roads was in their hands, the levying and collecting of certain rates, making grants for schools, the care

of deserted children, burial of paupers, relief of the poor, oversight of public houses, Sunday observance, etc., etc.

The duties of the Vestry being so wide, and touching closely the interests of all within the bounds of the parish, we are not surprised to find that their meetings were attended by members of all religious denominations.

Not infrequently prominent Presbyterians acted as churchwardens, were appointed on the various committees, and took a leading part generally in the work of the Vestry.

The present parish church of Tullycorbet was built about the year 1830, at a cost of £850. It stands on a commanding position overlooking the surrounding country, and on a site adjoining, that occupied by the old church.

In the vestry book, under date April 12, 1830, appears the following resolution :—

> That early in July the old church be thrown down and the materials sold by public auction, the proceeds to be applied in the purchase of a bell and fencing the church yard ; and that five pounds be expended in procuring a carriage and wheel for the bell.

(Signed)—Morgan Jellett, Rector ; Alex. Waddell, Clover Hill ; Joseph M'Clelland, Annymacnail—churchwardens.

The disposal of the materials of the old church to advantage exercised the minds of the vestry considerably ; several meetings were held regarding it. One can well imagine the old parish worthies sitting in solemn conclave discussing the difficulty. Finally the matter was satisfactorily arranged, and thirty pounds voted for the purchase of the bell. In 1832 a committee consisting of Charles Waddell, Alex. Waddell, John Harris, Archibald Brown and James Gillespie was appointed to expend the sum of ten pounds in building piers, providing an iron gate, and enclosing the new church yard.

The resolution recommending the union of the parish with Ballybay was passed at a meeting held on February 10, 1885—"That this parish be united to the parish of Ballybay provided the rector of that parish and the Diocesan authorities give their consent to the union."

In the Presbyterian Historical Society Rooms, Belfast, may be seen a copy of *The Evangelical Witness*, Volume I, 1862, which contains a sketch entitled, "Ballybay Presbyterian Churches," by the Rev. T. Croskery. It deals chiefly and fully with FIRST

BALLYBAY CONGREGATION. Space can only be found here for a few condensed extracts.

The first trace of Presbyterianism in the neighbourhood of Ballybay dates from the closing years of the seventeenth century, when the Rev. Humphrey Thomson, in 1697, was ordained as first minister of First Ballybay Congregation. He died in 1744, and was succeeded by Rev. Alexander Wadsworth, who died in 1747. The congregation was vacant for nearly three years, when the Rev. James Jackson, who came from Holywood, Co. Down, was inducted in 1750. His tenure of office was noticable chiefly for the persecution of Dr. Clark, the seceding minister of Cahans. Mr. Jackson demitted the charge in 1781, died in 1792, and was succeeded by the Rev. John Arnold in 1782. It was during his ministry that the present church was built as the date upon it (1786) testifies. Mr. Arnold was a United Irishman and fled to America in 1797. All the congregational records were lost after his sudden flight. The Rev. James Morell, a native of Co. Derry, received a call from the congregation in 1799, and was ordained the following year. After Mr. Morell had received the call from Ballybay a party in the congregation determined, if possible, to prevent his ordination, and accordingly they locked the doors and gate of the church, and he was obliged to preach in the open air in an adjoining field for nine Sabbaths. The large majority of the congregation adhered to Mr. Morell, and after several ineffectual attempts to get peaceable possession of the church, the Lord Lieutenant was appealed to. His Excellency gave an order to the Captain of a troop of dragoons, then quartered in Monaghan, to put the minister into possession of the church. However, before using the power thus placed in his hands, Mr. Morell went on the following Sabbath to the gate of the meeting-house, accompanied by a large number of the members of the congregation, and demanded admittance, but was again refused. The late Mr. Alexander Waddell then started on a swift horse for Monaghan, distant about eight miles, and in the course of a few hours, a troop of dragoons made their appearance. The lock of the gate was broken, and the doors of the church forced open, and the opposing party having fled precipitately on the appearance of the military, Mr. Morell ascended the pulpit and conducted the services.; the officer in command of the military standing on the stairs leading to the pulpit and some of the soldiers mounting guard. No further opposition was attempted.

The party opposed to Mr. Morell's settlement was created into a separate congregation by the Secession Church, and built a Meeting-house a short distance from the old one. The congregation increased greatly under the ministry of Mr. Morell, and notwithstanding new erections in the neighbourhood, there were 610 families connected with it at the time of his death. He was a man of sound judgment, distinguished for practical sense, a good preacher, and possessed of great conversational powers. His good temper was proverbial. His most intimate friends never saw him angry. His personal appearance was remarkable. He stood upwards of six feet high and at one period of his life weighed twenty-four stones. Needless to say, he was compelled to have all his vehicles strongly built, but notwithstanding this he had many

a breakdown, and always carried a poker and rope in the well of his gig for repairs in case of need. He died in 1831, in the 58th year of his age and the 32nd of his ministry. After his death, owing to a dispute in the congregation as to his successor, a new congregation was erected in the town of Ballybay, and his son, the Rev. John H. Morell, ordained as its first minister. The Rev. W. Gibson, was ordained in 1834, minister of the old congregation, succeeded in 1842 by Rev. Joseph Crawford, followed by the Rev. John Moran, and in 1846 by the Rev. John Gordon Smyth, who is the present able and popular minister of this ancient congregation.

THE BLACK COACH OF KILLASHANDRA.

An Irish Ghost Story.

Part I.

"Black, or, as they are frequently called, Dead Coaches, are common enough in Irish folklore. In the dark hours of the night the Black Coach swept through the deserted street; sometimes in silence like a ghostly shadow, at other times with the crack of whip and creak of wheel; sometimes in darkness so intense that the watchers can barely discern the dim outline of the Coach; at other times all ablaze with unearthly light. Perhaps the best authenticated instance is that of the well-known Black Coach of Killashandra. It appears at irregular intervals, traverses a comparatively limited extent of country, and then disappears perhaps for a decade. Various theories are advanced to account for its origin, but while opinions differ on this point, a long array of living witnesses are prepared to bear testimony to its existence."
—*The Occult Review.*

"Do I believe in the Black Coach?"

"Indeed I do."

"What! You would have me doubt my own senses?"

"Well, you may smile, sir, but I tell you the Black Coach is no laughing matter in these parts."

The speaker was old Dickey Holpan, of the village of Killashandra, in the County of Cavan, Ireland.

The subject under discussion: the Black Coach of Killashandra.

"Yes, your honour, I have heard it on its lonely rounds, as it has been heard by my fathers before me."

"And I have seen it, too. Not many can say that: seen it, and its awful driver, and the beautiful boy he destroyed. May these old eyes of mine never be called upon to look on it again."

"Five and twenty years ago, it is, since I saw it first. I remember the night well. It was in the month of November, on the night the old master, up at the Castle, died. He had been ill for weeks, and was sinking rapidly. Between twelve and one o'clock old Timothy Mollineux, the butler, called me and said:—'Come, Dickey, the master can't last much longer; go down as fast as you can and bring up his reverence.' I noticed, as Timothy brought me up through the great hall and unbarred the front door, that he was ill at ease. Gripping me hard by the arm, we both stepped out into the night. It was pitch dark, and the wind made a dull, moaning sound in the trees. A fit night, I thought, for a man's soul to pass. Timothy glanced up anxiously at the single

gleam of light which came from the room where the dying man lay, then peered intently into the darkness in front."

"No sign of the lights yet," he muttered.

"What lights," ? I asked.

"Nothing, nothing, man," he replied.

Then suddenly—"Do you hear anything ?"

"We both bent forward listening with suppressed breath, but no sound reached our ears save the hollow moaning of the wind in the tree-tops. Turning, he re-entered the house, and I was alone, out in the cold, dark night."

"What did he think he heard ?"

"What lights was he expecting ?"

"A cold shiver of fear passed down my back as I pushed out into the darkness. My way lay through the pleasure grounds. Once within them I turned to the right, down the beech avenue. As the avenue descends it sweeps round in a half circle, bordered on both sides by great beech trees. On that night the darkness beneath the trees was such as might be felt. The thought of the dying man in the house above laid hold upon me. Old Timothy's muttered words filled me with an unknown dread. As my outstretched hand touched the cold, damp tree trunks in passing, a strange fear took possession of me, that a long row of the dead leered and mocked at me as I passed."

"How far I had gone I knew not."

"Now I know I must have reached a point in the sweep of the avenue from which stretched away in front a straight path ending in the stately row of lime trees, known as 'the judge and jury.' Suddenly, through the ghostly branches of the limes shone a bright light. It was evidently moving towards me. In another instant I saw what appeared to me to be two evil, gleaming eyes, about six feet from the ground, and about the same distance apart."

"What were they ?"

"The sight froze me, and in helpless terror I clung to the tree beside which I stood."

"As they came closer I saw behind them the shadowy outline of a great Coach."

"Like a flash it all came to me."

"Timothy Mollineux was expecting the Black Coach."

"I was looking myself with mortal eye on the Black Coach of Killashandra."

"I could see it now more distinctly. It looked like a great square box hung on old-fashioned circular springs. On the box-seat sat a man holding the reins. His face was deadly pale. He wore a small, black pointed beard, and black, curling moustache. All this I must have seen in a few seconds. The Coach was now passing the spot where I crouched. The driver turned his eyes on me for an instant. My very flesh shrivelled under the glance."

"Then unconsciousness."

"Day was just dawning, and the grey light of morning creeping through the trees, when I awoke. The memory of the night crowded in on my brain. Hatless, and shivering I fled from the spot back to the Castle."

"Timothy Mollineux met me as I entered."

"The master," he said, "died ten minutes after you left last night."

In a whisper—"Did you meet ——."

"With a start—Ah, you did."

"Then he touched my hair."

"It was white as the driven snow."

"That was my first meeting with the Black Coach of Killashandra."

"My next meeting was some ten years later, and came about in this way. Returning home late one night with my neighbour, Cormac Jermayn, from a wake, we saw it. He is now dead. Were he alive he would bear me out in what I am going to tell you. The time, so far as I could guess, must have been about two o'clock. As we passed down the silent village street the rumbling sound of a heavy vehicle broke on our ears."

"That's a heavy machine," said Cormac, "and must be out somewhere in the direction of the old Church Yard."

"Just then a sudden winter shower came on, and we stepped into shelter of the arch in front of the Market House. The street from where we stood descends rapidly for about one hundred yards, then turns sharply to the left, in the direction of the old Church. Now, if the street, instead of turning to the left, were continued straight on, some ten or fifteen yards, it would end in a deep lake. In the olden days there were no houses at the bottom of the street; indeed, a passage ran from the lower part of the street to the margin of the lake. Keep this in mind, as it has a strange bearing on this true and terrible story."

"I wonder" said Cormac, speaking again, "who's out travelling so late?"

"It's coming round from the old Church."

"I say, Dickey, I hope it's not the Black Coach."

"At the words, my knees shook under me."

"On it came slowly up the hill, looking large and clumsy in the dim light. Two men sat on the box-seat. There were no lights this time, but that did not matter. I knew that I was once more face to face with the Black Coach."

"Just opposite to where we stood it stopped."

"Suddenly and without a sound one of the men dropped from his seat and fell almost at our feet. His companion sprang after him. As he did so I saw his face. The same evil, sinister face, of the driver of the Coach through the great Beech Avenue."

"Then a third figure appeared. Where he came from, or how, I do not know. He was a boy of about twenty years of age, slim and delicate looking, dressed in dark velvet, with a broad white collar. He was beautiful, and has always lived in my memory since as the Angel Boy. As I looked at him I almost forgot my terror. The boy glanced at the man on the ground, then laid his hand—a long, white, delicate hand—on the tall man's arm. He appeared to be speaking, but there was no sound."

"It was horrible."

"Noiselessly and swiftly the tall man turned the horses round, threw into the Coach the body of the man who had fallen, and motioned the boy to mount the seat."

"Then a terrible thing occurred."

"As the boy caught the reins, the tall man raised the whip he held, and struck furiously at the horses. Down the hill dashed the frightened steeds, right through the corner of the house at the foot, flashed carriage, horses and boy, and we thought we heard smothered cries and the splashing of water in the lake."

"Such was my second meeting with the Black Coach of Killashandra."

"Maybe, you still think, sir, that after all it's only an old man's tale—a superstition of the olden time—a delusion."

"Tell me, was my white hair a superstition?"

"Were Cormac Jermayn and myself both mistaken?"

"In these days it is not easy to believe that such things occur. Who can say by what shadows we are surrounded? It may be that the dead live again in our very midst, but that only at times

are they visible. What more reasonable than that the doers of evil deeds are punished by again re-acting their crimes amid the old familiar scenes."

"Timothy Mollineux saw the Coach and believed in it. He knew I saw it and believed in it too. In his family for generations was preserved the story of its origin. He was the last of his race, and before he died told me the strange and awful tale. Maybe, if I told it to you, sir, you would put it into your own words, and write it in a book, so that it may not be lost. I am old, and do not like to think that it should die with me."

So old Dickey told me the weird and dreadful story. Told it with a wealth of detail and dramatic force, that I wish I could reproduce. I set it forth now to the best of my ability, "so that it may not be lost," as he said, keeping as close to the old man's narrative as possible.

The Hamlyn Tragedy.

The Hamlyns came over to Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth. About the year 1610 Sir Edward Hamlyn built the old Castle, on the site of what is now the farmyard. He died early in 1646, leaving two sons, Rodger and Arthur, and an estate impoverished and miserably poor. At the time of their father's death Rodger Hamlyn was forty years of age and Arthur sixteen. They were half-brothers, but so unlike that it was difficult to believe they were sons of the same father. Rodger, the elder, was dark, evil-tempered and silent, disliked and feared by all who knew him. Arthur was the reverse of all this, fair, pale and delicate looking, with a smile, bright and winning as a summer morning. He was made for love and to be beloved. Nature from their birth had placed her mark in no uncertain manner on the brothers, and fixed their destiny. From cradle to grave they marched in her narrow way. Shall we then apportion blame or praise? Do we blame the thistle for its ugliness or praise the lily for its beauty? Nay, rather let us sorrow for Rodger and rejoice with Arthur. They have only fulfilled their destiny. Each has taken his allotted place, as was intended by the Great Architect, in the building not made with hands.

Soon after Sir Edward's death, his brother came with his daughter Lucy to live with the brothers at the Castle. Old Mr. Hamlyn was possessed of great wealth. His most prized and valued treasure, however, was his only child Lucy. The affection

between father and daughter was touching. Indeed, few could have looked on Lucy Hamlyn without loving her. To her cousin Arthur she bore a strong resemblance, and was his senior only by some three years. For her age she was tall and well proportioned, the face inclined to length rather than roundness, with nose straight and beautifully moulded. Her low forehead was crowned with a mass of dark brown, wavy hair ; the eyes loyal and steadfast, of that peculiar shade of dark grey, which appears to change colour with every passing mood, and at times almost black. Her mouth, sweet and made for kisses, but firm, while round its corners lurked merriment and laughter. Such was Lucy Hamlyn in the glorious beauty of her opening womanhood.

From the first she disliked her cousin Rodger, and her father, in a manner hard to understand, possibly the instinct of age, gradually grew to fear and hate him. This was altogether the more strange, as Rodger Hamlyn exerted himself, in every way, he knew how, to gain their confidence and esteem. It was different with Arthur. The gentle boy at once found a way to the hearts of both. The old man grew to love him as his own son. Often in the warm summer evenings, he would sit on the terrace in the shade of the great yew trees, and watch his children, as he called them, Arthur and Lucy, wander hand in hand amongst the trees of the pleasure ground. It may have been that as he watched, in his heart grew a hope that these two so dear to him, might yet wander on down through life's journey in a still sweeter and holier union. Be that as it may, on his death, some three years after his arrival at the Castle, it was found that he had left his great wealth divided equally between them, without any restriction or condition whatever. Truly and deeply the cousins mourned for the old man. Rodger, outwardly, appeared to do the same ; inwardly and silently, however, he brooded over his fortune and cursed his luck. " The old fool," as he called his uncle, " to leave all that money to a white-faced boy and a girl. He, Rodger, had been defrauded. Were it his what a life he should have. Yes, by Heavens ! he would marry the girl and get her money at any rate. As for the boy—well, he was not strong. Who could say what might happen ?

So Rodger Hamlyn continued to wear the mask. Lucy was not deceived. He became more loathsome to her every day. The attentions he now forced on the girl filled her with horror. She saw through him, down to the bottom of his selfish, evil heart. Yet what could she do ? She lived under the same roof, ate at

the same table, and was brought into continuous and close contact with him. He had her in his power, and used that power craftily and well. At length through very weariness and fear, her resistance gave way, and his importunities prevailed. She promised to become his wife.

During the weeks and months of the poor girl's martyrdom, Arthur Hamlyn was an agonised and powerless spectator. Boy as he was, he loved his cousin Lucy with the passionate devotion of a strong man. If his brother Rodger had been a good man, and Lucy loved him, in the very unselfishness of his love he could have given her to him, and been happy in her happiness. Young as he was he knew enough to know the hell she was being hurried into. Of one thing he felt sure, come what might, she must be saved. How soon that freedom was to come and in what manner he little guessed. Even then it was on its way, almost knocking at the door. Fate all unknown had been weaving the web. Now the pattern was almost finished.

Part II.

The year 1649 saw Cromwell in Ireland, with iron hand, bearing down all opposition. Towards the late autumn of that year he laid siege to Oughter Castle. How was Lucy Hamlyn to know, as she heard the sullen boom of his guns drifting slowly down the lakes, that it meant release and freedom to her. How should she guess that Cromwell's coming meant the coming of another who held the key that was to open to her the gates of love.

A detachment from the investing army was quartered in the village, under the command of Colonel Claude Munro, a brave and capable officer, who for ten years, through sunshine and shade, victory and defeat, had followed the fortunes of his great chief. Munro, though old in war, was still a young man. His thirty-three summers sat lightly on his broad shoulders and upright, soldierly form. Soon after his arrival he met Arthur Hamlyn. The gentle, open nature of the boy appealed to the soldier, and they became fast friends. Arm in arm they might be seen when Munro was off duty, strolling through the village, or about the neighbouring roads. The soldier told the boy stories of the war, of doings in the great world, of the struggle that had been going on for years in England, and of the death of the king. The lad listened and wondered, and in his heart grew up a kind of hero-worship for his

friend. In the willing and sympathetic ear of his cousin Lucy he poured the wondrous tales he heard, and was never tired singing the praises of his hero. She, poor girl, desponding and well nigh in despair at the prospect before her, rejoiced at the gleam of sunshine coming into Arthur's life. In her loneliness she thought much of the soldier, and in her gentle heart blessed him for his goodness to her dear boy.

So the weeks passed. Oughter Castle fell, and the army prepared to move. Arthur was wild with grief at the prospect of losing his new-found friend.

On the night before his departure, Colonel Munro, riding back to the village, and anxious to reach his quarters, left the beaten track, intending to pass through the woods of Castle Hamlyn, as the shortest way home. He entered the woods, riding fast. What occurred afterwards, or how, he himself could never explain. He was found next morning, unconscious, by some of Rodger Hamlyn's servants, and taken to the Castle. His head and body were badly bruised, and his right arm broken. Rodger raged and fumed at his men for bringing the wounded man there. For his own reasons he wished no strangers about the place. Arthur and Lucy, however, interfered, and the wounded soldier was taken in and cared for.

Consciousness soon returned, and it was found that none of his injuries were serious save the broken arm. Still his case was bad enough. Here he was, wounded and ill, in a strange house. The army must move without him. It would be weeks before he should be fit to follow. Arthur, at first, sorry for the mishap to his friend, now openly rejoiced that it had occurred. He would not lose him yet. Lucy soon shared Arthur's enthusiasm. Their care and attention almost made the soldier forget his trouble. Claude Munro was a captive in the gentle keeping of the cousins.

As the days wore on what were Munro's feelings towards the girl? One might easily have guessed, had they seen him, as he sat propped up with pillows, follow, with a soft and tender light in his eyes, her slender, girlish form, as she flitted to and fro in his room. Soon the soldier's strength returned sufficiently to allow him to move out of doors. Arthur and Lucy spent much of their time with him. Gradually he learned the simple story of their life. Learned too of the cloud that oppressed both, and of the fear that hung over their young heads.

All this could have but one ending.

Bravely Munro struggled against the love growing in his heart for the girl. He knew now she was the promised wife of another. He felt he must not speak. Much as he despised Rodger Hamlyn and loathed the thought of her union with him, still he was the man's guest, and had been received beneath his roof. His honour forbade him to speak of love. Reared in a stern and strict school, his heart might break, but his honour must remain unsullied. Yes, he must leave the Castle and leave the girl he had grown to love so dearly, to worse than death.

Man proposes, but——

Well, the end came simply and unexpectedly.

The life led by Rodger Hamlyn had become worse if possible. He was more often now under the influence of drink, and the tales of his doings in the servants' hall and in the village filled his cousin's breast with ever increasing horror. He informed Lucy that they must be married at once. "He would wait no longer." "He did not like this soldier in the house." "Why did she spend so much of her time with him?"

. . . . . .

It was evening, and Lucy, weary and dispirited, had sat down to rest. Munro found her alone. The quick eyes of love in the man saw the girl was in trouble. He saw the unshed tears in the steady grey eyes, and the nervous trembling of the sweet mouth. His heart went out to her in a great wave of tenderness and love. Laying his hand gently and caressingly on the dark brown tresses, he said:—"My dear, my dear, what is the trouble?" He had never spoken in the same way to her before. The startled, troubled eyes were raised to his for an instant.

In a moment of time Claude Munro and Lucy Hamlyn, looking into each other's eyes, saw open before them the golden gates of love. How should they know that death stood sentinel at the portals?

The hour was theirs, that was enough.

She lay sobbing on his breast. His strong arm was around her, his warm kisses on her lips. Everything was forgotten in the rapture of the moment. That night Lucy, standing before her mirror, her long, dark tresses clustering round her shoulders, smiled back at her reflection, a glad and happy smile. It was a beautiful face she looked upon. She was glad now that she was beautiful—it was all for Claude. The pulse beat of her happy heart kept time to the sweet refrain, "He loves me," "he loves me," "he loves

me." "Yes, he loved her. He was good, brave, strong; he would save her." As her head pressed her white pillow, and the eyelids closed in sleep, the sweetness of the first kisses of love still lingered on her lips and mingled with her dreams.

But what of the man?

How did Claude Munro pass that night?

With restless strides he paced his room the long night through. In an unguarded moment he had declared his love, and kissed those lips that were not his. He might despise and dislike Rodger Hamlyn, still he had been received into his house and eaten his bread.

"What would Rodger Hamlyn do under similar circumstances if their position were reversed? Nay, that did not matter. If Rodger Hamlyn did wrong, should he, Claude Munro, fall to his level and do likewise? No, the question was: what was right? What course was in keeping with his honour? What was his duty?"

"But then, he loved the girl. Loved her with all his soul. She was all the world to him. Could he live without her? And, she loved him. Ah! there was sweetness in that. She loved him. She did not love Hamlyn, he was evil and unworthy of her."

So the struggle went on between honour, duty, love.

"Yes, he must leave the house that day and follow the army. He would see Lucy in the morning and bid her good-bye. She would see his honour was at stake, and understand."

Lucy awoke with a feeling that it was good to be alive. Half awake and yet only half conscious, she wondered why she was so happy. Then the memory of the previous evening came fully to her. As she remembered his kisses, a rosy blush suffused face and neck. The glad cry of her whole being was, "He loves me, and I love him."

They met in the beech avenue, beneath the overhanging trees. Taking her to a sheltered and secluded seat they sat down.

Notwithstanding his determination, Claude Munro found it difficult to begin, and the sweet, shy confidence of the girl added to his perplexity. As he sat beside her, and felt the subtle influence of her presence, his blood coursed through his veins like molten fire.

"How he loved her. Could he live without her?"

Once more began the struggle between duty, honour, love.

Then he spoke, "Lucy, I must leave to-day. I cannot remain longer at the Castle. Forgive me, dear, for what I did and said

last night. I forgot you belonged to another, and that other the man whose guest I am. I may tell you now, as it is the last time we shall meet, that I love you, and shall always love you, but you are not for me. I did wrong to speak, it is not in keeping with my honour. God help us both, we must part. Lucy, do you understand? Speak?"

The girl sat listening with wide open eyes, and blanched face. "They must part. Was it a dream? No, she did not understand."

Then she spoke—at first in a low, trembling, wondering voice—

"Claude, Claude, what is this? We must part, you say, we must part. And I was so happy."

Eagerly—"Claude, are you sure you love me?"

The man bowed his head in helpless despair, and replied, "Yes, sweetheart, God help me, I do."

"Claude," she whispered, "kiss me once again, just once."

The strong man bent over her, their lips met in one long, lingering embrace, then he put her gently from him.

Suddenly she stood up before him, as he sat. Her slender figure erect, the beautiful head thrown back, the eyes full of tenderness and love, the mouth firm and determined. She was no longer a girl. She was a woman, a woman fighting for her life, happiness, and honour. "Claude," she said, "I know you love me. That I love you I know too well. Yet, you say we must part because of your honour. Maybe you are right, but I do not understand. Anything touching your honour is as dear to me as my own life. I could not think of you in connection with dishonour. But what of me and my honour? Will you leave me to my fate, a fate worse than death! You know I have been forced into this hateful engagement with Rodger. I do not love him: I fear and hate him. He only wants my money. You know his character. You know of the mothers and daughters in the village who curse his name, and the nameless children who call him father. Claude, Claude, I cannot bear this thing. Do not think me unmaidenly for pleading so."

The girl sank on her knees by his side, and, looking up into his face, murmured his name.

God help Claude Munro, the iron had entered into his soul.

With pale, drawn face he bent over her, laying his hand, as he had done once before, on her head, "Sweetheart," he said, "help me

to do the right. I am not now sure of the way. What if I am wrong, and know it only when too late ? "

Still the pale, pure face gazed at him, and the sweet eyes took on a wondering expression. Maybe Claude was right after all. Maybe——. On their ears broke the fresh young voice of Arthur as he came, gaily singing down the path. Their attitude and troubled faces hushed him into silence. Lucy slowly rose to her feet, saying, " Claude, tell Arthur everything : he is entitled to know." and passed up the avenue out of their sight.

Part III.

The man and boy faced each other in silence for some moments. Then Claude Munro spoke. He told of their love, and told how he loved her and how she loved him. Told of his struggles and doubts. Told all. As he proceeded, the boy's face, at first pained and clouded, became firm and determined. When Munro ceased, he remained silent for a time. At length he spoke, " Claude, I may tell you I too love my cousin Lucy, and have always loved her, but her love was not for me. You would leave her, you say, for your honour's sake. I am only a country boy, and do not know the great world, and the niceties of what men call honour, yet I would lay down my life for her. What will my existence be here alone without her ? Maybe it will not be for long. The white owl has been seen, and you know what that means to those of my name. Yes, Claude, I think I love her better than you do. Freely and willingly I give her to you, if it only brings her happiness and content."

" Claude, Claude," and the boy's voice became strong and the figure erect, " had she loved me, as you say she loves you, not all the fiends in hell should have parted us."

" Hear me, she has told you something of my brother Rodger, but she does not know all. Neither her life nor mine is safe in this house. My uncle by his will left his great wealth to Lucy and myself. If Rodger marry Lucy, and I die, or if we both were dead, it all passes to him as next-of-kin. Believe me, I know whereof I speak. My life or death does not matter, but will you leave Lucy to her fate ? Tell me, do your doubts and scruples still remain ? "

The boy had become a man, great in his unselfishness and loyalty.

Then Claude Munro's hand went out, and as he grasped that of the boy, he felt he was in the presence of one greater and nobler

than himself. So by a hand-grip, the compact was sealed by those two, who loved Lucy Hamlyn, that come what might she must be saved.

"Now," continued the boy, "let us act at once. Rodger has become suspicious and uneasy. You must leave the Castle to-day and go to your old quarters in the village. Do not ask to see Lucy again. I will see her and tell her what is necessary. To-morrow night at twelve o'clock, she will meet you at the great oak. Take her away from this evil place. And may God deal by you, as you do by her.

. . . . . .

A few minutes before twelve o'clock the cousins stole stealthily and silently from the Castle. Close by the ancient yew trees they stopped. "Now, Lucy," said Arthur cheerfully, "we must say good-bye." The boy's heart was breaking, but he must not pain her. "Good-bye, dear," he said, "I somehow feel we shall meet again soon, and maybe part no more." She bent forward and kissed him on the brow. As her lips touched him a cold shiver passed over his body. "Now go," he said: "Claude will meet you at the oak. I must return to the house and see Rodger."

As they parted a figure came cautiously out of the shadow of the yew trees, looked for a moment after the retreating figure of the boy, then noiselessly followed Lucy.

The distance to the great oak was but short. Lucy knew the way well. She was not afraid. She was going to Claude.

The soldier stood silent and erect, waiting beneath the overhanging branches of the tree. He heard her step. His arm was around her. "My sweet," he whispered, "you have come."

Alas, their short-lived dream was soon shattered.

"So, my virtuous Puritan soldier, you have turned thief and abductor."

They both recognised the sneering, cynical voice of Rodger Hamlyn.

"And you, my sweet cousin and promised wife, is it fitting that I should find you here and alone with this man?"

Munro quickly placed Lucy behind him, and faced the intruder.

"Sir Rodger Hamlyn," replied the soldier, "I am no thief or abductor. This lady has placed herself under my protection. To-night I hold her as my sister, to-morrow she shall be my wife. Rodger Hamlyn, I know you; I know too your intention towards

your cousin and brother. Mark me, Sir Rodger, towards your cousin and brother. Your cousin I take from you and shall protect. Your brother, beware, should anything befall Arthur, you shall have to account to me."

Rodger Hamlyn paled as he listened.

Then he shouted in an infuriated voice—" Liar," " Coward."

" Nay, nay, man," said the soldier, calmly, " I bandy no words with such as you. Stand aside and let us pass."

Placing his arm again round Lucy, they moved forward. As they passed the spot where Roger Hamlyn stood, he drew from his breast a dagger, and plunged it to the hilt in the soldier's back. Without a groan he sank to the ground dead. For an instant there was silence. Lucy did not understand what had occurred. She dropped on her knees by her dead lover's side, calling softly, " Claude, Claude." Then her hand came in contact with the dagger hilt, and she knew.

" Claude, Claude," she wailed, " I have brought this upon you. Oh, my love, my love ! "

Springing to her feet she confronted her cousin. " You coward," she hissed ; " you struck him in the back. I do not fear you now. For this and other crimes you shall be punished. Punished, not by the hand of man, but by another and more dread power. I see far down the years, and you are here working out your doom."

Oh, Claude, my love, my sweet, you shall be avenged."

" You "—and she pointed her finger at the trembling wretch—" you shall suffer through the ages the torture of your own evil, unsatisfied passions and lusts."

Falling again on her knees by the side of the dead man, she crooned over him, as if he were a child. She kissed his cold lips, and stroked back the damp hair from his forehead. Raising him slightly, she plucked out the dagger, murmuring, " Claude, sweetheart, do not leave me ; wait for me yet a little, I come, I come."

" Curse the girl "—the voice of Rodger Hamlyn sounded hoarse and trembling in the gloom—" she frightened me with her talk of doom and punishment."

" Here, Lucy, rise up and go home ; this is no place for you."

But Lucy Hamlyn was beyond the sound of his voice. Stooping down he touched her, and started back in horror. She too was dead. Dead by the same dagger that had sped her lover.

Sir Rodger Hamlyn knew little of pity or remorse, but self-preservation was strong within him. "What should he do? The bodies must not remain here. If he were even suspected of the deed, he knew his own life would hang by a very slender thread. Yes, the carriage was in the avenue. He would put the bodies into it, and then——." He smiled as the idea suggested itself. "At any rate he was not afraid of ghosts. The haunted death-pit in the church-yard was the place." This awful spot, shunned alike by old and young, was the great pit at the back of the church, where the bodies of those slain in the massacre of 1641 were thrown. He had noticed once that the surface had sunk. Yes, he could lay them there, and cover easily with earth, just as if the side had fallen in. Lifting the light body of Lucy, he carried it to the coach. With Claude, who was heavier, he had more difficulty.

The driver—good man—sitting stolidly the while, simply awaited orders. Even his official calm must have received a rude shock, when Rodger Hamlyn sprang up beside him, and hissed in his ear, "Drive on; do as I tell you."

Driving through the silent village, they soon reached the churchyard. Rodger ordered the now terrified man to get down and assist him. In a short time the horrible task was completed.

Out from the churchyard they drove, Rodger Hamlyn revolving in his mind what he should do with the coachman, the only witness of his crime. Round the bend of the road they came, and up the steep hill of the village street. As they reached the top, Hamlyn pulled up the horses, and bringing his face close to that of his trembling and helpless companion, said, "I am going to kill you." It was enough. With a groan the unfortunate man sprang up, and pitched forward on his head into the street. Rodger Hamlyn was well satisfied with the result. With a low, evil laugh he followed to the ground, spurning the fallen man contemptuously with his foot.

As he did so, he started. On his ear fell the sound of quick footsteps coming down the deserted street. Hatless, breathless, and excited Arthur Hamlyn stood beside him.

How came Arthur there? After leaving Lucy he returned to the Castle. He sat for a little and thought of all that had taken place. Then he enquired for Rodger, found he had been in after eleven o'clock, but was now nowhere to be seen. After this he became uneasy. Where was Rodger? Could Rodger have known? The poor boy could bear the suspense no longer, so was making his way to Claude's quarters in the village when he met Rodger and the carriage.

Laying his hand on Rodger's arm, and pointing to the fallen man, the boy asked, "What is this?" "Oh"; replied Rodger, "he must have taken a fit; fallen off and broken his neck."

"Where are Lucy and Claude," continued the boy. "Rodger, where are they?"

"Oh! brother, don't look at me like that; tell me where they are?"

"Yes, I will tell you," Rodger replied, "they are not far away." "They are together, and shall not again be parted. I have forgiven them."

"I am so glad," said the boy, "so glad." "Rodger, forgive me if I have ever thought unkindly of you."

"Well," replied his brother, "jump up and you shall go to them."

"Here, wait a moment."

He lifted the limp figure from the street, put it into the carriage, and closed the door. Turning the horses round so that they faced down the hill, he handed the reins up to Arthur.

"Now," he cried, "go to them."

Stepping back he struck furiously at the horses. Again, and yet again he struck. Wildly the maddened steeds dashed down the hill, beyond all control. Straight on they went. In another moment he heard a shriek, a wild plunge in the lake, and all was still. Well he knew its deep, dark waters would engulf horses and coach, boy and man, and leave no trace. Even if trace were found, he was safe, it would only be considered an accident.

"Lucy was gone. So was Arthur. Their wealth was his. A long life of enjoyment lay before him."

Then Rodger Hamlyn received a dreadful shock. Was it imagination or reality? Who can say? On his shoulder fell a heavy hand, on his ear a mocking laugh, and exultant voice crying, "Mine! mine! Now and for ever!" Trembling in every limb he fled towards the Castle. As he reached the lime walk he thought he heard the sound of wheels on the road he had traversed. As he drew near the house the sound grew louder and appeared to be following him.

What could it mean?

Standing on the steps in front of the Castle he awaited their approach. In the dim light he saw the shadowy outline of a coach. As it stopped in front of him he recognised with horror his brother Arthur. The boy sat on the box-seat and held the reins. He was

hatless and the damp, lank hair clung about his forehead and pale face. From the reins and harness hung the dank, rotting weeds of the lake.

All this Rodger Hamlyn saw with staring eyes and reeling brain.

Then the boy spoke, and his voice sounded sweet and low as of old.

"Rodger, my brother, why did you do this thing? I have been with Lucy and Claude. True, they are together and shall never be parted more. I too shall keep them company, and am glad. But you—your doom is fixed. To-night I drive the coach, before the year be out you shall drive, and drive for ever more."

Then the stricken man heard issue from the coach an awful voice—"For ever more." "Ever more."

A BUNCH OF SHORT STORIES.

These Stories I have heard from time to time during the course of a long life. I do not make any claim of originality in regard to them. As memory or imagination serves, I propose to try to re-clothe the dry facts and re-tell the tales anew.

CLANNISHNESS.

Patrick Sullivan was a Cork man, but like so many patriots bred in the Emerald Isle, left his native heath to batten on the hated Saxon, and took up his residence in the South of England.

Pat became obsessed with one idea, an overpowering desire to possess a Motor Car. With this end in view he saved and economised, till he was the proud possessor of £40, which he invested in a second-hand Ford. The car became the delight of his heart. He polished and painted and wrought at it, till he actually came to believe there was not its equal on the road.

Punting along one evening in the old Ford, not making quite as much noise as a Threshing Machine, but as the poet aptly puts it :—" Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul : Clanking like a smithy-shop after every roll." a beautiful new Rolls-Royce slid silently past him.

The arrogance of the R.R. or something about it raised Pat's ire, and as the car disappeared in the distance, he muttered :—" Be the Blarney Stone if ever I get a chance I'll knock some of the new paint off you."

The chance was not long in coming. Entering a village, he saw the R.R. standing in the street about 100 yards away. Now was his opportunity to wipe out the insult. Smashing his foot down on the accelerator, the good old Ford gathered speed and soon with a snort and a cough, crashed into the stern works of the standing car and stuck there.

A policeman who witnessed the performance dashed up to Pat and in an angry voice, enquired :—" What the Hell did you do that for ? "

" That's my business," Sullivan answered in sullen tones.

" Young man," said the Bobby, " it's my business and I'll soon know the why and the wherefor," and producing a pencil and note-book he demanded sternly :—" What's your name ? "

" Patrick Sullivan."

" Where do you come from ? "

" Cork—no, I mean Romsey."

" Cork, did you say ? "

" Yes, I was born in Cork."

" Patrick Sullivan, Cork," mused the Constable, then—" I say, did you ever hear of old Mick Sullivan, that kept the ' Pub ' in Emmet Street ? "

" Of course I did, he's my father."

" Then why in thunder didn't you say so before," cried Robert. " Why man, my wife's a second cousin of his, here, lay it there," and he extended a friendly hand, then quickly withdrew it. " No, just hould hard for a minute, till I take the name of that dirty blackguard that backed his car into you."

A GRUESOME BURIAL.

About the year 1908 my wife and I paid a visit to my friend, the Rev. Wallace Taylor, Rector of Errigal, near Aughnacloy.

He purchased Crystal Brook, Monanton, on retirement, and after a few years' residence, tired of life, passed, in 1929, into the Great Beyond. He was a man of considerable culture and wonderful charm of manner. Standing in the graveyard at Errigal and pointing to a dark corner, under some large overhanging trees, he told me a curious story.

In that dark corner is the burying place of a family named Graham. They are all dead now. I buried the last survivor there some years ago under strange circumstances.

Long before my time there was a daughter born to the house named Margaret. The tradition is that she was a handsome, high-spirited girl. Apparently the monotony of the life at home grew irksome and she wished to spread her wings. Soon after she left home the parents lost trace of her and never heard from her again.

Long years passed and one morning I received a letter from a soldier in Belfast, saying his wife, one time Margaret Graham, had died and that her wish was that she should be buried in the grave with her father and mother. The letter gave full particulars, named the day and hour he expected to arrive with the body and requested me to have the grave opened. The month was November and he hoped to reach Errigal about four o'clock. Four o'clock passed, five, six, and still no sign of the soldier. About 10 o'clock, just as I was thinking of bed a car drove up to the door and on looking out I saw the funeral. It consisted of a horse and car, the soldier, the driver and a coffin. I wished to postpone the interment till the next day, but the husband was insistent on having it carried out at once.

I procured two stable lanterns and we proceeded to the grave. In that dark and gloomy corner, by the light of the lanterns with the moisture dripping from the overhanging trees I read the Service. The

coffin was lowered into the grave. Then the husband suddenly spoke. Addressing the corpse he said :—

"Margaret, you have been a good wife to me. Hand in hand we have travelled the world together. From Quebec to Sydney, from Aberdeen to Singapore we knew the roads. You had only one fault, my dear, you grew to love the bottle. Well, here's something to keep you company."

He drew from his pocket a large bottle of whisky and threw it into the open grave by the side of the coffin.

It was a weird and eerie scene—weird and eerie—home at last poor girl ; the call of blood brought her back in the end to rest with her own.

RATS !

This tale was related to me by a Revenue Officer in Ballybay. He was a volatile gentleman and quite capable of inventing the whole thing, but I believe, omitting certain embellishments, the main facts are true. He may, however, have reached that high state of perfection when a man believes his own lies :—

Some years ago I was on a visit in a small town on the West coast of Ireland. A friend suggested a day's rabbit shooting on an isolated island, a few acres in extent, that lay about a mile from the shore. The island contained the well-preserved remains of an ancient monastery.

Our boat, well provisioned for the day, pushed off from shore just as the sun was gilding the hill-tops on the margin of the sea. You want to stand on the West rim of old Ireland and rise early to witness that wonderful phenomenon.

We landed on the island about 30 yards from the monastery and commenced operations. Sport was good, but somehow I did not enjoy myself. I did not like the look of some of the rabbits and our dog acted very strangely. He appeared frightened and far from happy.

The keen morning air whetted our appetites, and in due course my friend suggested something to eat and proposed that we should cook our bacon and eggs in the kitchen of the old monastery. A flagged passage led from the open into the kitchen, a huge room with a large open hearth. As we entered the passage, the dog, who had kept close to us all morning, suddenly bolted as if he had seen a ghost.

We built a fire on the hearth and soon the appetizing odour from the frying bacon and eggs filled the apartment. We were both intent on our work and had noticed nothing, till a curious rustling sound caught my ear, when on looking round I saw a sight that froze the blood in my veins. Coming out of every crack, hole and cranny of the old walls were rats—thousands—on the floor more were massed in a kind of semi-circle, slowly moving towards us, and in the centre of the crescent was a huge, repulsive looking brute.

Neither of us spoke, we hardly breathed, but silently and simultaneously reached for our guns, fortunately leaning against the wall close to our hands, and began moving cautiously backwards towards the exit. As I reached it, some devil possessed me, and I fired point

blank at the ancient in the centre of the advancing army, and as the report thundered and reverberated through the old building I heard my friend yell "Run!" There was no need for the injunction. We reached the boat, flung ourselves on board, pushed off, and there was the dog crouching under a seat.

From the moment we realized our danger till we were afloat only a very few seconds elapsed. We did not stand on the order of our going, but went. The rocks and shore were literally swarming with the vermin and some of them actually swimming in the water. The margin of escape was narrow. The sight of them on shore baulked of their prey was more horrible, I think, than the experience in the room. It is long ago now since I ran for my life, but still sometimes in dreams I live over again those few dreadful seconds.

The foregoing study in Natural History is not pleasant reading. The following incident is, however, delightful and suggestive. It was told to me a short time ago by a country clergyman. He vouches for its absolute truth. Let him speak for himself.

THE TWO SWALLOWS.

About the middle of December of last year I had occasion to visit a disused out-house. On entering, what I took to be two Swallows flew out of the door. I was somewhat surprised, but decided I had been mistaken in the birds.

About a week later, however, I had occasion again to visit the same house, and again two swallows flew past me out through the door into the open. Yes, swallows they were sure enough.

As I am of an enquiring cast of mind this second visitation gave me cause for thought. I was well aware that at least two months before the swallows had all left and started on their long journey South. Wherefore then, and why, had these two birds remained behind? When anything unusual occurs look for the cause. So I proceeded to search the building and found up amongst the rafters a nest and in it one bird. When I put my hand into the nest to catch the little stranger, what was my astonishment to find that it was a prisoner. Yes, a prisoner, and no mistake. One of its feet was firmly imbedded in the texture of the nest. The bird was strong, well nurtured, and flapped its wings vigorously. I had solved the mystery of the two swallows. The parent birds had remained to feed and care for their imprisoned offspring.

Just fancy how they must have resisted the urge to go South when the call came! Well, with the aid of a knife I carefully released the foot of the prisoner. By this time the anxious parents had returned. The released youngster joined them and all three passed out through the open door. I watched them as they soared aloft. I watched them till they passed out of sight, answering the strange urge, though late, that year by year calls their kind, in its allotted season, to wing their way to other climes.

Then I returned to my study, pondering and glad.

THE TWO SWALLOWS.

Whither so swiftly flies the timid Swallow ?
What distant bourne seeks her untiring wing ?
To reach her nest, what needle does she follow
When darkness wraps the poor, wee, storm-tossed thing ?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO ?

Almost half a century ago I heard a story that impressed me so much that the memory of it, after all those years, still remains vividly in my mind. Often have I thought of reducing it to writing, and I now propose to try and do so. It is a problem story and the question to be answered is—under similar circumstances what would you do, or what should you do ?

The scene of my story is laid on the wild Northumbrian coast. There the mighty cliffs rise up like gigantic ramparts bidding defiance to the tumbling waters of the North Sea. A narrow valley or chine intersects the cliff and down at the sea level snuggles a small fishing village. Back from the village, inland, the valley rises gradually several hundred yards. Almost at the apex stands a cottage, and from its door, looking down the gentle incline, can be seen the village and the sea.

It was a beautiful day in June and the little cottage looked bright with clinging creepers and flowers. The hum of bees was in the air and the spirit of peace itself seemed to envelop the place.

So much for the exterior. Within that cottage abode love and contentment. A husband and wife lived there, who loved each other utterly, and with them the pledge of their love—a gallant lad, eight years of age.

The morning meal was finished and the husband sat and smoked in contentment, his boy between his knees, and his eyes full of love followed the movements of his comely wife as she moved about her household duties. The man loved his wife as only strong men can love, but his love for his little son was something apart, something that brought at times a pang of gentle jealousy to the mother's heart.

" Mary," said the man, standing up, " to-day is fine and I have a free morning ; I think I shall take the boy for a sail in the bay."

Lovingly he kissed his wife on the lips ; a lover's kiss, not the perfunctory matrimonial substitute. The little boy flung his arms round his mother's neck, chortling with joy at the prospect of a sail in daddy's boat. As the two passed out into the warm sunshine the father paused on the threshold for a moment and shivered. He heard his wife sing within in the lightness of her heart, and a strange urge came upon him to return and spend the forenoon with her. Were the High Gods repenting ? But as the shadow came, so it passed.

The father sat at the tiller, the boat slid over the dancing waves and a gentle breeze filled the bellying sail. As they tacked back and forward in the bay, they could see occasionally on the hillside the white walls of their home. The breeze had freshened somewhat. On one of the tacks, as the boat came about, a sudden squall struck the sail and in a moment father and son were struggling in the water.

No pang of fear touched the strong heart of the man. Securing his son on his back, with the little hands clasped round his neck and the curly head resting high up upon his shoulders, with mighty strokes he turned towards the land.

"Not afraid, my boy?"

"No, father," replied the boy. "Not afraid when with you."

The shore appeared far away, but no shadow of doubt as yet arose that he could not make it.

"Feeling all right, son?"..

"Yes, daddy," and the little hands clasped closer round the swimmer's neck.

Half the distance to the shore had been covered. For the first time doubt knocked at the brave heart, but he pushed it aside. His wife was waiting for him. He must save his little son.

Now he felt with fear the drag of his clothes and the weight on his shoulders. The mighty arms were growing numb, the leaden feet were dragging him down. But still the undaunted heart within bore him up. No, he must not give in. He must go on—on—on. And then, with a shock of horror, he realized that with his impediments he could not reach the shore.

God! was ever man brought face to face with such a decision, and only seconds to decide. Would it be easier and better for his wife that one should survive or both perish? He felt if relieved of the weight on his shoulders that bore him down, he could reach land.

The thought was more than he could bear. Could he unclasp the clinging, trusting hands? Could he let the little son he loved better than life, go down into the depths alone? No, he could not do it; but then—what of his wife? How easy it would be to die, to go down with his son and be at rest. One more desperate effort and the waves for a moment closed over their heads. He must decide. Should it be one or both? "Not for myself, but for my wife," was his despairing cry.

Soon after a man stood shivering and alone, upon the rocky beach.

. . . . . .

"Mary, I have come back to you." The man stood in their little cottage; his face grey and drawn and the water drip, dripped from his clothes and formed in a pool round his feet, where he stood.

"Where is my son?" demanded the mother.

"Mary—wife—there was an accident in the bay; you—you know how I loved the boy. I had to, to come back alone or not at all. For your sake I ——."

"Oh, my God—for my sake—where is my little son? For my sake, and you save your own miserable life and dare to come back to me and say he is gone. You coward!"

The distracted woman dashed out of the cottage and ran wildly along the headland, not knowing whither she was going. As she ran, gradually she became calmer, and reason began to reassert itself. She thought of their happy home, her husband's love for her and her love for him and his love for the boy. Yes—his love for his little son. She thought how he must have suffered and of the cruel words she had spoken. Slowly she returned to the cottage and then fear took hol

upon her. Her husband was nowhere to be seen. The pool of water on the floor still witnessed where he had stood.

Down to the shore she ran, fear of she knew not what gnawing at her heart. Some kindly woman tried to stop her. A few men who had gathered, with bowed heads, allowed her to pass. And there—she saw lying side by side on the rough stones of the little jetty—her husband and her son, both dead.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

In the good old days before the advent of the Motor Car, an English tourist visited Dublin for the first time. Adventuring forth on an outside jaunting-car, he, in a moment of weakness, thought to have a joke at the expense of the jarvey. Looking at the animal between the shafts—a most disreputable, broken-down specimen of horse-flesh, he said :—" I suppose, Pat, that's a blood-horse you're driving." " Yes, your honour," replied Pat, " he's the bloodiest oul' horse in Dublin."

COURAGE ?

During one of the many small wars Britain has engaged in on the North West Frontier of India, a certain English Regiment was having rather a gruelling time. The men were ordered to lie down for shelter on the reverse side of a hill from the enemy. As is well known the inaction and suspense of waiting sometimes makes the men restive and anything may occur. To steady the waiting men and restore confidence, some officers, in a very exposed position, walked up and down smoking in front of the lines.

The Colonel noticed a young subaltern, who appeared nervous and ill at ease. Addressing him, he said :—" Steady, my boy, steady, I'm afraid you are frightened."

" Yes, Sir," stammered the boy. " I am frightened, and if you were only one-half as badly frightened as I am, by God you would run away."

THE DREAM.

In his day many thought Sir Henry Irving a great producer of plays, rather than a great actor. On one occasion J. L. Toole, the comedian, in an after dinner speech humorously referred to Irving's status as an actor.

Toole told how on the previous night he had a remarkable dream. He thought that he was dead and ascended the golden stairs to the gates of Paradise. Knocking on the jasper portals,

Peter—the Keeper—appeared and peremptorily demanded who I was. With some confidence I answered, " J. L. Toole," quite sure that he should know me.

" What profession ? "

" An actor."

" No actors admitted here," he rudely replied and shut the gates in my face.

Sadly I wended my way downwards and to my surprise met my friend Henry Irving limping upwards. To save him a fruitless journey and a possible rude rebuff, I informed him of my sad experience and suggested he should turn back with me.

But no—Henry would try himself and laboriously wended his way upwards. Curious to know the result, I stood still and confidently awaited his return. What was my surprise then to see, that after a short conversation with Peter, Henry was admitted and the gates closed.

Certain that some mistake had occurred, I returned and again interviewed Peter, and pointed out to him that Irving was an actor.

Peter looked round mysteriously and in a low voice said, " Hush, he only thinks he is."

THE BULLDOG AND THE CROOK.

A certain Hotel in Bournemouth was the proud possessor of a magnificent Bulldog—a terrifying animal to behold—but quiet as a lamb, if not roused, as is the character of their tribe. An unerring judge of men was Brian—as indeed are most dogs—and discriminating in his friendships.

Staying at the Hotel was a countryman—a man after Brian's own heart—and with him the dog immediately became friendly.

To another visitor, a stranger who arrived at the Hotel, Brian exhibited definite hostility, which was returned in kind.

One evening the Stranger asked the Countryman to join some friends in making a four at Bridge. The Countryman complied and in sitting down asked what the stake should be. " Oh, a shilling," replied one of the players.

At the end of the game the Stranger said to the Countryman, " Sorry for your bad luck, you owe me thirty-five pounds." " Oh, no," replied the Countryman, " I owe you seven shillings." " We were of course playing shilling points," said one of the players, " and I owe my friend here twenty-five pounds." The victim saw

at once that he had been " done," and seeing no way out handed over a cheque for the amount.

The Countryman sat smoking a final pipe and meditating on what a fool he had been, when a waiter approached and said :—" I beg your pardon, Sir, but did you lose much to-night ? " " Yes," replied he, " thirty-five pounds and I feel I have been ' had.' " " The three men you were playing with," continued the waiter, " are crooks and card sharpers. Now if you want your money back and do as I tell you, you shall have it. The Crook you paid the money to sleeps in room 86, yours is 78. Go up to your room and remove your coat and vest, then walk into 86 and demand your cheque back. Don't mince words, call him a crook or anything else you like. Say you won't leave without the cheque. You are a big, hefty man, show fight, but you won't have to fight. Leave the rest to me."

The Countryman was doubtful of the result, but thought it worth trying. He did exactly as instructed and of course exactly as he expected he was ordered out of the room and threatened to be thrown out, if he did not go. Things were getting warm and the language—" child-like and free "—when the Countryman, who was standing with his back to the door, heard it open softly and into the room majestically marched Brian and for a few moments stood by the side of his friend. Then the dog's hackles began to rise and low rumbling growls came from deep down in his chest. He moved forward and the crook fell back. Again he moved and the growls became more ominous. The crook's back was against the wall and then his nerve gave way.

" Here," he shouted, " take your d—— cheque and for God's sake get the dog out of the room ! "

The waiter was standing outside the door with a broad grin on his face.

" Got your cheque ? "

" Yes," said the Countryman. " Good dog."

Then a crisp note passed.

THE WINK.

A respected Professor in Belfast had a nervous affection of the right eye that caused it at intervals to close, giving the impression of a portentous wink.

Meeting a brother cleric on Portadown Railway Platform, one sultry afternoon, he suggested adjournment to the Refreshment Room.

As he gave the order for two bottles of lemonade, the right eye closed. They enjoyed the beverage and expressed the opinion that better lemonade they had never sampled.

When the Professor was informed what was to pay, he demurred and intimated that he had only ordered two bottles of lemonade. "Oh, that's all right," replied the damsel behind the bar, "you ordered two lemonades, but I have not been here for some years, without knowing what a wink means."

THE FIVE POUND NOTE.

At breakfast Mrs. Blane informed her husband—a doctor practising in a country town some 50 miles from London—that she proposed to visit the City that day to do some shopping.

"Have you sufficient money for your requirements?" he asked.

"Ample," she replied.

"Well, you had better take this in case of need," he said, passing a five pound Bank of England note across the table.

In the train she found herself in a compartment alone with a benevolent, kindly-faced old lady. They soon engaged in conversation, and after a time Mrs. Blane rose and asked the old lady to look after her belongings, which she left on the seat, while she visited the refreshment car.

On her return the aged lady in a friendly way, said:—"My dear, I am an old woman, much older than you, and I wish to give you a bit of advice. Never again trust any stranger in a train as you have trusted me. I am a total stranger to you and yet knowing nothing whatever about me you go away and leave your hand-bag and other things in my charge. Never do this again. As you pass through the world you will meet some strange characters. As you grow older, my dear, you will grow more cautious."

Mrs. Blane received the advice in the kindly spirit in which it was given. Soon she noticed the old lady was sound asleep. Something prompted her to look at her purse which was in the bag she had left on the seat. To her horror she discovered that the five pound note was gone. They were approaching London and something must be done at once. Gently reaching over she lifted

her companion's bag from where it rested on the seat by the side of the sleeping woman, and on opening it, to her relief, found a five pound note inside. Quietly she abstracted the note and replaced the bag. In a few minutes more she had left the train and gone about her business.

On her return home in the evening, her husband asked how she had fared during the day.

"Very well, indeed," she replied, "And it was fortunate you gave me that five pound note, for I required it and I may tell you, I almost lost it."

"That's rather strange," said he, "for here is the note, I found it on the table after you left."

MEMORIES WISE AND OTHERWISE.

(Some Personal Notes by the Author.)

" Old men forget—yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day."

—*King Henry V.*

He who writes the story of his own life must be oppressed with the feeling that experiences through which he has passed, and which appeal to himself as of some importance, may be of no possible interest to any other human being and may indeed appear to others as merely tiresome. Further, there is the handicap of the eternal " I," which must run through everything, and may ultimately convey a very mistaken impression.

MEMORIES WISE AND OTHERWISE.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

EARLY LIFE. PAGE 182.

Annaniece—David Ranson, School Master—School-fellows—The "jiggs"—James M'Murray, son of Jeremiah—Penny Readings—Death Compact—Rev. Mr. Fennell—Robert Moore—I am saved from drowning—Ballybay Brass Band—Isaiah Carson, character, funeral, faith—My Mother—Walk from Monaghan—Leaving Home—Robert Dunwoody.

PORTADOWN, 1874. PAGE 189.

F. M. Steele—Hugh Anderson—Long Bob Johnston and his dive into the Bann—Graham and burst blood-vessel—Jimmy Wright and the turnip seed.

BALLYMENA, 1876. PAGE 192.

William Hogg, and early rising—W. J. C. Allen and three drinks—J. T. Scholes, and the burst pipe—Bob Thompson, the "Fog Horn"—A. S. T. Bor—John Niblock.

LURGAN, 1880. PAGE 195.

John Dill—Spanish Prisoner Fraud—Charles Mullin, Omagh, and the prisoner—Basil Thomson and the Doctor Dodge Fraud—Bee Culture—Incident at Isaac Moore's wedding—Samuel W. M'Bride and the bees and his horse, "Shan"—John Dill's amazing bluff—John Dill's advice—Trouble with my Directors—Awkward question for Henry Jones M'Cance—James Carr, character, friendship—Athletic meetings—Lord Lurgan's greyhound, "Master Magrath"—Lough Neagh—W. S. Gordon—Rob-Roy canoe—Ghostly experiences—William Matthews and the mad dog—R. T. Braithwaite, the last of the old-time Bank Inspectors—Lurgan presentation—W. H. D. Moore, S. W. M'Bride, Geo. A. Crawford.

OMAGH, 1888. PAGE 207.

Omagh Society—William Hoy—Wolsey R. Atkinson—James Meek—Saturday in Omagh—Bad debts—Gortin and Fintona Agencies—Masonic Order—Wolsey's Horse—John Patton—Released Murderer—Father Charles and Holy Communion Wine—Marriage—David Rogers and the plum tree—The Bag-man and the Dog—Rev. Wm. Colquhoun—Robert Harvey—Robert Adams—Gilliland prays—The Goose-supper—Charles Mullin, Harry Lyons, and Charles M'Master—Wolsey Atkinson's family—The Glass murder.

LISBURN, 1894. PAGE 216.

Omagh presentation—Edward Arnold—David Strain and imperturbable temper—Wm. Wardlaw and charge of fraud—An overbearing customer—Archibald M'Afee—Reported for canvassing—R. Stewart and Sons—A question of Commission—Insurance Fraud—Isaac Sloan and his pulse—Charles Magill, M.D.—Mary and Kate Glass—Lisburn presentation.

OMAGH, 1900. PAGE 224.

"Elma Stuart" treatment—The horse-dealer—Fires—New Post Office—Arthur Gordon—Thomas Malcomson—Elbow-room—Omagh characters—Wolsey Atkinson—Nat Carson—Charles Mullin—Dan Elliott—Andy Sproule—Edward Arnold—Philson—The Rev James . . . —Graveyard scenes—Runaway funeral—Mary Riordan and the legacy—The Irish Celt—Five acre farm—The man from Cahans—Wm. Taylor, the man whom no one wanted—Doing good by stealth—Rev. John Gordon Smyth—Will cases—Pre-War days—English Banks.

LISBURN 1902. PAGE 241.

Retired from Bank—The Stock Exchange—Presentation—Lisburn Technical School—Cecil Webb—How the School secured the grant—Ulster Volunteer Force—Pensions Committee—Unprecedented act of generosity—J. Milne Barbour—James Anderson—F. Duncan—James M'Gugan and the race horse—Harry Adams—Love of the ludicrous—D. J. Carson and capsized trap—Holidays—Harry Weir—Ardglass—Bundoran—The Hamiltons of Killashandra—Rev. James Carson—Shedding tears—Rev. James Rentoul—Shakespeare—Scotch pipes—Canadian Boat Song—Humiliating scene in General Assembly—A born trader—Hugh Kirkwood—Bones—Ralph Robinson, horse-dealer—Ireland and food during the War—Reversion to type and the D.I.—Sir Henry Wilson—General Richardson—Records of Old Lisburn—Lisburn friends—Richard and Jane Boomer—Edwin and Olive Sinton—Hugh G. Larmor.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD SCRAP-BOOK. PAGE 258.

Ballinderry—Satire by Charles Mullin—Poems—Edward C. Thompson, M.D.—Lecture on Reading and Books—A mother's influence—Brigadier-General John Nicholson—Captain Crozier—Hodson of Hodson's Horse—County Monaghan—The Empire; extent and responsibility—Tullycorbet and Ballybay—Canada: conquest and settlement—The Black Coach—History of Railway St. Presbyterian Church—Coronation Day, 22nd June, 1911—Carson History—Cahans Exodus—The 11th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles entertained at Sprucefield—The Young Roscius—The Records of Lisburn.

BOURNEMOUTH. PAGE 272.

Alum Chine Bowling Club—The centenarian bowler—Years of Waiting—Hamilton Morton, F.R.C.P.—Dr. Morrison—My daughter and family—Trips abroad—Conclusion.

EARLY LIFE.

(71)

"Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year . . .
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it."

I was born in Ballybay in the year 1857, educated at Annaneice School, situate about a mile from the town, and later for a short time at the School on the Church Hill. David Ranson, the School-Master, a man of character, was an accomplished classical scholar and cultured, able teacher. It was a treat to hear him declaim in sonorous accents passages from the writings of the ancients. His influence was for good, and bore fruit in the lives of his pupils, long after he himself had passed into the great beyond. He died a comparatively young man.

From amongst his pupils and contemporary with myself a few names may be selected. Robert Nesbitt, James Dixon, Lowry Morell, medical men and successful practitioners in England; William Breakey, Major in the Indian Army; John and James M'Clatchie, John Harris Morell, Andrew Johnston and the writer, Bank Managers in responsible positions in the North of Ireland; David Jackson, Bank Manager in China; David Dickson, Rector in Church of England; Josias Mitchell, R. H. Carson, Presbyterian Ministers; Patrick Markey, R. C. Priest. Pat was the Master's prize classical scholar. Unfortunately, later he fell a victim to the guile of a woman's smile. D. J. and W. C. Carson, successful merchants in Ballybay; William Mills who amassed a large fortune; and over a dozen others who emigrated. Not a bad record for one small country school.

When about 15 years of age I was reprimanded on several occasions for causing disturbance in church, evening service, by kicking the pew in front of me. The act was entirely involuntary on my part and the forerunner of a curious nerve trouble that afterwards became a veritable nightmare, and was familiarly known amongst my friends and intimates as the "jiggs."

During my life I have probably consulted a score or more medical men regarding it, but not one of them had ever heard of it or knew anything whatever about it, nor have I ever known a similar case, with the exception of a brother and sister who were similarly favoured.

As the years advanced the symptoms became more pronounced. Fortunately it was intermittent in action. Frequently weeks of quiescence intervened between attacks. As the evening shadows fell and the comfort of book and pipe anticipated, or when slumber was hoped for, then the demon awoke. His procedure was simple in the extreme. A slight prick was felt in the leg, or some sensation that drew the attention of the mind to that member—then—"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!" Immediately a curious tickling sensation in the foot or ankle was experienced that grew in volume and intensity as it appeared to slowly ascend the marrow of the bone of the leg. To keep quiet was impossible, a movement or jerk relieved the tension. Then the tickling sensation started again and the same thing occurred over and over again, sometimes for hours, till it ceased from very exhaustion. Such was the process.

By a kind provision of nature only one limb was in action at a time, never the two simultaneously. Walking, of course, brought relief; reading as a rule did not; interesting conversation or anything that effectually absorbed the mind quieted the fiend. It seems so simple now, not to say futile, to write of this scourge, but for over half a century it has been a source of very real and damnable discomfort.

Curious to relate, writing was the one unfailing and effectual palliative. No matter how aggressive the demon might be, the moment I took pen and paper to write he slunk abashed into his lair. The odour of ink appeared to act on him as a soporific.

And so the "jiggs," many a time and oft, have driven me to write when I had no particular desire. To their activities, in a certain sense, may be attributed a great deal of the desultory and miscellaneous writing that has fallen from my pen, and to the same cause may be assigned a modicum of credit in the production of the Carson History, the writing of these Memoirs, and the compilation of the War Record of the Family.

The closest companion of my early boyhood days was James M'Murray, son of Jeremiah. He was a great favourite, particularly with his teacher, David Ranson, and the Rev. Mr. Fennell, Curate in

the Parish Church. The latter instituted "Penny Readings" in the town and I remember taking part, in the Court House, with my friend in the old dialogue—"The King and the Miller of Mansfield."

The M'Murray family went out to Canada about the year 1869, remained there a few years, returned for a short time to Ballybay, then removed to Dublin, where James died in 1873 of a malignant fever and was buried in First Ballybay Presbyterian Church graveyard.

In our youthful fervour, James and I had at one time entered into a compact, that which ever should cross the river first, would return and tell the survivor what conditions existed on the other side. The memory is still very vivid of the state of terror in which I existed for several months after his death, lest he should return and carry out his part of the compact. Mr. Fennell later became a missionary to the North American Indians and was accidentally shot by one of his own converts.

When about 14 years of age my career on this planet almost received an abrupt termination through drowning. Bathing with several companions in the "Narrow Pass," a well-known spot on one of the lakes near Ballybay, I got out of my depth and Robert Moore pluckily rescued me, after I had gone under for the third time. To all intents and purpose I was dead, as unconsciousness had supervened, so I can say with authority, drowning is a simple, easy and painless death. I have all my life remembered Robert Moore with gratitude, yet, in a kind of sub-conscious manner I occasionally wonder if he did not actually do me a disservice.

He and his brothers were musically inclined, and about the year 1870, he organized a Brass Band in the town, of which he was leader, and in which I played a Trombone or some other such instrument, that did not require much musical ability to manipulate, as my attainments in that direction were meagre. The Band flourished for some years, and it was our custom on special occasions, such as Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, to sally forth on the town "Making night hideous."

On one occasion we were invited to perform at some function in Monaghan. A portion of the populace took umbrage at our display of the Union Jack and at some of the music rendered. As we took our departure from the town on cars, to drive home, they kindly and courteously stoned us over the Canal Bridge and some distance out on the Ballybay road.

" But that's all shove be'ind me, long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay."

My father, good man, moved no doubt by the Scotch blood in his veins, determined that his eldest son should enter the Ministry, although at the time he could ill afford the expense. The writer of these memoirs, however, had no predilection for clerical honours, and declined the role, as did the second and third sons. Robert Henry, the fourth son, acceded to his father's wishes, and ultimately became a minister in the American Presbyterian Church.

Isaiah Carson, my father, died in the year 1895, aged 65 years. On his marriage in 1856 he commenced business in Ballybay, without any previous training or experience. He came of a sturdy line of yeoman-farmers who, for almost two centuries, had lived on and tilled the soil of Monanton, near Ballybay. Considering the educational disadvantages of those days in a rural district, he had a wide and liberal outlook, and a well-stored mind. Rarely has it been my privilege to meet a man possessed of sounder judgment or more equably balanced understanding. He held the Commission of the Peace, for the County of Monaghan, for a short time before his death, and was an Elder in First Ballybay Presbyterian Church for many years.

Amongst my earliest recollections was a simple incident that made a lasting impression. An atheist lecturer came to the town and attracted a large audience. After he had been speaking for a short time, my father arose and said, " Friends, this is no place for us." The entire audience followed him from the hall, and left the lecturer standing alone.

Although modest and retiring in disposition, his opinion and advice were largely sought and respected, and the esteem in which he was held may, to a certain extent, be gauged by the presence at his funeral of men of all classes, creeds and condition. To say that the funeral cortege extended for almost two miles hardly conveys to the mind a realistic picture of that extraordinary procession. Anyone conversant with Ballybay will, however, realize the situation better when told, that, as the head of the cortege approached First Ballybay Church, Derryvalley, the rear of the long-drawn-out and slowly moving line of vehicles was still wending its way through the street of the town.

For the last twenty years of his life he suffered much, intermittently, from some obscure abdominal complaint. In the light of present-day knowledge, there is little doubt but that the trouble

was duodenal ulcer, and had he lived a quarter of a century later, might have been saved much suffering.

He was a deeply religious man, in the true acceptance of the term. An outstanding characteristic was his extraordinary faith in the over-ruling providence of a good God, almost amounting to .fatalism.

His youngest son, Robert Henry, went to Queen's College, Belfast, to prepare for the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church. Bob, as we called him, was a most lovable character but easy-going in disposition and did very little while there. He then went to Magee College, Derry, with similar results. Yet, all through the time of disappointment my father never for an instant lost faith in the ultimate result.

Often he quoted : " We know that all things work together for good, to them that love God."

He held that all was for some wise purpose as yet hidden from our eyes. Finally, he decided that it was advisable that Robert should try his fortune in a new land. Bob's departure had unexpected and unforeseen results. Thrown on his own responsibility, he became a new man. He went to Princeton University and within the shortest time possible was licensed to preach. Before being qualified, he temporarily filled a vacant pulpit at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and created so favourable an impression that he received a unanimous call to the congregation, the people being quite willing to await the completion of his college career.

Stillwater was the locality where the Cahans Pilgrims, from near Ballybay, settled at temporarily in 1764.

Robert accepted the call and spent nine happy years there. In 1899 he received a call to the large and influential congregation of Grace Church, Brooklyn, where he has since ministered with acceptance and success.

> " There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

His father lived to see his faith justified, and both father and mother heard with pride and pleasure their son preach from the pulpit of the old church in Derryvalley.

My mother—God bless her—was the stronger and more dominant character of the two. She was possessed of indomitable energy, and a noble ambition for the advancement of her family.

She was a capable business woman, and to her ability and foresight was largely due the laying of a solid foundation, on which my brothers afterwards built an extensive and prosperous business. Her judgment of character was unerring, her love and sympathy with her children unbounded, and as the years passed, her husband, under the stress of failing health, grew more and more to rely upon her. With love and fortitude she accepted responsibilities, and was in very truth a help-mate and shield, and a sure defence in time of trouble.

In October, 1874, I passed successfully the entrance examination prescribed by the Directors of the Ulster Bank Limited. Returning home proud and elated, I got out at Monaghan Station, expecting a car to meet me, but was disappointed. Instead of returning to the train and completing the journey by rail, I decided to walk.

My heart was light and free from care, the evening beautiful and balmy, and only eight good miles to travel. That walk was a delight, and every hill and turn on the road is impressed on my memory as clearly as if the journey had only taken place yesterday. The Red Hills, the long bog road, Robinson's Corner, the Mountain Meeting-house, Carson's Brae ; I see them still, as my young feet sped over them under the rays of the setting sun.

The train, after leaving Monaghan, at that time, took something over two hours to reach Ballybay. As I turned in under the Railway Bridge at the foot of Ballybay Street, the train thundered overhead, and there, about 100 yards away, was my dear old mother—she was not old then—standing on the footpath, gazing up at the train in the hope that she might see her boy looking out of one of the carriage windows. 'Tis over 50 years ago, but I still can see the proud look in her eyes as I swung up the street, and feel her warm, loving arms welcoming me.

On a bright crisp morning, with just a tinge of frost in the air, early in November, 1874, my father and I started out in an old-fashioned country-gig, just as the clock was chiming six, to drive to Monaghan, there to catch the early train for Belfast. It was the morning of my leaving home to commence life's perilous voyage. Millions upon millions have done the same, yet still to each it is a personal adventure.

A short distance from the town a weasel crossed the road close in front of us. My father turned to me and said, " I wonder, James, if it's for luck." I did not trouble much about luck at that time.

What I wonder at now is, could I then have seen far down the vista of the long years before me—fraught with so much joy and sorrow—should I have gone forward ? It is well the future is a closed book, that we can only feel our way day by day, and keep going on, till we thankfully enter the shadows from whence we came.

> " O God ! that one might read the book of fate,
> And see the revolution of the times . . .
> If this were seen,
> The happiest Youth, viewing his progress through,
> What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
> Would shut the book and sit him down and die."

The first three weeks of my career as a bank-clerk were spent in the Head-Office, Belfast, counting silver, repairing torn notes, and delivering notices round the town. I lodged with Robert Dunwoody, a friend of my father's, in Carlisle Street, Carlisle Circus.

What a remarkable and meteoric career Robert Dunwoody had ! He served his apprenticeship in a small shop in Monaghan. About 1872 he went to Belfast, married a good and wise woman, and for a number of years represented several firms in the wholesale tea-trade. He then commenced business on his own account in Victoria Street, was a magistrate for the City of Belfast, and at one time a Member of the City Council.

He was a copious and fluent talker, and a keen politician. For many years in later life he was employed by the Unionist Party as canvasser and lecturer in England.

His children have all done well. He lost a son in the Great War. Sincere and lasting affection existed between him and my father and mother, and the same friendly relations continue to exist between the respective members of both families. He died in 1927, aged about 82 years.

PORTADOWN, 1874.

After three weeks hard labour in Head Office the venue was transferred to Portadown Branch, F. M. Steele, manager. He was the most evil-tempered man it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Fortunately, after a few months he was transferred to Strabane Branch, where many years later his incorrigible temper led to his downfall. He was brought to Head Office, and ended his career in the Bank at a desk, doing an ordinary clerk's work.

Hugh Anderson succeeded Steele as manager, a most kindly, considerate little man.

He was very small and slight, always wore a particularly tall hat, and was never seen abroad without an umbrella. Funerals had an irresistible attraction for him. On more than one occasion he has been known, with solemn mien to join a procession, and then enquire who was the deceased.

One morning having occasion to go to the office early, I was interrupted by a man coming in and demanding cash for a cheque £10. The manager took him in hand and anxious to oblige, cashed the cheque out of the reserve funds in his custody. Soon after the Cashier arrived and pronounced the cheque a forgery.

The little man in a panic got on the tall hat and rushed out. In about half an hour he returned, a very dilapidated looking figure. The tall hat was dinged, his collar torn off, and scratches on his face. "Sir, Sir," he said, "this is an awful business, I'll never in my life cash a cheque again out of the Inner Safe, we got him in a public house, drunk, his brother came with me and helped, we had a terrible struggle, but we secured that," and he handed over a mass of torn and disreputable looking paper, which after some trouble and patience in restoring, finally resolved itself into what represented £8.

Years after leaving Portadown, having a few hours to spend in Barrow, on my way home from a holiday in the Isle of Man, I was surprised to see a small man, that I thought I recognized, with his face immersed in his hat praying with the Salvation Army. It was my friend Hugh.

"Sir, Sir," he said, "these are very good people. I was just passing and joined them in a word of prayer." He had a slight hesitation in his speech and always used the words, "Sir, Sir." He was quite sincere and his action in no way savoured of hypocrisy. Hugh Anderson was a sound little man and respected by all who knew him.

He died in 1922, in his 91st year.

"Long Bob" Johnston, as he was called, was cashier in Portadown. He stood over six feet in height, and was a character in his way. One summer morning he took me out about sunrise to see him swim in the Bann, fully clothed even to his hat.

He dived in from a moderately high bank, but somehow had miscalculated the depth of the river. Luckily, the bottom was soft and muddy. "Long Bob" stuck in the mud, and for what appeared to me an age, I stood horror-stricken on the bank, looking at a pair of long legs, kicking convulsively in the air. Fortunately, he prised himself out in time, and a weird, frightened face emerged from the water, minus the hat. He emigrated to Australia some years later.

Graham, a Ballymoney man, succeeded "Long Bob" as cashier. He was well-set-up, straight as an arrow, and prided himself on his robust health and physique.

He and I roomed together, and both took a severe cold. The usual simple methods to shake it off, were good enough for me, but he disdained such, and taking a heavy pair of dumb-bells, proceeded to induce a perspiration. Result—a burst blood-vessel, and two months sick-leave. Soon after his return to work he attempted to lift a heavy ledger in one hand, another hæmorrhage and more sick-leave. He died in Enniskillen some years after.

One cold, frosty winter evening walking down Portadown Street, swinging a pair of skates in my hand, I came upon a surprising scene. Had a ghost arisen from the side-walk and confronted me I should not have been more astonished.

Three heavily laden ordinary farm carts and Jimmy Wright standing by the horses. All the weary way from Ballybay they had trekked with Jimmy's household belongings on board.

He was never called James. The tale of woe he told is worth relating. But to begin at the beginning. Jimmy was for some ten years a faithful, reliable shop-assistant in my father's employment. Then the spirit of unrest entered into him, he began to think he was indispensable, and, anticipated surprising success should he commence business in Ballybay on his own account. What you anticipate rarely comes to pass. Some men who as employees are invaluable, are as principals, a hopeless failure. Jimmy did not prosper in his new venture. Then the little devil who watches over us took a hand. Jimmy got an offer of some cheap turnip seed, and thought an opportunity had arrived to

turn an honest penny. But the seed, unfortunately, did not produce turnips. Some noxious weed grew up instead, and as he told me, " It would make you cry to see those fields, the infernal things grew as tall as myself, and had roots like trees." Of course, the farmers were furious, and legal proceedings threatened. As the clamour grew, Jimmy lost his nerve, and in a panic fled from his home in the clouds of the night, with all his possessions stowed away in three carts. He spent six miserable months in a little shop in Portadown, and at the end of that time took his courage in his hand and returned to Ballybay. Life proved rather a rough road to travel. He died an old man in 1927 having been blind for upwards of 20 years before his death.

BALLYMENA, 1876-1880.

I was transferred in June, 1876, to Ballymena Branch, William Hogg, manager. He was one of the few old-type of managers left. They were a law unto themselves, and did very much as they liked. They would not be tolerated now.

Mr. Hogg was a big, heavy man, hasty in temper, but one of the most generous, kindly men imaginable.

The Ulster Bank in the neighbourhood was known as " Hogg's Bank."

Like many men of his day he was addicted to pretty profuse libations, but for reasons of health, in his old age, he became more and more abstemious.

The office at that time was in Wellington Street, where he lived with his mother, a cheery old lady of over 90 years of age, and three sisters. He never married. A remarkably early riser, in the old Wellington Street days it was no uncommon thing for him to have the office open at 7 a.m. The safe was off the private sitting room, and he always carried out and in the books and cash himself. He also carried all the safe keys, a thing now unknown.

Often Thompson, known later in Head Office as the " Fog Horn," and myself went to the office as early as 7-30 or 8 a.m. to please the old man, do some work, and have a chat with him. He always looked so pleased when we turned in at that early hour. He told me once that for over 30 years he had never slept for a single night out of the Bank House. On one occasion, possibly the only one in his life, that he was actually compelled to sleep away from home, he did me the honour to ask me to sleep in the house while he was away.

About 1879 the New Bank premises were occupied. On a Saturday, the market-day, the opening day, W. J. C. Allen, one of the Directors, thought it his duty to attend ; Mr. Hogg appeared to resent his presence. After Mr. Allen had been a short time in the office the Manager came to him and said, " James Lee (a customer) is inside and would like to see you." A little later, " James Black has come in, come along in and see him." Later still, " Robert Craig knows you are here and is inside, you must come in and speak to him." After the third visit Mr. Allen rushed out, shouted, " Where's my hat ? " " When does the train leave for Larne ? " and without waiting for a reply, fled. Soon after, Mr. Hogg returned to the office, and inquired where Mr. Allen

was, and when told he had gone to catch the Larne train, he chuckled and said, "God, boys," he called everyone "boy," "I put three balls into him, we're well rid of him."

It was pathetic in the later days to see the old man stand at his desk in the morning and feel for his pulse. Sometimes he would lean over to me, and in a low voice say, "God, boy, I can't feel it." I would then take his big hand in mine and feel for it, and although often I could find nothing, always assured him that it was "going strong," and that he should not be trying it himself.

He passed away quietly in his sleep, and was buried near Dungannon. God rest your soul, William Hogg! They are lifeless who are faultless. You were a big-hearted, big-bodied man, tender and attentive to your old mother during her long life, and a white man through and through.

Macintosh, of Newtownards, who survived Mr. Hogg by several years, was probably the last survival of the old-time, hard-living Managers.

J. T. Scholes was cashier at the Branch during the whole term of my sojourn there. He was a fat, cheery, jovial soul.

> "Let me have men about me that are fat,
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

The only occasion on which I ever knew of one bank official deliberately to rob another took place in Ballymena.

Bank cashiers now invariably occupy enclosed stalls. In the old Wellington Street days, the cashier kept his cash on a table, behind the counter, open to the whole staff.

Saturday in Ballymena was market-day, and a busy, bustling day it always was. On a certain Saturday, that also happened to be fair-day, the cashier, on balancing his cash, found it £100 short. About two weeks later one of the junior officials absconded, and it was proved conclusively that he had taken the money. Poor old Scholes had to make good the loss, which under all the circumstances was undoubtedly most unfair.

Later he was transferred to Garvagh as manager where he died.

When in charge of Garvagh Branch, Scholes, it is related, having been severely reprimanded by an Inspector, for the breach of a rule, which provided that no repairs to the Bank House should be undertaken till the sanction of Head Office was first secured, took an early opportunity to retaliate. A severe frost resulted in a burst pipe in the bathroom. He immediately wired Head Office :

" Pipe burst in bathroom. Water flowing down the stairs and out through the front door. Please instruct."

Bob Thompson—" the Fog Horn "—was an extraordinary character. He came from Killyleagh, Co. Down. Ballymena was his first branch. When he had been with us about two years his head became as bare as a billiard ball. I have often seen the Manager look at him and say, " Boy, it wasn't building churches made your hair fall out."

In the letter department, Head Office, a place not celebrated for its sanctity, he was noted for his profanity.

He finally left the Bank and emigrated to Canada.

A. S. T. Bor, a South of Ireland man, was another curious character. He stood about 6 feet 2 inches high, and built in proportion. He had the smallest head I have ever seen on a man, and not possessed of much ability, but he was a kindly soul. His great obsession was his physical strength. How often have I seen him stripped to the waist, showing us his muscles and arms, boasting of his superhuman strength. Later he was transferred to Head Office, where his mind became unhinged upon this very point.

John Niblock was Accountant in Ballymena and we roomed together. He had a twin brother ; they were so much alike, that frequently confusion as to their separate identity occurred, and many laughable incidents took place. John was afterwards Cashier at Cootehill and Trim and later Manager at Garvagh. He was one of the most innocent and guileless of men.

LURGAN, 1880-1888.

September, 1880, saw me installed in Lurgan Branch as cashier, John Dill, manager. He was an able man, but secretive and suspicious in the extreme. For days, sometimes weeks, he never spoke to any of the staff, and at times fell a victim to the prevailing vice in the town.

My position as cashier in Lurgan was difficult, with a great deal of responsibility unnecessarily thrown upon me. Drinking generally in Lurgan in those days was excessive. James Taylor's bar, in the yard behind his grocery establishment, was never empty, and his clients were all men of good position. On the whole, Lurgan was a pleasant town to live in, and I have received great kindness at the hands of many of its inhabitants.

The Spanish Prisoner Fraud first came under my notice in Lurgan. A man from near Lough Neagh received the usual letter, stating that a box of gold was buried on his land, telling in detail the how and why it came to be buried, instructing the recipient of the letter to raise the box, keep £5,000 for his trouble, and despatch the balance to a specified address. Unfortunately, the writer of the letter continued, he had been arrested in connection with some political trouble in Spain, his portmanteau containing all his papers and a map of the locality where the gold was buried were in pawn, and he required £25 to redeem it. If this sum were forwarded, the map and papers would be despatched at once. Mr. Dill was aware of the fraud, and when the man demanded a draft on London, we had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that the whole thing was an ingenious swindle.

Many years afterwards I related this story to my good friend Charles Mullin, Solicitor, Omagh.

After looking at me in silence for some moments he broke out with, " Do you know that d—— prisoner did me out of £30."

He went on to say that the letter he received stated that his Uncle John had died in South America, leaving a daughter 17 years of age, and an estate valued at £50,000, which he had converted before he died into drafts on a London bank. By the Will, he—Charles Mullin—was entrusted with the custody of the girl till she reached 21 years of age ; also with the management of the estate, and that if he accepted the trust he was to receive £10,000. The usual tale followed of the arrest of the writer in Spain, the girl in a convent, the portmanteau in pawn, and a request for money.

£20 was sent, and a further £10, and then my friend Charles discovered he had been swindled.

The strange part of the story is, that he actually had an Uncle John, who emigrated long years before, and had never been heard of again.

Basil Thomson, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard, in his book *Queer People*, refers to the "Spanish Prisoner," the "Confidence Trick," "Gold Brick Fraud," and, most unique of all, the "Doctor Dodge."

> The operator was usually a dignified-looking old man, and his only claim to medical knowledge the possession of a stethoscope. His method was to select a little artisan house in a quiet street in South London on a Sunday morning, ring the bell, and when the tenant opened the door ask for Mr. Smith. "I'm not Mr. Smith. My name is Brown." "Then I must have got the number wrong. So sorry. You don't happen to know which is Mr. Smith's house?" "Never heard of him." "Well, well"—and then with great concern in his manner—"Stop, don't shut the door. Do you know you are very ill?" "Never felt better in my life," growled Mr. Brown. "Excuse me, I am a doctor, and I know better. Phantasmagoria is a dreadful disease, and you've got it badly. I can tell it from your eyes. Now, look here"—pulling out a stethoscope and looking at his watch—"I can just spare ten minutes. I'll examine you, and it won't cost you a penny, and if I'm wrong, no one will be more pleased than I shall." Still talking, he would edge the now frightened Brown into the parlour, saying, "Don't make any sudden movement, my dear fellow. Just slip off your coat and trousers as gently as you can. Let me help you. That's right. Now lie down on that sofa. Gently now. That's right. Now say A-a. Now say O-o. It's just what I thought. It's the worst case of Phantasmagoria that I have ever come across. Not a word now. Move once, and you may never move again. Now lie quite still while I run round to the chemist's. I'll bring you something that will put you right in two ticks. Not a word now, there's nothing to thank me for."
>
> In this he was quite right. He clapped on his hat and ran into the street, and it was not by inadvertence that he carried over his arm all Mr. Brown's Sunday clothes and whatever the pockets contained. And when it dawned upon the man on the sofa that he had been swindled, how was he to take up the pursuit on a Sunday morning in nothing but his shirt.

I have frequently tried, unsuccessfully, to visualize Mrs. Brown's feelings and language when her husband appeared—dressed in the scandalous attire of the Greek Slave—and announced that a stranger had stolen his clothes.

Bee culture always held a peculiar fascination for me. Early, however, it became evident that my wisest course was to give the

bee a wide berth. In 1882, being home on holidays, my mother brought me with her to the wedding of Isaac Moore and Florence Moffatt. In the afternoon at Crievagh House, the residence of the bride, while standing at the garden gate, looking out over the heathery hills of Monanton, a bee struck me just under the lobe of the ear, and brought its business end into action. I fell as if shot, and it was some time before consciousness was restored.

Later, in Lurgan, Samuel W. M'Bride asked me to assist him in taking the honey from some hives, and foolishly I consented. The hives were situate on a space of ground surrounded by two rings of corn-stacks. Arriving late at the scene of operations, and walking between the stacks, without armour on, to my horror I found he had already commenced work. It was a desperate situation, standing unprotected in the midst of an angry cloud of bees. To turn and run was out of the question, so I stood stock-still, and in a few minutes began to move as quietly as possible across the circle, against the slight breeze fortunately blowing. Then the little devils began to sting. I managed to get clear, pushed through a thick hedge, got the bees fairly well shaken off, and though badly stung did not faint. Cold water was thrown copiously over me, and the greater part of half a pint of raw whisky consumed. Fourteen hours sound sleep, however, restored me to perfect health.

The American tariffs destroyed Sam M'Bride's business a few years later, and he had to give up his lovely old home at Tannaghmore, where I have spent so many pleasant evenings. Life's road for years was rough for him and his gallant little wife, but they took it all as it came, with a smile.

Sam had a grand old blood-horse called "Shan." Well, "Shan" was a gentleman, as wise as a man, wiser than most, and without vice, save that on occasion he was liable to bolt. Sam insisted on sending me out repeatedly in a high trap with his niece, Ella Mitchell, to drive "Shan," in the hope that he would bolt with me. The usual run was over to see his brother, Dr. M'Bride, in Gilford. Miss Mitchell told me to give "Shan" his head on the hills, and that all would be well. Over the hills we always flew at full gallop, and good old "Shan" never disgraced himself nor me, which was a sad disappointment to the owner. Later, "Shan" bolted with Sam himself, broke his leg, and had to be shot.

Sam M'Bride and his wife died in 1925, within a few days of each other.

An amusing and instructive incident came under my notice in Lurgan Branch that brought forcibly before me the necessity for a Branch Manager, knowing the character and financial standing of the people generally in his district, as well as that of his own immediate customers.

John Ross, a low-set, broad, squat man who had spent some years at sea in early life, now a wealthy manufacturer, asked his bankers, the Northern Bank, for permission to overdraw his account £5,000, as he might possibly be purchasing some American securities. The Northern Bank Manager said he would place the application before his Directors, and then on second thought suggested that he, Mr. Ross, as he was frequently in the City, should call personally on the Directors and make the application. Mr. Ross did so, but the proposition was not received cordially.

His next move was into the Ulster Bank, Lurgan, where he told his story. On the instant the Manager, John Dill, called for a cheque-book, and placing it on the table before his visitor, went into the safe, from whence he emerged with an armful of notes, £3,500, planked them down on the table before the astonished man and said, " Sorry that's all I can spare now, but I'll have the balance for you to-morrow." " But," said Mr. Ross, " won't you have to consult your Directors ? " " You have got nothing to do with my Directors, fill in that cheque for the amount and take away the notes," was the reply.

And then John Ross got up from his chair, and in forcible language said, " Take the d—— things away, I don't want them, I may never want them, all the same I shall transfer my account and business to you at once." No wonder he was frightened at the pile of notes on the table. You can't put into your vest pocket £2,000 in single notes. That was part of the bluff, John Dill's amazing bluff.

During my sojourn in Lurgan I always had an uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Dill did not like me, or trust me, and yet I believe now that in this I was wrong. I think in his peculiar secretive way he came to recognize how difficult he had made my position, and in the end to see that I had always tried to play the game.

On my marriage, he and Mrs. Dill sent me a nice wedding present, and on my appointment as Manager to Lisburn he wrote me a kind letter of congratulation. A sentence fixed itself in my memory. " You are a young man and have got a good branch

early. Don't be too ambitious. If you are happy in Lisburn, be content. I was happier in Lurgan than I have ever been since."

He was transferred to Donegall Place Branch towards the end of 1887, but never liked the change to the City, and was found dead in his bath a few years later.

It is usual in writing recollections to omit the unpleasant or disagreeable. Nevertheless, it is my intention to attempt to relate here an incident that may not redound much to my credit, however venial to some it may appear. It resulted in an interview with my Directors, probably unique, and in my promotion as Pro-Manager to Omagh Branch.

It is important for a man anxious to succeed, when possible, to bring himself prominently under the notice of his superiors, so that he may not fall into the ruck, and be forgotten. It is not, however, suggested that anyone should attempt to follow my example, for obvious reasons, as will appear.

A charge was preferred against me to my Directors, and pressed strongly by many letters; so strongly, that it became obvious there was malice behind. The story was almost a year old, and the opening of it up and making it public, was a crime, not so much against me as against another.

The demand made and insisted on was simply my dismissal from the service of the Bank. As a matter of fact, there was no tangible reason for such a course.

Now for my interview with the Directors. James Carr, the Senior Director, was a hard, stern man, but just, and although he did not condone many failings, it was well known that there was one he never forgave, and that was prevarication or shiftiness. My cue, therefore, was to plead guilty and state whatever possible in extenuation.

> "Yet, by your gracious patience,
> I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
> Of my whole course of love."

Mr. Carr, and his Co-Directors, Mr. Lepper, Mr. Blackwood and Mr. M'Cance were present in the boardroom. My story was told in detail, the like of which was possibly never heard in that room before. Then, turning suddenly to Mr. M'Cance, I said, "What would you do, sir, if a . . . . . ?" He stared at me for a moment, clapped his hand over his mouth, and bolted from the room. Kindly, genial, Henry Jones M'Cance, there was more

in his veins than ink, and he was happier following the hounds than driving a quill.

Mr. Carr and the other two Directors went back to their desks, Mr. Carr muttering, "Most extraordinary!" The Directors I fancy anticipated a denial of the charge, or a puerile attempt at excuse. They were not quite prepared for a blunt admission and a perfectly good reason in extenuation, as expressed in the question to Mr. M'Cance.

In a few moments they returned and Mr. Carr said, "Mr. Carson, we have received numerous letters on this matter, and in the last a new charge is preferred," and from a letter in his hand he read out a few sentences. My reply, without hesitation and with some heat, was, "Gentlemen, to the first charge I have submitted, but to this latter accusation I will not submit nor stand under. It is a malicious lie." Mr. Lepper patted me on the shoulder, "There, there, Mr. Carson, neither do we believe it. Come back in an hour."

Going out, I met Mr. M'Cance, who accosted me with, "This is a bad business, my boy" (but his eye belied what he said), "we can't afford to lose good men, we have not got so many, but, but, why the H—— did you fire that question at me?" and he went off, chuckling. On my return to the Boardroom, nothing further transpired. I was instructed to return to my work, and within two months was transferred to Omagh.

The second accusation is unimportant, it was simply vindictive. In regard to the first I shall add nothing further, and allow the inquisitive reader, if so inclined, to try and complete the question put to Mr. M'Cance.

The interview with my Directors had a most unexpected result.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

I date from that day the friendly and kindly interest evinced by James Carr in my career, an interest unabated down to the date of his death, at an advanced age.

He was a remarkable man, apparently stern and hard, but inflexibly just, and indeed a terror to evil-doers. Dominant and forceful in character, he enveloped himself and the Directors' room in an atmosphere of isolation and fear that was awe-inspiring, and calculated to have a harmful effect on the morale of the staff.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

Nevertheless, he contributed largely towards making the Ulster Bank what it is to-day. It was to him as a cherished child, a child to nurture and conserve, and he had the satisfaction of seeing it grow under his hand from early childhood to a strong and robust manhood. One wonders what his attitude would have been to the threatened strike of 1920, the triumph of the Staff and the amalgamation with the Westminster Bank.

To James Carr I owe much. It was his influence made me pro-manager at Omagh, and later manager at Lisburn, a branch that for some occult reason he took a special and personal interest in. Immediately after my appointment to Lisburn he remarked to me, in his quiet, unemotional way, "I suppose, Mr. Carson, you thought we had forgotten you. All things come to those who wait."

My health proving unsatisfactory after some six happy and successful years in Lisburn, Mr. Carr personally offered me the Managership of Omagh Branch, and expressed the hope that the change might benefit my health and restore me to my wonted vigour. Omagh at that time was one of the most desirable Branches in the service outside Belfast, Dublin and Derry.

He died in 1916, aged 87 years, having completed 70 years in the service of the Bank.

During the nineties of the last century Athletic Meetings were very popular in the country, and almost every town of moderate size had its meeting. Lurgan was prominent in the Athletic World, and its Meeting, held in the Demesne, always largely attended. I never competed in Lurgan, but in Ballymena won the 440 yards and several other shorter races. Lurgan had a good Rugby Football Club of which I was a playing member. The town produced some fine athletes : James Gorman, Jim Pedlow, James Jackson, the Shepperd brothers and others.

In Lurgan Demesne is buried Lord Lurgan's celebrated greyhound, Master Magrath.

"Tho' thrice victorious on Altcar plain,
Magrath's fleet limbs shall never win again :
Frail man observe, the Dog's Memorial view,
Then run thy race as loyal and as true."

Kinnego, on the shores of Lough Neagh, was about a mile distant from Lurgan, and there W. S. Gordon, cashier in the Belfast Bank, and myself kept two Rob-Roy canoes. Many a pleasant evening we spent, punting about the Lough Shore. The Rob-Roy, with its water-tight compartments, is really a very comfortable and quite safe little vessel.

Using a sail, however, in squally waters is rather dangerous. One evening, under a nice gentle wind, with my lug-sail up, and about 500 yards from the shore, a puff of wind struck me, and over we went. The canoe righted in a moment, half-full of water. Depressing the stern till able to shove it between my legs was easy, and thus astride I in due time reached the shore.

A rather ghostly experience befell me in Lurgan. My bedroom was on the second floor. One dark night I awoke quite suddenly, wide awake in a second, as sometimes occurs, and heard my bedroom door slowly and stealthily opening. Someone came into the room, moving in a deadly slow manner. The stealthy movement continued, with a curious sound as of a hand feeling or passing along the wall. Past the fireplace on the opposite side of the room, past the window, and the stealthy hand fell on the dressing-table where my money and watch lay. Whoever it was, was now standing close to the head of my bed. The hand reached out and rested on my pillow, then passed over my hair, and a thin, skinny hand passed slowly down my face, down the clothes over my body, and in the same deliberate manner the steps moved on to the door. Immediately the intruder had passed out of the room, I sprang out of bed, seized a light, and made a dash for the stairs. And then—there stood a poor old woman on the landing, trembling with fright, an old lady who occupied the room beneath mine. Apparently she had left her bed, wandered out of her room in the dark and lost her way. I retired sadly to my room to steady my nerves, and wipe the perspiration from head and body.

Joseph Irwin was a County Monaghan man, from Lossett, near Ballybay; delicate, married, and a clerk in the Northern Bank, Lurgan. His wife died. Some few friends who had called, left about 11-30 p.m., and Irwin, myself and the corpse were alone in the house. All attempts to persuade him to come to my rooms and spend the night were unavailing, he would not move, he would sleep alone in the house, with the dead woman. Of course, this could not be permitted, and the only alternative was for me to remain with him.

About 12 o'clock we went up to the room on the first floor, where the corpse lay. She was coffined, but the lid still rested against the wall. We looked at her and round the room, and saw that all was secure, and after locking the door went up to the room immediately above, where the only available bed in the house was. We had hardly retired when the most awful noise broke out in the room below. The noise was terrifying. I whispered to Irwin, " My God, man, do you hear that ? " He replied, " It does not matter, I'm dying." Mercifully, unconsciousness supervened, till a loud knocking at the front door awoke me about six o'clock the next morning. Partly dressed, I dashed down, past the room where the dead woman lay, and out of the house into the street, before recovering control. Irwin did not die that night, but a few years later.

An incident came under my notice many years afterwards in Omagh, soon after I was married, that possibly explained the noise in the room where the dead woman lay.

> " Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
> But men may construe things after their fashion,
> Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

We occupied a reputed haunted house for some six weeks. It stood in its own grounds on the Fintona Road. One quiet Sunday evening, sitting in a room on the first floor, we distinctly heard someone play the piano in the room underneath. Our piano was in the room, but the room was locked, and we knew no one could possibly be there. On another night we heard our child scream wildly, but on rushing in to her room, found her sleeping peacefully. Heavy footsteps were frequently heard passing from the hall-door to the servants' quarters. The servants were getting uneasy, said they often heard the steps, but could see no one. Then the solution came.

A few days before we left for Lisburn, Joseph Anderson, whose house was situate about 50 yards distant from ours, remarked to my wife, " Mr. Carson was at the Masonic Dinner last night, I heard him distinctly walk up your stairs about two o'clock. We frequently on quiet evenings or at night hear much that goes on in your house, and I'm sure you are often disturbed by hearing sounds that come from my house. There are cellars under both houses, and the foundations are laid in soft, boggy soil, with the

result that in some curious way a remarkable echo is produced or sound transmitted from one house to the other."

Thus the old superstitions die. Thus may the noise in the room where the dead woman reposed be accounted for.

When stationed in Lurgan and home for the Christmas holiday, necessity compelled me to drive on a cold winter morning to Armagh to catch the early train. Mick Brady was a henchman of my father's, a Celt of Celts, a dreamer, said to have the second sight, and as full of superstition as an egg is full of meat. We set out about three a.m., in the usual old-fashioned country gig, lamps lit and an enormous farm horse in the shafts. About two miles out Mick remarked, "I wonder will he be walking to-night, the big man you know that was murdered at Rowley's gate in the old days. He still walks at times under the trees, and about a quarter of a mile beyond Rowley's there is another ghost, the ghost of the man who hanged himself. God help us all this night."

As we approached Rowley's gate, account for it how you may, the horse began to tremble, and in the light of the lamps, could be seen thick clouds of steam rising from him up into the air. Mick was trembling and muttered, "God Almighty, he sees him, he sees him." The nervousness of the horse continued till we passed where the second ghost should have been, and then he quieted down. Mick was driving. Did his nervousness communicate itself to the horse, or did the horse see anything ?

Billy Duffy was another of the old-time faithful family retainers. For almost forty years he served my father faithfully. Being on a visit to Ballybay a few years after my father's decease and hearing that Billy was ill, I went to see him. As I entered his poor room he sat up in bed, a gaunt wasted figure, and after staring at me for some moments, said, "Ah, it's the young master, I'm glad you have come, I'm going home soon." Then after a time he continued, "The old master came for me last night. He stood at the foot of the bed, I saw him as clearly as I see you now, and he said, 'Billy, I am waiting for you, I want you, come.'" The faithful old man joined his old master a few days later.

William Matthews was a Lurgan merchant and a customer of ours. One morning, walking down the street, he was followed by a large dog. Inadvertently, he put down his hand to pat the animal

on the head, when his hand was bitten and seriously lacerated. The hue-and-cry was raised that the dog was mad. The same morning he bit three poor children, ranging from 10 to 14 years of age, and was finally killed. It was never known if he were actually mad. Matthews during the day took some drink and became fearfully nervous and excited. Late in the evening I called to see him. There were some friends present, and we did our utmost to persuade him to go at once to the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Before we left him he became hysterical, and was actually barking like a dog.

The following morning he came into the office. He was then quite calm and composed, and said he had decided to cross to Paris at once, but that he was afraid to travel alone, and offered me a blank cheque if I would cross with him and stay a few days. Unfortunately, it was not convenient for me to get away, and a young doctor, who had just come to the town, was persuaded to accompany him.

Immediately after he left, a sum of money was raised to defray the cost of sending the children to Paris. A placard was prepared, written in English and French, stating particulars, and asking Railway Porters, Guards, etc., to assist the children, and this was sewn on to the back of their jackets. They arrived expeditiously and safely in Paris. Matthews brought them home on his return. None of the parties ever exhibited any symptoms of hydrophobia.

R. T. Braithwaite was probably the last of the old-time type of Inspector employed by the Ulster Bank. Prior to the late eighties of the last century the advent of an Inspector at a branch was an event of dread to the whole staff. My memory of inspections prior to going to Omagh in 1888 has, on the whole, left an unpleasant impression. Since that date, however, there has been a decided improvement, the old brow-beating has ceased, and the men appointed are more human and accessible. As a Manager, my relations with the Inspectors were always of the most cordial nature, and the inspection of my branch rather a pleasure than otherwise.

When it became known that I was leaving Lurgan, a small deputation, consisting of three of my very good friends, W. H. D. Moore, Solicitor, and Sub-Sheriff for Co. Armagh ; S. W. M'Bride, and G. A. Crawford, Linen Merchants, waited on me at my rooms

in order to ascertain my views in regard to a presentation which they proposed to promote on my behalf and which would necessitate my returning to Lurgan later to receive. For various reasons, I objected to the promotion of a presentation on my behalf after I had left the town, and this position I adhered to.

On the night I left, February, 1888, I was entertained to supper, and a large number of friends accompanied me to the station. As the train was moving a parcel was handed in through the carriage window, which on being opened disclosed a beautiful and valuable gold watch and chain. It is one of my most valued possessions, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but on account of the manner in which it was given, and the kindly, friendly spirit evinced.

When the long night comes and the great silence falls, I hope to pass it on as an heirloom.

Geo. A. Crawford was drowned years afterwards in Canada in a vain attempt to save the life of his child.

OMAGH, 1888-1894.

A banker in some respects resembles an Arab of the desert. He never knows exactly when he may have to strike his tent and gently glide away. A few years here and a few years there, making friends or enemies, as the case may be, in every port. Sitting here in 1930 and thinking of the now far-off days, my heart warms to the memory of the old friends. So very few are left, so many have passed out on the long, lone trail.

> " Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade."

Omagh from a social standpoint was not a desirable town to live in, so full of cliques, so infested with snobs and tuft-hunters. My dear wife, the most liberal-minded of women, often remarked that life in Omagh was calculated to cramp every generous impulse of the soul. I speak now of the Omagh of the early nineties of last century. What its social standards may be to-day I do not know.

William Hoy, a cousin, born in 1853, was my immediate predecessor in Omagh. He went to Manorhamilton as Manager in 1888, succeeded F. M. Steele in Strabane in 1900 and retired in 1922. He was an energetic and capable Manager, and in the true interpretation of the word, a good man. Through a long life, at times under adverse and trying conditions, he displayed a fortitude and patience worthy of all admiration.

Wolsey R. Atkinson, Manager in Omagh, when I went there, was small in stature, with a long aquiline nose, and a flowing beard tinged with red. A curious mixture was Wolsey, but upright and honourable. In his relations with me, I ever found him reliable, considerate and staunch.

After living with him for six years in closest intimacy, it is good to be able to say that in him was neither crookedness to be found, nor shadow of turning. It always appeared to me, however, that he would have been more at home walking the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, than acting as a Branch Manager.

James Meek, one of the old-time managers, and a law unto himself, had built up a fine connection in Omagh and district, and we held a firm grasp on the banking business of the locality.

The Ulster Bank in Omagh for a long time was known as " Meek's Bank." Saturday, the market-day, was a heavy day

for the staff, but particularly for the cashier. I acted as Cashier and Pro-Manager, and the amount of business that passed through my hands on a Saturday, from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, was enormous. If we were able to leave the office by five o'clock we considered ourselves lucky.

At every branch a record is kept of the bad debts made since its opening. From these records it is easy to gather that the old-timers frequently made bad debts, and in a way that would not now be tolerated. It is a satisfaction to be able to say that during my whole term of office as Manager, the Bank never sustained a single bad debt through me, and that while acting as Cashier I was equally fortunate.

The Manager usually attended the Agencies—Gortin and Fintona—which took him away from the office twice, and frequently three, days a week, with the result that thrown upon my own responsibility the technique of bank management was soon acquired. Omagh in those days was an easy branch to manage, large deposits, solvent customers, and few changes occurring amongst the business population of the town. There was more vigilance required by a Manager in one month in Lisburn than in the whole course of a year in Omagh.

Soon after going to Omagh I became a member of Masonic Lodge No. 332, acted for a time as Secretary and Treasurer, and early in 1894 was installed in the Senior Warden's chair. Blue Masonry was the limit of my ambition, and the chair was occupied by me later in Lisburn.

The extent to which the drinking habit, open and undisguised, was indulged in, in Omagh in the nineties of last century, was appalling. What a sad list could be compiled of compeers, all men in the prime of life, who fell victims, directly or indirectly, to this vice.

> "Not to-night, good Iago : I have very poor
> And unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would
> invent some other custom of entertainment."

Wolsey Atkinson kept a horse for doing the agency work. A good horse, only he had something called head-staggers. He would fall down at the most unexpected times. Wolsey would not hear or believe a word in disparagement of that horse ; although I have seen him fall down at the very Bank door and been myself thrown off the car on more than one occasion.

John Patton came to inspect the branch and brought his new-wed wife with him. Gortin is very picturesquely situated, in a hollow amongst the Tyrone Mountains, and the drive from Omagh, some ten miles, quite interesting. Mr. Patton decided to visit the Agency with the Manager, and bring his wife along. I hinted to Mrs. Patton that the horse might lie down for a rest on the way; however, they started off cheerfully—the Manager, Henry the groom, and Mr. and Mrs. Patton. Henry gave me a private hint, on their return, that all was not well, but that he was sworn to secrecy. That evening in the hotel, Mrs. Patton in a moment of confidence came out with the whole story. All went well till they were approaching Gortin Gap, when down went the horse, and she and John were flung off into the road. Mr. A. made John sit on the horse's head, while he took off Henry's uniform and folded it up carefully. Then only was John relieved from his uncomfortable seat, and the horse raised to his feet. A suggestion that she should drive to the Fintona Agency was received with scorn. No, never again, nor would she allow John to go. He died in 1924.

Soon after my arrival in Omagh a big, burly, quiet-looking man came into the office on business. Something induced me to remark to him, "You have been abroad?" "Yes," he replied, "I have." "Been abroad long?" "Yes, a long time." "What part?" I queried. "In a part of the world, young man, where I hope you will never be," was the disconcerting answer.

One of the clerks informed me that the man was a blacksmith, who long years before had murdered a solicitor named M'Crossan, escaped hanging, was condemned to a long term of penal servitude, and only out of prison a few weeks. The blacksmith had a grudge against M'Crossan. He forged some kind of a hook, and as M'Crossan passed his house in Castle Street, as he did every morning on his way to business, the smith lowered the hook from an upper window and caught the solicitor under the chin, thereby killing him.

Father Charles, the "Protestant Priest," how well I remember him! the kindly, gentlemanly old man; the type of R. C. Priest now practically extinct. How he enjoyed his little joke when he opened a bottle of the—Holy Communion wine—as he called it, in my honour.

We became great friends. One evening, as we discussed the—Holy Communion wine—I remarked, " Why don't you make more use of your bank account, Father Charles ? " " Oh, there's my account over there, go and look at it," he chuckled, " I put the offerings in and just draw out what I want." There was a large chest of drawers, and in every drawer a miscellaneous collection of copper and silver. " Look here, Father Charles," I said, " this won't do, I'm going to get this mess cleared up." Later, the " swag " was counted—about £250—brought into the Bank in half a dozen large silver bags, and lodged to his credit.

While in Omagh we introduced several labour-saving expedients that have since become universal over the service. One was the use of the carbon sheet in producing the Protest Notice and duplicate. Another, the movable decimal stamp that is now impressed on all Deposit Receipts when issued. Also, a number of rubber stamps that obviate a good deal of unnecessary writing.

David Rogers, J.P., was a dignified bachelor farmer. In the season, he frequently brought me in *one* large plum, rolled carefully in silver paper.

Atkinson and I drove out one evening to see him. His plum-tree, which almost covered the whole front of the house, was laden with magnificent ripe fruit. David treated us well, but never, oh never, let us get near the plum-tree. Just as we were on the point of leaving, I went over to the tree and filled my hat with the choicest fruit and gave them to Atkinson, remarking, " Mr. Rogers would never think of letting you go home without a present for the children." If a look could have killed, I was a dead man. He circulated that a d—— scoundrel had come to his house as a friend, and then robbed his plum-tree.

But David was not quite finished with yet. Soon after he received a letter thanking him for the beautiful basket of apples his man had left in my rooms. The following market-day he brought me mysteriously aside in the office to say that there must have been some mistake, as it was not his man who had left the apples, but that he had just now left in a nice basket of the choicest fruit for my wife. Good old David. Of course, his man had never left in any apples.

As the Yankee said when his horse fell and shot him over the hedge :—" In the midst of life we are in death I thought myself he was going too fast."

One afternoon in the year 1892, walking up Omagh Street towards the Court House, I passed on the sidepath a man, evidently a Commercial Traveller, going in the same direction as myself. As I approached and passed him, I was struck by the very smart and spruce manner in which he was dressed. He had on his head a well-groomed tall hat, wore a light fawn dust-coat, in one hand carried a neatly folded silk umbrella and in the other a small bag. He was walking briskly so that when I turned into Harry Lyons's drug store he was only a few yards behind me.

I suppose there is a fate in these things, and that that dog, the man with the dust-coat, and myself, had been approaching each other through the ages, and met at that moment as ordained. At any rate as I entered the shop a large sheep dog came out towards me like a whirlwind, and as he passed through the door, I fired a parting kick at him. At that exact moment the bag-man arrived on the scene to play his part.

The dog shot like a thunder-bolt between his legs, the unfortunate man rose in the air, and as if projected from a catapult fell far out from the side-walk on the muddy street. The whole thing occurred with appalling suddenness. It was unpardonable, but as I dashed out to render assistance I broke into uncontrollable laughter. As I followed him into the shop with his hat, bag, and umbrella in my hand, I felt he was quite justified when he turned on me and asked bitterly—" Why the Hell did you kick that dog ? " To this of course no satisfactory answer was available.

When we entered the shop it was deserted, the shop assistant had fled, and I was left to face the music alone. After administering first aid, verbal and otherwise, the next thing to do was to secure the Assistant. He was discovered in the yard almost helpless with laughter, and on being brought into the shop explained that he had found a dog behind the counter, kicked it out, and was very sorry at the result.

We took the victim into the yard and cleaned and washed him to the best of our ability. He had no bones broken, but was badly shaken. As we cleaned and laughed, his language became unprintable, but we took no offence, we felt it was perfectly justifiable. He was got away at last, a dejected figure when compared with

the alert and spruce individual I had passed in the street such a short time before.

I never saw him again. Later I heard that the kick administered to that dog cost an Accident Insurance Company some £25.

It was my privilege to be a member of the Rev. William Colquhoun's congregation, and to enjoy his friendship. With pleasure I look back on the many delightful evenings spent in his company. His reading inclined towards the paths of Natural History, Science, and Philosophy, rather than in anything dealing directly with sermon-making. He was a unique preacher, but not an orator. His style at times was nervous and hesitating ; his matter, however, was always fresh, original, and instructive. It was a pleasure and an education to hear him, Sunday after Sunday, treat texts and subjects in his own peculiar manner, so far removed from the usual platitudes served up as sermons.

Mr. Colquhoun, early in 1893, removed to Fitzroy Avenue Church, Belfast, much to my regret. An amusing contretemps occurred in connection with the appointment of his successor, the Rev. Andrew MacAfee. A congregational meeting was being held, Robert Harvey, Camowen, in the chair. The chairman attempted to open the meeting by stating its purport, omitting the usual devotional exercises. In fact, he had forgotten all about them. Barely had he spoken a dozen words, when a deaf old man named Gilliland, sitting about half-way up the aisle, in a stentorian voice asked, "Has this meeting been opened with prayer?" Though Gilliland's hearing was defective, his vocal organ was powerful. Mr. Harvey, the most courteous and retiring of men, looked bewildered, turned to Robert Adams, sitting on his left, and asked him to lead in prayer. Robert, an old man, with a long, cadaverous face, and mild voice, closed his eyes, and stepped into the breach. Gilliland, leaning forward, with his hand behind his ear, could of course hear nothing, and came to the conclusion that his request for prayer was being ignored. With a bellow like a bull he broke in—"O Lord God Almighty," and proceeded to pray himself. Poor Mr. Adams, electrified, opened his eyes. The old man soon ran down. Peace was restored. Business proceeded.

This is a strange and gruesome story. Soon after Christmas, 1890, four friends—Charles Mullin, Harry Lyons, Charles M'Master, and myself, had been out in the country at a dance, and returning

to Omagh about three a.m., adjourned to Harry Lyons's bachelor quarters. We foraged round for something to eat, and unearthed a cold goose. Cold goose and stout was strong medicine at that hour of the morning. As we sat at table, Lyons laid down his knife and fork, and, after looking intently at each one of us in turn said, " I wonder which one of the four will die first " ? The other three were strong, robust men in the prime of life, and I was undoubtedly the worst-looking life of the four.

The remark made a deep impression on all, and we gradually, between ourselves, came to speak of that night as the " Goose Supper." Within three years, M'Master was dead, and as the three survivors walked at his funeral, they spoke of the " Goose Supper."

I was transferred to Lisburn, in 1894, and returned to Omagh again in January, 1900. On the first occasion after my return that I met Lyons, he accosted me with the words, " Do you remember the ' Goose Supper,' there are still three of us left, who will be the next man ? " He himself died within a year.

My health proving unsatisfactory, I resigned the Managership of Omagh Branch and was granted six months' leave, which afterwards was extended to a year, on full pay. On the night before leaving Omagh I spent some hours with my friend Charles Mullin. So far as appeared on the surface, he was in perfect health. He referred to the " Goose Supper," and went on to say, " Old man, you are going away ill, and believe you will be the third to go, but, believe me, I'm next on the roster." That was in October, 1901. He died the following April.

I am still alive in 1931 and to my dear wife is due all the credit. Since our marriage, I have been practically a total abstainer, and by her wish drink was always excluded from our home.

Wolsey Atkinson was a most satisfactory Manager to serve under. Being absolutely reliable, it enabled the second in command, when the manager was absent, as so frequently occurred in Omagh, to act without fear, on his own responsibility, knowing with certainty that his actions would be supported and never repudiated. There was nothing small about Wolsey, except his stature.

His eldest son was accidentally killed while out shooting. His second boy fell in France in the Great War. Atkinson retired in 1899.

Some matters sprang up between him and the Directors, causing irritation, and he sent in his resignation, pleading his wife's health as the cause. This unfortunately precluded him from a pension. The Directors, anxious to be placed in a position that a pension could be granted, caused representations to be made to him, indirectly, that he should withdraw the plea of his wife's health, and substitute his own, which would have been quite justifiable, as he was far from robust. But no, Wolsey would do nothing of the kind. The Directors granted him a lump sum, amounting to two years' salary.

William M'Ilveen, Manager at Ballymoney, succeeded Atkinson, but his term of office only extended to a few months. He became oppressed with the responsibility, had a break-down, and retired a comparatively young man on pension. He died in 1930.

The murder of Glass, cashier in the Northern Bank, Newtownstewart, in the early seventies, of last century, by Montgomery, Sub-Inspector of Police, caused an immense sensation. He was tried for the murder three times before conviction. I once visited the old jail in Omagh and saw the condemned cell. It was a most gloomy place, with an earthen floor, and more like a cave than anything else. The head-warder told me, that between the time Montgomery was convicted and executed, his screams at night, and the sounds he made raging round the cell, were dreadful.

Montgomery was at one time an official in the Belfast Bank, Monaghan. During the time he was there, two old men who lived alone drew out of the Bank £500, and the same night were murdered and the money stolen. The perpetrator of the cowardly deed was never discovered. When Montgomery was convicted for the Newtownstewart murder, suspicion fell on him.

The head-master of the Model School, Omagh, who knew Montgomery personally, and who had taught him when a boy, was deputed to interview him and find out the truth. The head-master told me the story. He was admitted to the condemned cell, and the door locked. The turnkey forgot all about him and he was some hours with the condemned man before being released. Montgomery denied all knowledge of the Monaghan tragedy, but over and over again reacted every detail of the Glass murder. He showed Glass carrying the cash-box to the safe, how he, Montgomery, struck him on the back of the head with the short

bill-hook he had concealed under his waterproof, how Glass fell, how he turned and looked up at him, Montgomery, and how he thrust the straight file into the dying man's ear. Montgomery said he saw the eyes of his dead friend in the dark corners of his cell, and stated that after Glass fell and looked at him, he would have undone the deed if he could, but there was no turning back then, and to make sure, he used the file.

On the night preceding the execution an appalling thunder-storm raged over the North of Ireland, and reached Omagh about eight a.m. The people largely connected the storm with the murder, and looked on it as a judgment.

> "Since I was man,
> Such sheets of fire, such burst of horrid thunder,
> Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
> Remember to have heard."

LISBURN, 1894-1900.

I left Omagh in January, 1894, to take up duty as Manager of Lisburn Branch. Lisburn became the centre of my affection, and has remained so ever since. It is no exaggeration to say that my wife and I grew to love the capital of Kilultagh, and the free generous life it represented. When I retired from the service of the Bank, our hearts turned naturally to the old town of Lisnagarvey and to our good friends there. It was there our two children grew up to manhood and womanhood.

A few weeks after taking up my residence in Lisburn, a letter reached me from my friend, Edward Arnold, Omagh, asking me to name a convenient day to return and receive a presentation from my friends in the town. This came as a surprise, and the first intimation I had that any such thing was contemplated. The presentation consisted of an illuminated address, and purse containing £50 in sovereigns. Dear old, generous, kindly, unlucky Ned. Our friendship remained fresh and green, till his death some years ago.

Life in the Old Bank House, Lisburn, was very pleasant. The house itself was convenient and commodious, but the office small, inconvenient and insanitary. The new building was erected on the site of the old, early in the century. On the domestic side it was not as convenient as its predecessor, but the office was large airy and commodious.

When taking over charge of Lisburn Branch in 1894, from my predecessor, David Strain, he uttered some words of wisdom—"A branch manager," he remarked, "should be possessed of an imperturbable temper. I have a customer here, a doctor who lives a few miles out in the country, that on occasion I use as a temper test. If I can spend half an hour with him in the private office, and emerge from the ordeal, composed and unperturbed, then I congratulate myself."

Within a few years I had a customer in that private office who proved a greater test of temper than ever Strain's doctor did.

William Wardlaw was a big, burly, ignorant man. He had spent the greater part of his life in Australia, where he amassed a considerable fortune. Soon after my appointment to Lisburn, he returned to his native land, purchased a farm, engaged in cattle-dealing, and did his business with me. He kept a large sum of money on Deposit Account, and also operated a Current Account.

To an illiterate man the working of the two accounts was undoubtedly confusing. So much must be granted. Further, it was quite obvious that he was losing money on his cattle-dealing.

Now for the denouement. He came into the office one morning, evidently in bad temper, and after some bluster, deliberately accused us of defrauding him of £1,000. As luck would have it, John Patton was inspecting the Branch at the time, and Wardlaw was immediately ushered into his presence. In a few minutes Patton was made conversant with the two accounts. He attempted to reason with Wardlaw, but to no effect. Soon the two men were working themselves into a passion. This was most undesirable and to be avoided. The only sane course was to get Wardlaw quietly out of the office, induce him to go home, and think the matter over, in the hope that more reasonable counsels should prevail. Above all, there must be no breach that might lead to the loss of the accounts.

It was a difficult situation, and my only hope was to pacify him for the moment. I spoke to him quietly, and assured him that if fraud or error could be detected, the loss would be made good, and asked him to go home and think the whole situation over for a week, and that in the meantime the accounts would be thoroughly investigated, and that in so far as the accounts were concerned, I would personally undertake that he should be at no loss. We parted friendly. That was on a Tuesday. I never saw him again. The following Saturday he died of diabetes.

Some people think that a Branch Manager's position is uninteresting and monotonous. In a branch like Lisburn, it is nothing of the kind! Sometimes, we have more variety than we quite enjoy. A Manager has ever to be on the alert, he is meeting and deciding new problems every hour in the day.

Thomas Fleming was a large farmer and cattle-dealer. A decent man, but rough and overbearing. At one season of the year his account would be heavily overdrawn, at another, largely in credit. We observed that his demeanour in the office depended on the state of his account. Urbane and friendly or overbearing and rude. The question was how to give him a lesson and cure him. The opportunity came. When his account was in particularly good order, he came in one day and rather brusquely asked to see me in the private office. After some conversation he became rude and offensive. I sprang up, saying, "I won't allow you or

any man to speak to me in that manner in my office. Get out ! " Opening the door, " Get out, at once ! " He looked like a pricked bubble, and muttered, " What about my account ? " " Oh, d—— your account, get out, both you and it."

He went. Soon after, his son, William John, came to inquire what we had done to his father. " He's like a madman over in the markets," said the son, " and all I can gather is, that you either ordered him out of the office, or threw him out."

When we explained, W. J. approved, and hoped it would be a caution to the old man, remarking that at times he was very hard to put up with. He assured us we might not worry, for his father would be in with us again before a week had passed, as meek and mild as a lamb. We had no further trouble with him, and he and I were good friends till I left the Branch.

Archibald M'Afee was a very old and wealthy man, living in retirement in Lisburn. A friend died, leaving him a considerable estate, consisting chiefly of stocks and shares in English Companies. As he was also Executor to the Will, and of a frugal mind, he himself attempted to carry through the transfer of the shares into his own name.

He frequently consulted me, and finally I volunteered to carry through the whole business for him. To this he readily consented.

When the work was satisfactorily completed, he insisted on remunerating me personally. This, of course, I refused, and gave him to understand that what had been done was simply in the interests of my employers, the Ulster Bank, Limited. Should he, however, be able to further the interests of the Bank at any time, and did so, I would feel myself amply recompensed.

Now, Archibald, for the previous 50 years, had kept his account in the Northern Bank, Limited, Belfast. After our interview, he promptly transferred his whole business to me. The Northern Directors were so annoyed that they considered it worth sending an Inspector—Mr. Taylor—to investigate. Taylor was afterwards Manager of their Donegall Square Branch, Belfast, and lost his life by falling down the open shaft of the elevator. The investigation resulted in a complaint to the Ulster Bank Directors, that their Lisburn Manager was guilty of a breach of the agreement between the Banks in regard to canvassing each other's customers for business.

Once more I stood in the Directors' Boardroom, before my old friend, Mr. Carr, to answer an accusation. How different my feelings and position from that other day almost ten years previous! Again a round, unvarnished tale was disclosed, even to narrating the conversation with Mr. M'Afee when he wished to compensate me. Mr. Carr's exclamation was practically the same as on that former occasion, "Most extraordinary!" Of course, the charge fell to the ground, and there was good reason to believe that those who brought it, unintentionally did me a great service.

R. Stewart & Sons, an old-established firm of linen-thread manufacturers, failed in business towards the end of the last century, and was taken over by the Linen Thread Company, Limited, an amalgamation of linen-thread manufacturers in Scotland and Ireland, then being formed. Stewart's people had always done their business with the Northern Bank. Of course I was anxious to secure the new account. My good friend, Mr. J. Milne Barbour, of the firm of William Barbour & Sons, Limited, and now managing director of the Linen Thread Company, Limited, introduced Mr. Knox, a hard-headed Scotchman, and Managing Director of the Thread Company at its formation.

Mr. Barbour was present when Mr. Knox handed me a cheque on a London Bank for £5,000 to open the new account with. By an agreement with the other Banks we were compelled at the Branches to charge commission on London cheques, while in the City the same cheques passed free. On my mentioning the Commission, Mr. Knox immediately said, "I will pay no commission, give me back that cheque, the account will be opened in Belfast, where no commission is charged." It was a case of "Between the Devil and the deep sea." I was perfectly well aware that if the cheque were parted with, not only was Stewarts' account lost to me, but possibly also a valuable account soon to be opened for the transaction of the Irish business of the Thread Syndicate. All this flashed through my mind—there was no time to hesitate—so I replied instantly, "I will keep the cheque, and no commission will be charged." The account was secured, but what in the name of the Great God Pan was going to be done about the Commission!

Inside of an hour the cheque was laid on Mr. Carr's desk in the Head Office Boardroom, and my story told. He turned his cold, grey eye upon me, saying, "You are aware of the agreement

regarding commissions, it must be observed." I remonstrated, argued, and pointed out the consequences had the cheque been parted with, but all to no effect. He told me he had nothing further to add.

As I walked slowly out of the room, feeling rather savage, Mr. Lepper, who had heard the conversation, came forward, held out his hand, took me aside, and in a low voice said—well, what he said need not be repeated. It was, however, sufficient for me. The account was retained, no commission charged, nor the agreement violated. Paradoxical but true. The old, old story. Never was Act of Parliament yet framed, but that, if the occasion arose a horse and coach could be driven through it.

Mr. Carr gave me no help, in fact treated the incident with apparent indifference. Evidently, he wished to keep his hands clear, hoped his manager would hold what he had got, and wangle through the difficulty somehow.

There are other means of reaching the opposite side of a mountain than by climbing over the top. Robert Graham, an old and respected client of the Bank, owned a large linen factory in an adjoining town, and had a relative—we will call him Jack Jones—who acted as a Fire Insurance Agent in Lisburn, and kept a small account with us.

Mr. Graham gave his relative the insurance on the factory. Premium £90, Commission on same £13 10s. 0d.

On the occasion under review, Mr. Graham sent Jones a cheque for the premium, payable to the Insurance Company or order, and crossed. Jones indorsed the cheque for the Company as Agent, and lodged it to the credit of his own account. This of course was irregular, and should not have been passed by the cashier. In a short time Jones drew out all the money standing to his credit and absconded. Mr. Graham held the official receipt for the premium, but the Insurance Company had never received the money for the same. The Company ascertained the nature of the cheque sent to Jones, and called on the Bank to refund the money. We demurred, and I placed a proposal before the Company which they rejected, and threatened legal proceedings. The amount of the cheque was at once paid to the Company, and I was instructed to write it off as a bad debt, a proceeding which I took the liberty of deferring.

Mr. Graham offered to refund to the Bank the amount, as the loss was brought about through the dishonesty of a relative. The offer was generous, but as he was in no way responsible, we did not feel justified in accepting it. There was, however, another way of going round the mountain.

Mr. Graham, at my suggestion, agreed to the appointment of a reliable clerk in his office as Agent for another Fire Insurance Company, and in due course transferred his policies from the old to the new company, much to the annoyance of our friends who had made us pay. New insurance business was also secured, and in a short time a nice commission was accruing, which was regularly sent to us in liquidation of the debt. In a very few years the amount was paid off, no one was at any loss whatever, and the clerk in Mr. Graham's office had the foundation laid of a good insurance business.

On one occasion a customer came into the office and asked what the balance of his account was. In a moment the information was handed over the counter to him on a slip of paper. This was too much for him, quite too quick. He became excited, said we must be suspicious of him, were watching his account too closely. Evidently he expected us to take at least a quarter of an hour for the operation. I had some trouble in quieting him and he was a surprised man when I convinced him that we could tell the balance of every account at the branch just as expeditiously.

Another client informed me that he objected to the way I looked at him. Poor soul, his account was overdrawn, he had evidently become sensitive and his imagination had got the better of him. I laughed him out of his hallucination by bringing him into my private office, seating him in a chair, and solemnly asking him, "Now show me exactly how you wish me to look when we meet."

A Bank Manager has some strange experiences and meets some strange fish.

Isaac Sloan, Dunmurry, in 1898, wished to take out through me an Insurance Policy on his life. At the time he looked fit and well and was about 50 years of age. He was examined on two separate occasions by Charles Magill, M.D., Lisburn, a capable and experienced physician, and each time his pulse only registered 28.

The Insurance was refused. Sloan in 1918 was alive and well. Dr. Magill died in 1911 at a comparatively early age.

After I had been in charge of Lisburn Branch some three or four years, the Directors issued a Circular to branch managers pointing out certain matters in regard to the conduct of business that they wished to see adopted. Continuing they said that there was nothing unreasonable in the request as two Branch Managers had already carried them into effect on their own initiative, with success and advantage. Some years later I discovered that Strabane and Lisburn were the two branches indicated.

Moving from Omagh to Lisburn in 1894 we brought with us two maids—Mary and Kate Glass—sisters—daughters of a small farmer, from Dunmullan, near Gortin. Faithful, reliable girls they were. They remained with us during all the years we occupied the Bank House. In 1901 Mary went out to Canada and soon after married a prosperous farmer and lumberman in Ontario. Hearing in 1903 that I had retired from the service of the Bank on account of my health, she wrote, inviting me to go out to her, as her guest, for a year ; proposed to place at my disposal a horse and buggy, and urged that the free open-air life I could lead on the farm would soon make me well and strong again. Unfortunately I was unable to accept the kind and thoughtful invitation. Kate went to Belfast and married an employee on the Queen's Island. He died after a few years, leaving her with two young children. She also went out to Canada with her children, and later married and settled in Winnipeg.

The memory of Mary and Kate Glass I shall always hold in affection and respect. They sprang from that sturdy, self-respecting, self-reliant stock redolent of the soil of Ulster.

The Lord He made the Sperrin,
The heather hills of Sperrin,
The Lord He wrought in Sperrin
  Till He tired of heath and stone ;
So then He came to Gortin,
Came up the road from Gortin,
And through the Gap of Gortin,
  To Dunmullan in Tyrone.

It was then He made Dunmullan,
  In a pleasant fold of ground,
The hills—He made them homely,
  And He set them all around ;

It was then He made a valley,
  Where the hazels bloom in May,
And He filled it with the music
  Of the burn below the Brae.
—*Marshall.*

My official work in Lisburn was congenial, and the Branch prospered under my management. My health, however, was proving unsatisfactory, and on Omagh Branch being offered, it was accepted in the hope that the more out-of-door life possible there might prove beneficial.

On leaving Lisburn, my wife and I were made the recipients of a very beautiful and valuable presentation. It consisted of an Illuminated Address, clock and ornaments, large presentation salver with inscription, entree dishes, case of fish and fruit knives and forks, case of cutlery, and solid silver afternoon tea-service.

OMAGH, 1900-1901.

I returned to Omagh, January 5th, 1900, but my sojourn there as Manager proved uneventful and of short duration. My health did not improve, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. When my wife and I were almost in despair, we heard accidentally of the "Elma Stuart" treatment for stomach and liver troubles, and grasped at it like drowning people grasping at a straw.

The treatment is very simple, but must not be undertaken unless the patient can have complete rest during the cure. I attempted to keep at work while under treatment, with disastrous results. The treatment consists in drinking a large tumbler-full of moderately warm water four times a day. First thing in the morning, last thing at night, and half an hour before meals. The only food consists of lean beef, all fat removed, passed through a mincer four or five times, made into small cakes, and, with a little butter, cooked lightly on a pan. Commence with two or three ounces three times a day, and gradually work up to about half a pound three times a day. For the first seven to ten days no other food must be taken, then a slice of bread cut into small squares and crisped in the oven may be taken with the beef. After about three weeks a little salad, olive, or cod liver oil may be added to the beef. You may smile, but at the end of three or four weeks on this diet, cod liver oil will be to the palate as nectar. The craving for fat becomes clamant. At the end of four or five weeks commence very tentatively to return to normal diet, and continue the water night and morning. My experience was that at the end of seven days my tongue was as red and clean as an infant's, and the buoyancy of spirits extraordinary.

> "He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, or a boy's love."

The Manager at Omagh was under the necessity of keeping a horse and car, to do the Agency work, for which he drew an allowance. Keeping a horse was a great nuisance and worry to me. My one and only encounter with a horse-dealer had rather an amusing termination. Sheer fear of being done saved me.

The horse I had at the time took a founder, something in the feet or legs, at any rate my man kept the unfortunate animal for a few weeks with his feet in bran poultices. One horse-fair morning, in an unguarded moment, I remarked to a customer that I had

thought of buying a horse. In a short time he was back with a dealer who was certain he had the very thing wanted, a beautiful mare, nothing like her in the county, and so on. "Come on down the street and see her." I hedged by pleading business, and that I had not time. A little later he was back again. "Come on and see the mare, she'll be sold before an hour, and you'll miss her." Obviously it was a plant, and if I moved they were sure to have me, so I said, "I have a horse and don t want your mare." "What," he cried, "you have a horse, I'll buy him. I'll have a deal with you, never had one before." "D—— it man," I replied, "I don't want to sell the horse." "That's all right, I'll be back at three, and buy him from you," and away he rushed.

My man removed the poultices, rubbed down the horse, and put on a new halter. At three the dealer arrived, and half a dozen men with him. To say I was frightened, only expresses the simple truth. He looked the horse over. "How much do you want for him?" "Exactly what he cost me, £25." "I'll give you £15." "Put the horse in, I won't sell him." But the dealer would have a deal, and in the end handed me £25. "Now," I said, "there is the horse, you take him as he stands, on your own judgment and without warranty." "Right!" he replied. "Now come on and see the mare." "No. I have decided not to keep a horse, I'll sell you the car."

He went away sorrowful, like the young man in the Bible. A few days after he came back. "That horse does not suit me, will you take him back?" "Not on your life. If you made me a present of him, I would not have him." He laughed—I like a man that can laugh at himself—"Well, you have had me, but I bear no ill-will. I'll try and pass him on to some other fool."

When barely six years of age, a fire occurred in my old home in Ballybay. I was taken out of the burning house, wrapped in a blanket, and laid in the yard. From that day till this hour, I have had an overwhelming fear of fire.

Twice during my term of office as Manager in Omagh, the Bank House was in imminent danger of being destroyed by fire. In the winter of 1900 a maid one evening lit a gas jet in a bedroom, near an open window, and left the room for a few moments. On her return she found the room in a blaze, evidently the wind from the open window had blown the curtains into the gas flame. "If you please, Sir, the house is on fire," was the astonishing statement

the girl made, as she opened the door of the room in which I was sitting. I did not stand upon the order of my going, but went. The girl assisted manfully. With blankets and quilts we fought the fire till water and assistance arrived. Time after time the hungry flames like angry wolves, as we beat them down, rushed up the woodwork of the windows to the ceiling. However, the fire was confined to one room, and not much harm done.

Some time later a large drapery establishment, separated from the Bank by a narrow passage, caught fire, and after burning fiercely for a couple of hours, the roof fell in, and the whole building collapsed. Unfortunately, the wind blew the flames against the gable of the Bank House, in which were two windows, high up, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the house was saved.

The destruction of this house gave rise to a situation that it would have been criminal to neglect. The postal authorities were in treaty for the purchase of a site for a new Post-office, and at some distance from the Bank. Recognizing the many advantages arising from the proximity of the Post-office to the Bank, I, at once, with the assistance of my friend, Charles Mullin, approached the parties concerned, and after prolonged negotiations had the satisfaction of seeing the new Post-office rise on the ruins of the house destroyed by fire.

During my term as Manager at Omagh, Arthur Gordon acted as Pro-Manager. I have only the kindliest memory of him and of the assistance he gave me.

John Davidson succeeded me as Manager at Omagh. He retired in 1928 and was succeeded by John Ingram.

Thomas Malcolmson, cashier at Lisburn, succeeded me there on my promotion to Omagh. A genial, kindly man, and a life-long friend. His appointment as Manager was an unqualified success, a fact which gave me great satisfaction, as the appointment was made largely on my recommendation. He retired in 1929, after having spent his whole official life in Lisburn.

It is a remarkable circumstance how in a small country town individuality emphasises itself. Men have time and room to develop, they are not cramped, idiosyncrasy gets full play, there is elbow-room. Long years have passed, yet still clearly to my mental vision, many of the men of Omagh stand out clear-cut and distinct.

Wolsey Atkinson, small, erect, bearded and determined.

Nat Carson, proprietor of the *Tyrone Constitution*, fresh from the pages of the Old Curiosity Shop. He died in 1895.

Charles Mullin, fat, jovial, genial, ever ready with joke or story.

Dan Elliott, proprietor of two spirit stores. Every morning, with unfailing regularity, Dan could be seen about 10-30 walking from one store to the other. He was always dressed in frock-coat and tall hat, and in his hand a tightly folded silk umbrella which he gracefully swung. It was a picture to see Dan on his diurnal itinerary, head well up, shoulders and elbows working vigorously. A great character was Dan.

Coul' Andy with his horse and dog.

Ned Arnold, a confirmed victim of the snuff habit.

Philson, the dancing Post Master.

The Rev. James ——, the monumental egotist.

Had Dickens known them, they would have lived for ever in his immortal pages.

Andrew Sproule, familiarly known as Coul' (cold) Andy, was for many years a well-known figure in Bank circles in Omagh. A confirmed old bachelor was Andy with a wonderful love for horses and dogs. At bottom, when you got there, which was not easy, he was a good, kindly soul, with a frosty exterior and a profound appearance of wisdom and responsibility that became almost oppressive when he smiled.

In his youth he had an experience that coloured his whole life and almost cost him his reason. He was stationed in Dungannon at the time and with a friend went out one winter evening to a lonely spot to skate. The ice gave way and precipitated his friend into the water. They were alone, far from assistance and no eye beheld the grim tragedy. Andy did all that was humanly possible to save his friend, short of sacrificing his own life, but without avail. Horror-stricken he fled from the scene to tell of the disaster. What pen can describe, as he told it to me long, long years after, the mental torture and agony of the survivor. Sleep deserted him, and ever at his brain there hammered insistent thoughts and questions till the mind reeled and he felt that the friend who had so suddenly passed into the Great Beyond had indeed the better part.

He retired from the Managership of the Provincial Bank, Omagh, in 1914, and died in 1925 at the age of 78 years.

Edward Arnold was at one time in the service of the Ulster Bank, later—Miller and Farmer, and lived near Omagh. He was the only confirmed victim of the snuff habit I have ever known. His hair and moustache were of a natural white flaxen texture and colour.

Visualize Ned with his prominent white moustache dusted with snuff and a snuff-box in his hand and you see the man.

Somehow he was unlucky and unpractical, but ever full of Utopian schemes that never quite materialized.

He was passionately fond and proud of his children, but led a solitary life. His end too was lonely. He was discovered one morning dead on the floor of his bedroom. A kindly, reliable soul was Ned, and a staunch friend.

Philson, the dancing Post Master, was quite a respectable actor and frequently gave variety entertainments through the country. It was a treat to see and hear him dance and sing—

"You should see me dance the Polka,
You should see me cover the ground,
You should see my coat tails flying,
As I turned my partner round."

I had a rather curious experience with him in his official position as Post Master. One morning I walked down to the Post Office and posted a Registered Letter addressed to Belfast, containing bearer scrip value for several hundred pounds, and received the usual official receipt. About an hour afterwards Colonel Flood from the Depot came into the office and handed me the Registered Letter that I had posted a short time before. He said the Orderly had brought it to him in the Mail-bag amongst other letters and that he recognized my writing and the Bank seal.

On interviewing Philson and exhibiting the receipt I expressed a desire to see the letter for a moment. Of course it could not be produced and soon consternation reigned in the office. After a time I produced the letter from my pocket and poor Philson almost collapsed. In a shaking voice he asked :—"What are you going to do ?" To his intense relief I handed him the letter with a warning and an assurance that nothing further would be heard about it.

How the letter got into Colonel Flood's bag was quite simple. On the receipt for the Registered Letter being handed to me in the Post Office, the letter itself was carelessly allowed to remain on

the counter. The clerk took the Depot letters from a pigeon-hole and inadvertently placed them on the top of my letter, while he unlocked the mail bag, then lifted the letters including mine, transferred them to the bag and handed it to the waiting Orderly. Quite simple when you know how it was done.

The Rev. James —— was an extraordinary specimen. A monumental egotist; no flattery, no matter how fulsome, was beyond his digestion. His optimism was colossal, and to the end he believed his country charge was only a stepping stone to one of the great churches elsewhere.

A celebrated sermon of his opened with the words:—"Hast thou found me O mine enemy." The brain is the organ of thought. Steel is manufactured from iron. Leprosy is a loathsome disease. Jupiter is a mighty planet. "Hast thou found me O mine enemy."

Going home late one winter night he saw, as he thought, a light hovering over a grave in the Episcopal burying-ground, and fled precipitately. After running a few hundred yards he stopped and communed with himself thus: "James, you are a Minister of the Gospel. If this thing be of the Devil why should you fear it? Be a man, go back and exorcise it." To his relief and astonishment he found the widow of the late Rector sitting on her husband's grave reading a book of her own poems, under an umbrella by the light of a small lamp.

Another grave-yard scene occurs to me. When Manager in Lisburn, a near neighbour—publican and undertaker—through excessive libations lost control of his faculties. Of course this is only a polite manner of expressing a well-known alcoholic condition.

On one occasion he was missing and sometime towards midnight was discovered by anxious friends in a burying-ground off Longstone Street, sitting on a tombstone calmly reading *Pearson's Weekly* by the light of a candle.

On another occasion his two-horse hearse was requisitioned for a funeral near Moira. Our friend donned his funeral garments—tall hat and all—and mounting beside the driver proceeded to the house of mourning.

All went well till the coffin was secured in the hearse, when he sprang up on the driver's seat, grasped the whip and reins, and with a whoop and yell started the horses at a furious gallop down the half mile lane that led to the main road. As soon as the

astonished crowd of mourners realized what had occurred and recovered from their stupefaction they broke wildly over the fields in a vain attempt to head him off. He held his course gallantly with the hearse swaying and bumping and the coffin jumping about inside till his exhausted horses came to a standstill on a steep hill approaching Moira.

Fortunately for him a car happened to be passing on its way into the town and our hero, without hesitation, deserted the stranded hearse, sprang on the car and disappeared over the hill before the infuriated and justly exasperated mourners could lay their hands on him.

Mary Riordan was the daughter of a small farmer resident in the Gortin district. When about 18 years of age she emigrated to America and entered the service of Judge Holmes, as his wife's personal maid. Three months later the Judge died. Mary spent a few happy, prosperous years with Mrs. Holmes, occupying the position of companion and friend rather than that of servant or maid. At the expiration of three years she gave up her comfortable, luxurious home and returned to Ireland. She returned to marry Patrick Keenan, a small struggling farmer, a neighbour of her father's, that she had been "keeping company with" before she went to America. But that's all long ago and far away, somewhere between the years 1875 and 1880.

"Back of there the sun is shining, and the riverside is cheery,
There are gowans for a carpet, and the moss to make a throne,
I will rise and leave the city, for my heart is growing weary,
For the open meads of summer and the river in Tyrone"

—*Marshall.*

Pat Keenan I had known from about 1890 through periodically renewing a small bill. When the bill was originally discounted might be answered in the words of Browning, when asked the meaning of certain lines he had written: "God knows, for I don't." Pat was not a lovable character, shifty, self-opinionated, and a nationalist demagogue, let us leave him at that.

It was in this wise that I first became acquainted with Mary Keenan. One day early in the year 1900 she and Pat came into the Omagh office to consult me about a letter she had received from a lawyer in New York. The letter set forth that the Judge's wife was dead and that by her will she left Mary Riordan, her one time maid, five thousand dollars, to be paid to her on proof of identity. The letter went on to say that practically all the servants

who had been employed in the house from the date of the Judge's death till the death of his wife were left similar legacies. The will also contained the following clause :—" To James the body-servant of my husband Five thousand dollars." The lawyer asked if Mary could give any information as to who " James " was. Unfortunately she could not assist. She knew nothing whatever about him beyond remembering that the Judge's personal attendant at the time of his death was called " James," and that he was only in the employment of the family for three or four weeks. So much for " James," he flashes fitfully across our vision and passes out of the story. Mary produced a small packet of letters received from Mrs. Holmes, written chiefly from Europe where she was travelling, long, friendly letters describing her travels and written as from friend to friend and not at all as from mistress to servant. I took the matter in hand and after the usual correspondence, formalities and delay, had the pleasure of handing my client a draft for £1,000.

Pat paid off his bill and the balance was lodged on Deposit in their joint names. Then Pat began to nibble at the money. It was burning a hole in his pocket. Frequently he would bring his wife in, he could not draw any of the money without her, and another bit of the Deposit would go. Poor Pat was now a man of money and importance amongst his neighbours, and like the man of substance he thought he was, resented some advice and remonstrance on my part, for I did not like the trend of affairs and wished to protect Mary to the best of my ability.

One market day she came into the office alone in a frightened, furtive manner and said she wished to see me privately. Immediately she broke down weeping, and said Pat was worrying her about the money and that she was in dread of her life lest he should know she had been speaking to me. She just wished, she said, to thank me for all I had done and tried to do for her and then she burst out with—" I wish to God I had never seen that money. There has been no peace in the house since it came. He wants to put the money into another Bank in his own name, so that he can do as he likes with it." That was the end so far as I was concerned. The money was removed from my care and I have good reason to believe was all lost within six months, put by Pat into some wild-cat scheme to finance a Nationalist Paper that was to revolutionise the country.

As I looked at Mary Keenan that day crying in my office and knowing her history, I marvelled. I saw a heart-broken, be-

draggled woman, some 45 years of age, but looking much older and the mother of seven children. Then, for an instant, I saw as in a vision a young girl in the luxurious home of the Judge in far away New York. She stood amongst beautiful surroundings, slim and graceful herself, a life of comfort and ease practically assured. As she stood, in her heart was the urge of home, the call of the soil, and the glamour of romance she had woven round a man. The vision faded, the grim reality, the result of her choice remained, and as I thought of her dreary life of drudgery on the little farm on the bare Gortin hillside—again I marvelled—wondered, was it all worth it ?

The Irish Celt clings with a wonderful tenacity to his native land, the parish of his birth, and the soil on which he was raised. He emigrates reluctantly. As he leaves his native shore, with tear dimmed eyes and poignant regret he beholds the beloved land recede. Ever within his breast, wherever he may wander, there burns the lingering hope that at some future date he will return to the land of his birth and love, and finally, life's fitful fever over, rest in her sacred soil.

About the year 1891 a tall, self-possessed, well dressed man, straight as an arrow, came into the Omagh office and lodged on Deposit several thousand pounds. His history is interesting. He was born on a small five-acre farm near Gortin in the year 1830.

For over 40 years America was his home, where he laboured and prospered, but never married.

On the day I first made his acquaintance he was returning from the land of his exile, called back from across the sea by the insistent call in his blood, the call of the land so irresistible to the Celt.

The farm was now in the hands of strangers and he himself was a stranger in the land of his birth. But the Gortin hills were unchanged and the little farm and cottage were much as he remembered them, when as a boy he trod the familiar fields, and as in sleep he had seen them through all his wanderings.

He purchased the holding for £500. For a few years I saw him frequently. Then six years intervened before I saw him again. He was still the same quiet, reserved man, but how changed. The once erect frame was bowed and the old time punctilious care for personal appearance, relaxed. The years of his return were years

of gradual disintegration, response to environment, and the drag of heredity.

The little farm that he gave £500 for, was not worth one-third of the money, but that did not matter, it was his home, the spot where he was born, the bit of soil in all the world that called to him, the home of his dreams, haunted by the ghosts of his ancestors.

> " There's a green glen hidden in the middle of Tyrone,
> There's a grey house sheltered by a hill,
> And the glen sweeps westward to a little bridge of stone,
> And the grey house stands beside a mill."

The man from Cahans was an utter stranger to me, his very name has passed out of my recollection, yet the knowledge that he came from the old home county brought me to his bedside. Immediately on entering his room and as he rose on his elbow, the better to see me, I experienced a strange sensation. It was almost like a physical blow. His piercing grey eyes caught and held me ; vitality, energy, personality, call it what you will, appeared to flow from him and fill and dominate his poor surroundings.

He had heard the languorous lap of the wavelets on the golden sands of the Pacific Islands, the frozen seas of the north were familiar to him, in his youth he knew the old Church at Cahans and often wandered amongst the grassy mounds of its " God's Acre." In the year 1914 at the age of 65 he lay dying in a mean room over a small tobacconist's shop in Belfast, kept by his wife.

As I sat by his bed and heard his story I was oppressed by a feeling of sorrow at " the might have been." He was born near Cahans. When a boy of 15 years of age he left home and went to sea. For almost half a century he led a roving, adventurous life, held a Master Mariner's certificate and in his time had sailed " the Seven Seas." A remarkable man, born to command, yet here was the sad and sordid end.

> " But, O vain boast, who can control his fate ?
> Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
> And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

When he spoke of Cahans his voice softened and through all his conversation ran the yearning for the homeland of his youth. The thought of the quiet and peace of the old grave-yard brought him consolation. " Yes," he said, " I have secured a small plot in Cahans burying-ground and when I pass my body shall be taken there to rest."

" Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I lay me down with a will.
Home is the sailor home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill."

When about 16 years of age an incident occurred that made a very vivid impression on my mind. I was standing alone behind the counter one afternoon in my Father's shop, when a tall, thin man, with stooping shoulders, vacant eye and hesitating step entered slowly and sat down in a chair. He neither looked at, nor spoke to me, just sat down in the chair, rested his hands on his knees and stared out of the door.

I was gazing at him fascinated when a few minutes later my father entered and after looking at the figure in the chair for a moment, exclaimed, " Why, it's William Taylor ! " " Yes," said the man in a dull expressionless voice, without rising, " It's William Taylor, of Corvoam."

His mind appeared practically a blank. Softening of the brain I suppose. My father kept him a few days and then passed him on to his brother, James Taylor, Corvoam.

It appears that about 20 years earlier William Taylor emigrated to America, a bright, alert, active, young man and married there. Little could be gathered from him now as to his life, my father told me that he just sat, almost without speaking, all day long staring into vacancy. The little that could be gleaned amounted to this—that having fallen into ill-health, his wife and her friends, finding no further use for him, purchased a ticket, put him on board ship and sent him home. God only knows how he ever reached Ballybay. The homing instinct I suppose of a lost dog. My recollection is that later he was returned to America. Poor devil, no one wanted him.

Doing good by stealth may or may not be a prevalent virtue. From the very nature of its conception it becomes the child of concealment. A case, however, came under my notice when Manager in Omagh worth recording.

John Bleakley was a reserved, solitary old bachelor, living in rooms in Campsie. His means were small—just about sufficient for his requirements. Any little Bank business he did passed through my hands. What was my surprise when one day he came

into the office and handed me £250 with the request that I should send it in my own name to three institutions—Dr. Barnardo's Homes, a Home in Bristol, and the Salvation Army. He did not wish his name to appear in the transaction or anyone to know that he had sent the money. I undertook the commission joyfully, but refused absolutely to send it in my own name.

Old John has long since passed into the Great Silence. His life was commonplace and circumscribed, but in the end he experienced the supreme pleasure of giving. His neighbours never knew of his generosity. I am inclined to believe, however, that the Recording Angel made a note of the transaction and when the old man, with hesitating step, entered the Golden Gates, the Master took him by the hand and said :—" You did it even unto Me."

My memory carries me back to the care-free days of long ago, before I left home, and I see myself once again on Sunday forenoons sitting in the old square pew on the gallery in front of the pulpit in Derryvalley Church, under the ministrations of that perfect gentleman and sound theologian, the Rev. John Gordon Smyth.

Reading the *Missionary Herald* occasionally beguiled the tedium of disquisitions on Eternal punishment, Assurance, Justification by Faith and Natural Depravity. In the pages of that soporific journal from time to time appeared notices of contributions to various church charities and funds. Occasionally I noticed a contributor who signed himself or herself " B—C—I." The strange initials intrigued me, and I often wondered who was trying to do good by stealth. Long afterwards I learned it was my own father, and that the cabalistic initials represented—Ballybay—Carson—Isaiah.

A curious complication regarding a will, or rather the lack of one, came under my notice when Manager in Omagh. My friend was minister of a small congregation convenient to the town, indeed he was an intimate friend, and as I write the memory of the genial, kindly, interesting old man comes back to me very vividly out of the shadows of the past.

His income was small, yet out of it his wife and he by frugality and care reared and educated a family of several children and saved sufficient money to buy the freehold of the house in which they lived.

Illness laid its hand upon him and he remembered with a shock that he had not made his will. That he had not done so was strange, as I had often heard him speak strongly on the wisdom of everyone, particularly those with a family, leaving their affairs in order. At his request he was supplied with pen, ink and paper, but after writing for a short time his wife remarked that he was tired and, removing the materials, said that he could finish it the next day. Now in some inexplicable manner the half-written will was forgotten and although he did not die for several days afterwards, it was never completed.

Save for the following circumstance the want of the will might not have mattered, but it is well to remember that it is conditions—unforeseen and unexpected—that have always to be provided against.

Their eldest son some years previously had married. The marriage was strongly disapproved of by the parents. A son was born of the marriage and the father of the boy died. On the death of the old man, intestate—the young widow stepped in and claimed all legal rights on behalf of her son. The elder widow and her daughters had to leave the home that they believed had been provided for them, and that indeed would have been theirs had the will ever been completed.

In my official position as Bank Manager and afterwards, I have been instrumental in making many wills. The remembrance of one has always given me peculiar satisfaction.

A customer of mine came into the Lisburn office one day and for some unknown reason, for the man looked in his usual health, I asked him if he had made his will. He replied that he had not and appeared surprised at the question. However, I persisted, knowing that his death, intestate, would mean serious complications. After eliciting certain information and being thoroughly acquainted with his affairs and position I prepared a will that evening, sent for him the next day and there and then had it signed and witnessed. Within two months I attended his funeral.

When I found towards the latter part of 1901, on account of failing health, that I was compelled to apply for prolonged sick leave, my first anxiety was the effect it might have on the Branch—Omagh—rather than on my own personal outlook. In placing the matter before my Directors I pointed out the trying time the

Branch had passed through during the previous half-dozen years. Wolsey Atkinson was unable to give it the attention it deserved for the last few years of his regime. His successor for a short time —William M'Ilveen—never even attempted to grapple with the situation, and my health during the two years I was in charge was never satisfactory. In view of these circumstances I suggested, in the interests of the Branch, that on my going on leave—six months was granted in the first instance, later extended to fourteen months—a permanent manager should at once be appointed, and added that I was quite prepared to leave my future in their hands, satisfied that when able to return to work they would reinstate me in a position equal to the one I had relinquished. I relate this incident not by way of self-eulogy, but simply to illustrate the spirit that animated the service at the commencement of the century. I am quite satisfied that at the time there were many Managers who, placed under similar circumstances and like conditions, would have acted exactly as I did. I never resumed active service in the Bank again.

A glance at conditions of service in the Ulster Bank towards the end of last century cannot fail to be of interest.

Commencing on a salary of thirty pounds per annum, advancing to one hundred pounds in six or seven years ; such was the El Dorado of the pre-war Bank Clerk. True, the cost of living was low, and the price of commodities unbelievably low, when compared with post-war standards. The hours too were long, not infrequently approximating to the eight-hour day. No provision was made for lunch or intermediate meal between breakfast and dinner.

The effect of the long fast of six to eight hours daily on young men at a critical period of their life, militated seriously against the health of the staff.

After some eighteen years service I was appointed in 1894 Manager of Lisburn Branch at the munificent salary of £175 per annum, with fire and light allowance of £25, a house rent free and my salary paid free of Income Tax. Granted, six years later, it had increased to £300. To-day, in this year of grace, 1931, the Manager of the smallest Branch receives on appointment practically double the salary I was then considered worth after six years' experience, and an allowance of double what I received for fire and light. Yet we carried on and were neither unhappy nor discontented.

It may appear strange to the Bank official of to-day, but in those almost pre-historic times our whole interests were centred in the Bank and our chief aim and object in life its welfare and advancement.

In the matter of remuneration of the staff, I believe that the Ulster Bank compared favourably with that of the other Irish Banks. I know that where a manager showed initiative and ability, his services, according to the meagre standards of the day, received recognition.

During the long years James Carr reigned supreme in the Directors' room, his great ability was directed towards perfecting the machine over which he had control. As the years passed the management conformed more and more to unyielding mechanical rigidity. The members of the staff, either consciously or sub-consciously, came to realise this, and to feel that their lives were cast in a groove from which there was no visible means of escape. The human touch was sadly lacking. Relief did not come till after the close of the Great War.

Some rather curious Banking experiences, outside Ireland, have befallen me within the past few years. I say "outside Ireland" advisedly. That they should occur, with all our failings, within our borders, is unthinkable.

In the year 1926, when on a visit to my friend Dr. Nesbitt, in S—— ; requiring some funds I asked him to indorse a small cheque. Going into the W—— Bank I presented the cheque. The cashier fingered it for some time as if it might bite him, then retired to the back of the office where I saw him in serious consultation with two other officials. They kept looking at the cheque, fingering it and then looking at me. After a time one of the gallant three, a grey-haired citizen, came to the counter, nervously fingering the cheque, and asked if Dr. Nesbitt was at home.

I replied, "No, he went into Nottingham this morning."

Then, "Is Mrs. Nesbitt at home?"

"Yes," I said, "I believe so."

"Oh, that's all right we will telephone her."

"Just one moment, my friend," I interposed, "Dr. Nesbitt I understand keeps his account here. I take it you know his signature and that you are satisfied that the signature on the cheque is genuine."

To these questions he answered in the affirmative.

" Then what do you propose to telephone about ? "

He muttered something to the effect that the cheque might have been stolen.

Well, that put the lid on. I reached over the counter ; snatched the cheque from his hand and walked out of the office.

I might conclude here, but in justice to other Banks in S—— must continue. Just fancy, the amount involved was five pounds. On leaving the W——, wondering what special kind of crook I must look like, I crossed the Square and entered the N—— P——. Again I presented the much fingered and despised cheque. The cashier took it up, looked at the indorsement and said :—" Ah, Dr. Nesbitt, single notes I suppose ? " I told him my previous experience, when he remarked, " Many a good account was lost for less."

Last year while on a visit in the South of England I wished to remit a Bank Draft on London for five pounds. Unsuspicious of evil, I walked into the W—— Bank, made my modest request, and placed on the counter five one pound Treasury notes. The young gentleman in charge made me feel I was an insolent intruder on his solitude, and peremptorily refused on the grounds that he did not know me, and that they only issued drafts to customers. I demanded to see the Manager. He supported his cashier. Anxious for information and somewhat flabbergasted I enquired why such amazing caution. The reason given was that the issuing of Bank Drafts indiscriminately might lead to fraud, but how, neither the manager nor cashier could explain. I mildly suggested that if I came into their office with a sack on my back and produced therefrom half a dozen silver candlesticks, tea service and a few mugs, and asked for a Draft in exchange, it would be just cause for suspicion and caution, and left them at that. Again I resorted to the N—— P——, across the street, and the draft was given to me without comment.

Early this year I visited Montreux. Coming in from Italy I found myself in possession of four 50 Lire notes. Going into a Bank I asked for Swiss currency in exchange, and was handed the equivalent of 400 Lire. I drew the cashier's attention to the error and he promptly handed me the equivalent of 200 Lire more. I now held Swiss currency for 600 Lire. He was not drunk. I

never saw a man, however, so completely lost and confounded. I believe he would have handed out anything I had asked for. Taking the matter into my own hands, I retained what was rightly due to me and gave him back the residue. Relating the incident the same afternoon to some men in the Hotel, one of them remarked, "He was fortunate that it was not a countryman of his own he had to deal with."

LISBURN, 1902—1920.

On retiring from the service of the Bank, and on my return from a visit of six months in Switzerland; with my wife and family in 1902, we again took up our residence in Lisburn after an absence of less than three years.

Extract from letter received by the writer from the Directors, Ulster Bank Limited, dated October 7, 1902, may be given here, and explains itself.

> We are in receipt of your letter tendering your resignation of your appointment in the service of the Bank, and in accepting your resignation, as we do so with much regret, we entirely share your hope that after a period of complete rest from office work, your health may be sufficiently restored to fit you for the resumption of such work again. When that time comes, you may be sure that the satisfactory service you have rendered to the Bank in the past, will make us very willing to find a suitable place for you again, and to reinstate you in the service.

Early in 1911 I was appointed Secretary to the Belfast Stock Exchange, which position I retained till my retirement from the office, August, 1920, when I went to reside in Bournemouth. The duties as Secretary to the Exchange were light, and the Directors of the Bank allowed me to accept the position without interfering in any way with my status as a retired Bank official. On retiring from the Exchange, I was presented by the Members with a wallet containing £220, and the accompanying letter from the President.

> On the occasion of your retirement from the position of Secretary to the Belfast Stock Exchange, the Members are unanimously desirous to make a presentation to you in testimony of their appreciation of your long and admirable services, and as an expression of their personal regard and regret that you are unable to continue in office. I have accordingly on behalf of the Members to request you to accept the accompanying wallet containing Treasury Notes, to which allow me to add an assurance of my sincere regard and esteem.

Lisburn Technical School was founded in the year 1914, and secured a home in the Castle, Castle Street, which was acquired for the sum of £2,000. At a public meeting in the evening, on the opening day of the School in November, the Chairman in his address said, "£2,000 would hardly pay for the fitting of this magnificent hall, and the approaches to these galleries."

Extract from *Lisburn Standard* :—

> There was another crowded attendance of the general public in the Central Hall of the School, at 8 o'clock in the evening, to hear the

s

Lecture announced to be delivered by Mr. Arthur Williamson, M.A. Mr. James Carson, Vice-Chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee presided, and himself made an interesting statement as regards the acquirement, management and upkeep of the school.

I occupied the position of Chairman in 1916 and continued an active member of Committee till 1920. The Principal of the School, Mr. Cecil Webb, published in the *Lisburn Standard* the correspondence which passed between us at the time of my resignation.

Extract from Mr. Webb's letter:—

I regret, indeed I have a feeling of sadness, that you should be leaving Lisburn, and resigning membership of the Technical Instruction Committee. You know how, during the first few years after the School was established I sought and received wise counsel from you in dealing with the many difficulties that arose. I cannot forget that it was during your year of office as Chairman of the Committee that the School had to overcome very great difficulties. Your wise direction, and unstinted labours, in this connection, are perhaps unknown to the people of Lisburn, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that the present success and high reputation of the School are largely due to the manner in which those difficult times were faced.

It may be of interest to relate an incident that occurred during my term of office as Chairman of Committee, indirectly referred to in Mr. Webb's letter, and that may be taken as the starting-point in the prosperity of the School.

When arrangements were being made with the Technical Board in Dublin, at the opening of the School, the grants and endowments provided were only adequate for a small school, and not at all in accordance with the proportions to which the Lisburn School afterwards attained. Further, for some unknown reason our School received scant courtesy from the Department, and was treated in a most unfair and unjust manner. Our finances became seriously embarrassed, and we made a perfectly legitimate application to the Board for a grant-in-aid of £500. The application was turned down. Reason—want of funds. Other representations on our part ignored.

Webb, on a visit to Dublin, discovered that a School in the South, with a R. C. Bishop as Chairman of Committee, had made a similar application subsequent to ours, and that it had been granted. Webb, our Principal, a very able man from Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, now wrote a letter to the Department, signed by me as Chairman of Committee, setting forth our claims, demanding the £500 as a right, and in an exceedingly subtle

manner conveying a threat if our demands were ignored. A question in the House of Commons loomed before the Dublin officials. Within a week the Chief Officer of the Technical Department, Dublin, was in Lisburn for the purpose of interviewing the Committee. As Chairman, it fell to my lot to face the music.

The whole history of the school was reviewed, our claims pressed, and it was pointed out that the Committee took its responsibilities seriously, and at all costs were determined to see justice done to the children of the town. Mr. Gill, that was the official's name, opened by saying that he resented the tone of our letter, and the covert threat conveyed. The gist of his speech was that the Department was hampered for money, and that there were no funds out of which to make the grant.

He may have resented the letter, but that letter did exactly what we hoped it would. It brought him to Lisburn, and delivered him into our hands. In my reply, I disclaimed all intention of being offensive or of any desire to make use of a threat, but suggested that no doubt from the letter he gathered that we were in earnest.

Now for the bomb-shell. " I wish to ask you two questions, Mr. Gill. They may be proper or they may be improper. Of course, it is optional whether you answer them or not. Did you, subsequent to our application, make a similar grant to another school in the South of Ireland ? Has the grant from the Imperial Government in aid of Technical Instruction been diminished since this school was opened ? " We had him. He did not know how much more we knew.

Well, he acted handsomely. He said, " The answer to the first question is in the affirmative, to the second in the negative." and continued, " I am glad to have had this meeting with the Lisburn Committee, and to meet business men, who know what they want. Although there may be difficulties, my best endeavour shall be used on your behalf, and I think I may promise that you will get the grant." I immediately rose from the Chair, saying, " Mr. Gill's word is quite good enough for us." We got the grant, and Webb assured me later that his relations with the Department from that day forward were on an entirely new and satisfactory footing.

During the year 1913, and the first half of 1914 I was actively engaged in connection with the Ulster Volunteer Force, acting as

Publicity Agent, and at the same time employed on Secret Service work. When the guns and ammunition came to Lisburn from Larne, it was my duty to receive, to arrange for their safe custody, and to move them from place to place as occasion demanded.

Immediately, however, on the outbreak of War in 1914, the U.V.F. organization ceased to function, and thousands of trained men at once joined His Majesty's Forces. The Ulster Division was largely composed of men who had trained in the Ulster Volunteer Force. The Government, in its extremity, in the first months of the War, gladly accepted from the U.V.F., equipment, munitions, and machine-guns.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities, I opened an office in Lisburn, where dependents of the men who were serving might receive assistance in connection with the settlement of their allowances, and from this office was distributed money to deserving and necessitous cases, money that had been entrusted to my care for this purpose. For upwards of two years I carried on this work, till the Government formulated an efficient pensions scheme, when I became Chairman of the Lisburn Pensions Committee.

I wish to place on record here an act of kindness and generosity that would be difficult to parallel.

Towards the end of 1915, my broker sold for me 100 United Shoe Machinery Shares in Boston, America, for something over £1,000. The rate on Marine Insurance at the time was prohibitive. The certificates were not insured, they were sent out simply under registered cover. They went down with the ill-fated "Arabic," torpedoed off the west coast of Ireland. There was evidently before me six months' worry and expense, advertising in British and American papers, and going through the usual formalities necessary to the issue of new certificates. Further, the sale would have to be cancelled, owing to inability to deliver within a reasonable time.

In my difficulty I called on Mr. J. Milne Barbour, Hilden, who had known me for years, was a client of mine when I was Manager of Lisburn Branch, and whose cousin, Colonel Barbour, was Vice-President of the Shoe Machinery Company. Mr. Barbour listened attentively to my story, and willingly agreed to ask his cousin, Colonel Barbour, to use his influence to facilitate the issue of new certificates, so that delivery could be made. He dictated

a letter to his stenographer while I waited. In due course a reply from Colonel Barbour arrived :—

> In view of the esteem in which you hold Mr. Carson, and the high opinion you have of his character, I have handed over to the Brokers Certificates of my own for the 100 shares, so that delivery can be made at once, and he should receive a draft for the money by this mail or next. I enclose an indemnity guarantee to the Company for double the value of the stock, which of course you will sign and I shall then arrange at once for the issue of new certificates without further formalities.

I protested that he should not sign the guarantee, but that my Bankers would do so. He, however, insisted, signed the guarantee, and the transaction was closed. Mr. Barbour did me a great and disinterested favour, and the big-hearted, generous manner in which Colonel Barbour and he acted added to my obligation.

James Anderson, Roselawn, Banbridge, my brother-in-law, died suddenly in 1902, leaving a widow and young family. He died intestate. We kept the estate out of Chancery, and for five years, with the assistance of a Manager, I carried on the business of Yarn Bleaching, till Thomas Norman, the eldest son, came of age. Later, the estate of the widow was administered by me. Thomas has now a prosperous business, and the other two sons graduated at Edinburgh University as medical men. One fell in France.

Frederic Duncan, of the firm of Geo. Duncan & Sons, Drapers, Lisburn, lived at Sunnyside, about 100 yards from my residence, Veronica. For over a year he spent from two till five in the afternoon with me, in an open-air shelter in my grounds, on an average five days a week. He was a genial, kindly man, and a close friendship sprang up between us. I made his will, and after his death assisted his sons in administering the estate.

Many were the pleasant hours we spent together, smoking, chatting, and in that true test of friendship, enjoying each other's society in silence. Early in the year 1905, although apparently in perfect health, he told me that for years he had a premonition that he should die in his sixty-third year, and that he had now entered it. In June he became ill, and underwent a serious operation, during which he died.

James M'Gugan was an official in the Lisburn Branch of the Ulster Bank Limited. I presided at a meeting, February, 1913, when a presentation was made to him by some friends on the occasion of his retiring from the service of the Bank. Immediately afterwards he commenced business as an Insurance Broker in Belfast. From the very first success crowned his new venture. We see him about this time a successful breeder and exhibitor of Bulldogs and Game Fowl.

War intervened—August, 1914—and soon after he was to be found on the parade ground of the Irish Guards, London, training as a private soldier. Unfortunately he broke down under the strain and was invalided out of the Army as unfit. Later, however, he went out to France, for a time, as driver of a Motor Ambulance.

In the latter years of the War the handling of Marine Insurance became exceedingly lucrative and he was now able to devote his whole energies to the work. Soon he came to be known in the City for the originality and daring of his activities. On one occasion, having a cup of coffee with some friends in a restaurant, one of them turned to him and said, "Look here, Jim, I have a race-horse I'll sell you—£50." On the instant James pulled from his pocket a coin, spun it and said, "Double or Quits." He won the toss and got the horse for nothing. In those days he always won and everything he touched turned to gold. He had no use for the horse so shipped it at once, as a present, to a friend—a company promoter—living in Manchester.

During those years of prosperity he hardly ever undertook any serious venture, business or otherwise, without consulting a certain well-known clairvoyant. Fortune smiled on him and money poured into his coffers. He bought and sold houses and motor-cars as if they were simply toys. His exploits on the Stock Exchange became the wonder of business men. Just before the tide reached its highest, in that marvellous year of inflation and speculation he must have been worth upwards of—I should fear to say how much. Then the fickle goddess deserted him, and the crystal-gazer lost her cunning. His friend in Manchester promoted a huge motor-car manufacturing combine, and between the two—Jim and his friend—they became responsible for several hundred thousand shares in the flotation. The boom subsided, the company was over-capitalized, and hopeless disaster followed. They were both cleaned out. James M'Gugan came out of the debacle with

character unsullied, his buoyancy and optimism but little diminished, his business still to the good, but like so many others, with the consciousness that the vast opportunities of those wonderful years were lost and swept into the bottomless limbo of "The might have been."

He deserves to rise again, for those who knew him best can testify that in his years of affluence he ever acted with generous and open-handed liberality.

Harry Adams retired from the service of the Bank, January, 1914, and was also made the recipient of a presentation by his friends. He secured an appointment as Secretary to a Company in London ; it, however, proved unsatisfactory and after a few years he applied to the Directors of the Bank to be reinstated. He now holds the responsible position of Inspector. For several years he served under me in Lisburn and was a capable and trustworthy officer.

The ludicrous and the unusual have always appealed to me. Looking back over my life it is these characteristics, both in men and events, that stand out most clearly in my memory.

How well I remember offending my dear old Mother by laughing heartily when, with tears in her eyes, she related the story of an accident that had befallen her son David John.

He was driving a young married woman and her baby, and Helena Coburn, afterwards his wife, in a trap, when it suddenly capsized and precipitated the occupants into a flax-hole by the roadside. My sister, Mrs. Knox, with some friends were following on a car. Immediately the catastrophe occurred Mrs. Knox sprang from the car, cast her hat on the road and danced on it, while D. J. was frantically groping in the bottom of the pond for the baby, which fortunately he rescued in time from its watery bed.

What appealed to the dear old lady as she told the pathetic tale and what I visualized were two entirely different things. The ludicrous caught hold of my imagination and I laughed, and now in the year 1930, after the lapse of 40 years, as the scene unfolds before me—I laugh again.

From about the year 1894 till 1914 our annual holidays, taken in the month of August, were a pleasure and delight. During

those years the three families—Carsons, Andersons and Nesbitts —always arranged to meet and holiday together. It was a time of happy reunion. Douglas, Peel, Ramsey, Port Erin, Bundoran, Ardglass, were our happy hunting grounds. Ardglass the latest discovery was favourite.

Four years in succession we swarmed over the quaint old fishing village. There we met our friends the Weirs of Downpatrick and formed a lasting friendship.

In the month of March, in the year 1920, I spent a week-end in Downpatrick. Harry Weir and I went over to Ardglass to visit the scene of so many vanished pleasures. The visit was a failure and fraught with pain to both. The place was full of ghosts and memories. As we wandered over the deserted golf-links and stood by the old sundial his heart, like my own, was oppressed by the desolation of the scene. Gone into the Great Silence were many of the dear ones that once—such a short time before—full of life and hope trod the green sward before us.

Why speak of my own sorrow and loss? He mourned the loss of two gallant lads. Keith fell in the Great War, John also served and the father's heart I knew mourned over him.

About the year 1913 John was studying in Trinity College, Dublin, with the intention of joining his father as a solicitor. He disliked study and the idea of spending his life in Downpatrick, so solved the difficulty by quietly disappearing from the College. Detectives were set on his track and after some six weeks he was run to earth in Liverpool, supporting himself by selling gramophones on commission. Soon after his compulsory return from Liverpool he visited us at Parkmount, Lisburn. How we laughed together over his escapade. "At any rate," he said, "that scotches my career as a respectable citizen in the sleepy old city of my birth, and the experience gained is something to the good. You should have seen me work the gramophone for the old women and wheedle the money out of them." Good old John with the black curly hair and cheery laugh. Shortly afterwards he went out to Canada and when war was declared joined the Canadian Contingent.

At Bundoran we met the Hamiltons of Killashandra, Co. Cavan, and formed a congenial and pleasing friendship. Claude, of Drummany House, was a lovable, kindly, boisterous, irresponsible character, a type of South of Ireland gentleman to be met with in Lever's novels and now practically extinct.

Castle Hamilton, where his brother, Major William Hamilton, lives, was accidentally destroyed by fire a short time before the War. It was almost a facsimile of Leslie House, Ballybay.

By a strange coincidence when we visited Drummany I was living in the same house and in all probability sleeping in the same room in which my uncle—the Rev. James Carson, of Cavan—died in 1880. I was unaware of this at the time. Drummany House was occupied at that period by the Berry family, his second wife's people.

It was while visiting the Hamiltons that I heard the tradition of "The Black Coach," on which I based the short story—"The Black Coach of Killashandra."

Like my brother William, as related elsewhere, I was a victim, though to a less degree, of a curious emotionalism that was most distressing. Some chord would be touched and the floodgates opened. Tears flowed involuntarily and without reason and often with exasperating results. What a nuisance this weakness can become no one can fully realize save only the unhappy possessor.

My brother Robert also suffered. In his profession one can easily understand what a handicap it might become. He told me that only after prolonged struggle and endeavour he finally overcame the curse. By no other designation can it adequately be described. Thank Heaven, none of the present generation, so far as I am aware, inherit it.

The Rev. James Rentoul, Presbyterian Minister, Dromore, Co. Down, suffered acutely from this emotional weakness. In his day he had a certain vogue as a lecturer. Often have I seen him in the Pulpit and on the Platform fighting for composure and the tears streaming down his face. An eccentric in a way was James. The exterior of his Manse was for many years a source of wonder to the passer-by. After repeated, ineffectual appeals to his Committee to have the outside of the Manse renovated, he and his two sons took the matter into their own hands and gave the building a workmanlike coat of good tar.

On one occasion when he was lecturing in Omagh I had the pleasure of entertaining him for a night. He told me something that I am inclined to think will be accounted to him for righteousness in the place that he has gone to. "I commenced lecturing," he said, "in order to make some money to educate my two sons. Often at night after lecturing I have arrived at Lisburn station

by the last train and started out on foot to walk home for I could not afford to charter a car."

He made one of his sons a Medical Doctor, the other a Clergyman.

Debarred by nature from enjoying the delights of music, a compensation was, however, extended to me in the pleasure derived from literature and books. In my later years the reading and study of Shakespeare became a source of consolation and never-ending pleasure. His wisdom, his wit, his imagination, his insight and the beauty of his incomparable dialogue, have been the envy and delight of students ever since he laid down his pen.

But why attempt to stress the obvious ?

" To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue,
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish—
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

My wife was passionately fond of music. Often have I heard her say that good music gave her such keen pleasure that it actually made her tingle to the very tips of her fingers.

My musical perception was practically nil. Yet, strange to say, one musical instrument, or as some might call it—instrument of torture—the Highland Pipes or Bagpipes—had an uncanny fascination for me.

" And wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes ;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears ! "

In the year 1921 I spent three months in Banff while my daughter was undergoing treatment in Duff House. I there formed the acquaintance of a Scotch Piper and frequently in the evenings visited his home and asked him to play, which he readily did. As he strode slowly up and down in front of his cottage shrilling out the weird notes of " The Flowers of the Forest "—my favourite—

the music appeared to have some message for me, to strike some chord, maybe an inheritance out of the remote past. Then I saw mentally a picture, no matter how often I heard the lament played the same picture was always present—a wild and rugged glen between high mountains, the clan marching slowly with bowed heads and the dead chief on his bier, borne aloft on the shields of stalwart clansmen.

A song, author unknown, entitled, "A Canadian Boat Song," thrills like the pipes and breathes of the land of mountain and mist. The words have a haunting cadence, particularly those of the second verse, and are calculated to compel even the most unimaginative to see visions and dream dreams.

"Listen to me, as when you heard our fathers
Sing long ago the song of other days—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as you pull your oars.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads—&c.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley
When 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam!
Fair these broad meads—&c.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.
Fair these broad meads—&c.

In the year 1913 I witnessed rather a humiliating scene at a special meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Political feeling on the Home Rule Question ran high.

The consideration of a pronouncement against the coercion of Ulster was before the House. A clergyman from North Antrim, a man with two prominent eye-teeth and a somewhat vulpine appearance, took the floor on behalf of the insignificant Home Rule minority. He made a gross personal attack on Sir Edward Carson and descended to abysmal depths of vulgarity. The Assembly listened horror-stricken and disgusted. The Moderator

once half rose from his chair to call the speaker to order, when he was gently pressed down again by the Clerk—Professor Lowe—a very astute gentleman, who whispered :—" Let him go on. Give him rope and he will hang himself." And very effectually the orator performed that intellectual operation.

The same afternoon I met MacMonagle, the Editor of the *Echo and Witness*, and asked him if he proposed publishing the speech verbatim. " Oh, no," he replied, " there are limits even in reporting. Bad as the spoken words sounded, they would look a thousand times worse in cold print." Continuing, he remarked about another Home Rule Minister who afterwards became Moderator, " I understand he is a very godly man, but when he was prevented speaking to-day his expression was simply demoniacal."

A trader is born not made, just as an aptitude for music, mathematics, languages, is a transferred or hereditary faculty and not an acquired one. I have always had a great respect, mingled with envy, for the successful trader, possibly because I am utterly devoid of the instinct myself. Any attempt to trade made by me, outside my legitimate business, invariably resulted in failure and loss. I possess the unfortunate faculty of always seeing the other fellow's viewpoint, which is disastrous.

My wife's father, James Coburn, of Banbridge, was a born trader. His legitimate business was that of a seed merchant, but he was ever and always ready, if he saw any prospect of gain, to buy or sell anything from a needle to an anchor.

Hugh Kirkwood, a successful Lisburn merchant, is another good illustration of the born trader. Nothing in the way of trade ever came amiss to him.

For many years he took an annual voyage abroad of from one to three months duration. Sitting in his office on one occasion he discoursed of his travels and told me that he practically always, by judicious trade, made each journey pay its own way.

On one occasion in Colombo, Ceylon, he bought a large packet of moon-stones at a trifling cost. On board ship he heard an Australian remark to a friend that he had promised to bring his wife a present of moon-stones and was greatly disappointed he was unable to secure any at Colombo. This was sufficient for friend Kirkwood. Before the vessel reached the Red Sea he had disposed to the Australian half the stones at a price that went far

towards defraying the cost of the trip. He thereupon pulled out a drawer in his desk and handed me about a dozen very nice stones, saying, "I have a great regard for your wife, give her those with my compliments."

Bones! Who would think of buying a cargo of bones in Iceland, yet this was the very thing he did and as usual came out on top. On a trip to Iceland he became intimate with the Purser and as the ship cast anchor they proceeded at once to visit a native village some few miles inland. On the outskirts of the village Kirkwood noticed a large mound of bones. Ever with an eye to business, he at once decided to purchase them, although at the time, as he told me, he did not quite see what he could do with them. Pulling out a handful of coin—gold, silver, copper—about £10—he held it out to the head man of the village and pointed to the bones. The money passed and he was the proud possessor of several tons of bleached bones. Arrangements were at once made and they were conveyed to the ship and thrown into the hold.

He now began to think that he had been several kinds of a fool with his cargo of bones, but luck or the trading instinct, call it what you will, came to his rescue. The very first day out from Iceland a passenger tried to sound him as to why he had bought the bones, and what he was going to do with them. Enough for my friend, he was at once on the alert. The passenger, as he soon learned, was a representative from Fenton & Co., Cutlers, Sheffield, sent out specially to buy those very bones and before the ship reached Leith the bones were Fenton's and friend Kirkwood was fondling a fat cheque in his breast pocket.

Ralph Robinson died a comparatively young man in 1921. For the previous quarter of a century he figured largely in the life of Ballybay. He was probably the best judge of a horse in Ireland, and one of the largest horse-dealers in the country.

Before the Great War he supplied horses to the Governments of Britain, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. It was no uncommon thing for him to have as many as 500 horses in his stables at one time. He acquired land all round the town and district, a modern landgrabber, and his stables rose up like mushrooms on every side. He accumulated a large fortune. At his death the land was sold, the stables dismantled, and the wonted strings of horses, once so familiar a feature in the streets of the town, are now seen no more.

The name of Southern Ireland during the years 1914-1924 stank in the nostrils of all loyal and honourable men. The record of these ten years lies before me in all its hideous nakedness, savagery and treachery. The South stabbed Britain in the back in her hour of need, and Southern Ireland, pandered to by weak-kneed politicians, prevented the Protestants of the North from participating as they wished in the privations endured by their compatriots in the rest of the United Kingdom.

Food, throughout the whole period of the War, was plentiful in Ireland, and there were no restrictions beyond the power to pay for it.

In the Summer of 1917, my daughter, Mrs. Lister, wrote to say that they had not had bacon in their house for weeks, and asked me to send over a few pounds, if possible, with her brother, who was going on a visit. I called on the Manager of a large provision store in Belfast and asked, "What is the largest quantity of bacon you can sell me?" "Just as much as you are willing to pay for," was the reply. Two rolls were secured, weighing 54 lbs., and they were safely smuggled to their destination wrapped in rugs.

A curious case of reversion to type came under my notice in Lisburn. The chief actor was a District Inspector of Police, a Roman Catholic. He was a genial, companionable man, with a large circle of friends, practically all Protestants, and his loyalty was never in doubt. In a moment of expansion, he told me something of his life history. He joined the R.I.C. as a constable, later he passed into the Secret Service Branch of the force, and was sent to New York on special duty. In New York he spent several years, and became an active and energetic member of the Fenian organization there, supplying Scotland Yard with valuable information. During these years, had the slightest suspicion attached to him, that he was a spy in the pay of the British Government, his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase.

On my return to Lisburn, in 1902, after an absence of some three years, I found him still there, but now retired from the force, and drawing a pension. In appearance he was still the same precise, carefully groomed man, but otherwise greatly changed. His urbanity of manner was a thing of the past, and so aggressive and overbearing had he become in his political views, that his Protestant friends gradually and reluctantly drifted away from him.

Then the climax came. In an evil moment he became interested in the financial clauses of the Wyndham Land Act, then before Parliament, one of the most generous and equitable of Land Bills. Our friend thought he had discovered a wicked and malicious attempt on the part of the British Government to defraud the downtrodden and poverty-stricken peasantry of the Isle of Unrest. He spent weeks in elaborate calculations, and finally decided that the annuity payable in lieu of rent and terminable, say in 64 years, should expire in less than half of that time.

If he was correct, the thing was a palpable fraud, but a little learning combined with a biassed mind is a dangerous thing. He embodied his calculations and deductions in a pamphlet, a copy of which he sent to each of the Irish Members and to the Members of the Cabinet. The pamphlets had barely reached their destination when, to his horrified eyes, he saw the pit into which he had fallen. I rather think in his calculations he applied the whole of the Annuity payable on the loan, to the service of the Sinking Fund. Soon after he left the town, and Lisburn knew him no more.

At a Civic Banquet in Belfast in 1919, I had the pleasure of hearing Sir Henry Wilson speak. A sentence is indelibly fixed in my memory. "Before the War, I travelled the French, Belgian and German frontiers, from the sea to Switzerland, twenty-one times on a push-bike, and knew the country over which our armies fought better than I know the streets of your great City." Many competent authorities place him as a strategist, next to his friend Foch. His great abilities, however, were never utilized by his country to the full, owing to political jealousy. He fell on his own doorstep, murdered by Irish assassins.

On another occasion I heard General Richardson declare that he came to Northern Ireland to take charge of the Ulster Volunteer Force in 1913, at the personal request of Lord Roberts, who regretted that he could not come himself.

In October, 1916, I commenced a series of articles, which appeared in the *Lisburn Standard,* entitled "Some Extracts from the Records of Old Lisburn, and the Manor of Killultagh." For upwards of three years, two to three columns appeared weekly.

The scheme of the work was, to collect, collate, condense and edit the voluminous literature relating to the town and district, so that it might be more accessible and acceptable to the reading

public. In fact, not to write a history in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but in reality to make the material for such a work more accessible.

Complete sets of the articles composing the " Lisburn Records," are to be found in the Linen Hall Library, Belfast ; Presbyterian Historical Society, Belfast, and Technical School, Lisburn. The Linen Hall Library set is the most perfect, and also contains extra matter.

A rather pathetic interest attaches to the original conception of the scheme of the " Records." My wife and I, in 1915, being left alone, our only daughter married and living in England, our only son in the Army, conceived the idea and decided to carry it out, in the hope that it would prove interesting, and occupy our spare time for a few years, the intention being to finally publish the result of our labours in book form.

But it was not to be. Death intervened. After working together for a short time, collecting and arranging material, my wife's health began to fail. One evening, as I gathered up the books and papers, I said, " Let us put these things away for a time, till you are stronger." She replied sadly, " Yes, put them away, and maybe in the future you will finish it yourself, and if you do, dedicate it to me." She died in May, 1916.

The work in its entirety, as originally conceived, was never carried out, but in the October following my wife's death, I tried to gather up the threads, and commenced publishing in the local paper. Week by week as the articles appeared they were carefully pasted into a large scrap-book. Finally, the book was presented to the Linen Hall Library, Belfast, and the front page bears the following dedication :—

> I dedicate this work, whatever it may be worth, to the beloved memory of my dear wife, to whose loving care and teaching I owe all that made life worth living.

Our friends in Lisburn were legion, to discriminate amongst them, however, might only appear invidious ; still I cannot refrain from mentioning two—Richard and Jane Boomer, Knockmore. They lost their only son, Walter, in the last days of the War. The very mention of the names—Richard and Jane—recall pleasant memories and the savour of a friendship that has stood the test of years.

Edwin and Olive Sinton, Ravarnette. As I pen the familiar names what visions of other days come back, what memories of pleasant companionship and friendship. Edwin was my earliest friend in Lisburn, and a staunch and loyal friend he has ever proved. After my wife's death the kindness and sympathy shown me by both cannot be expressed in words. Their home and hearts were ever open to me. They left Ravarnette in 1929 and went to reside at Ballinran, Rostrevor, Co. Down.

That I should continue to live alone in my old home at Parkmount, Lisburn, after my wife's death, was unthinkable. Fortunately, my friend Hugh G. Larmor, who had also lost his wife some time before, was anxious that I should join him, and for three years we lived together in his residence at Parkmount. The companionship and sympathy extended to me during those years assisted me over a difficult and trying time and shall always be remembered with gratitude.

On my son's return to civil life, early in 1919, after four years service in the Army, he resumed his Medical Studies at Queen's University, and I removed to Belfast where we roomed together till September, 1920, when I retired from the Secretaryship of the Stock Exchange and went to reside in Bournemouth.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD SCRAP-BOOK.

Turning over the leaves of an old scrap-book containing my literary efforts extending over a period of thirty years, I was more than surprised at the quantity of the output and the variety of the topics.

My wife encouraged me to write and acted as critic, and a capable, but inexorable critic she was. I can see her, pencil in hand, take up my manuscript and say—"Now, I'm the man in the street," Many an alteration had to be made for the sake of lucidity, many a cherished paragraph condemned, but in the end I always felt she was right and that the knife was only applied in kindness.

Not wishing to encumber these notes unduly, the most meagre extracts only are given from some of the articles and sketches.

As I turn over the familiar pages I see before me upwards of half a hundred letters, on diverse subjects, which appeared from time to time in Belfast and Provincial papers, reports of meetings at which I presided and other minor matters, all of which were only of passing interest and must be allowed to pass into the limbo of forgotten things.

BALLINDERRY.

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Twas pretty to be in Aghalee.
'Twas prettier to be in little Ram's Island,
Trysting under the ivy tree!
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!
For often I roved in little Ram's Island,
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he'd court me and I'd be coy,
Though at heart I loved him, my handsome boy!

"I'm going," he sighed, "from Ballinderry,
Out and across the stormy sea,
Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,
Open your arms at last to me."
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!
I opened my arms, how well he knew me,
I opened my arms and took him to me;
And there, in the gloom of the groaning mast,
We kissed our first and we kissed our last!

'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island,
But now 'tis as sad as sad can be :
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea.
Ochone, ochone !
Ochone, ochone !
And 'tis oh ! but I wear the weeping willow
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And cry to him over the cruel sea,
Phelimy Hyland, come back to me !

This quaint ballad is of considerable antiquity and has had many variations. Mr. Graves includes it in his " Irish Songs and Ballads," 1880, and states that it was suggested by reading the stanza given in Edward Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland," 1840.

Upwards of thirty local poets are dealt with in " Some Extracts from the Records of Old Lisburn and the Manor of Killultagh," " Ballinderry " is given as a specimen.

Two references to the " Records," dealing with their scope and nature, may be found in " *The Irish Book Lover.*"

Charles Mullin, Solicitor, Omagh, wielded a facile pen and was gifted with a fine vein of satire, which occasionally overflowed into verse.

In 1901, Dr. Edward C. Thompson, of Omagh, a life-long Unionist, and a Surgeon with a reputation extending far beyond the confines of Tyrone, suddenly and unexpectedly developed the Home Rule mania and was returned as a Nationalist for North Monaghan to the Imperial Parliament. He only represented the constituency for a short time, became disgusted with his new friends, and returned to his old love. My friend Charles celebrated the temporary aberration of the Doctor in a few biting stanzas :—

They say you have burnt your boats, Ned,
And very soon you'll be
Taking your seat in Parliament
As a Nationalist M.P.
And as a Patriot vote with them—
The boys that you used to scold.
Will you really sit at ease, Ned,
When you think of the days of old ?

And at all their great conventions
You must certainly be seen ;
And they'll make you speak against England,
And ask you to curse the Queen.

To curse ! Why, you used to bless her,
At least so I've been told,
What will you say to that, Ned,
When you think of the days of old ?

And they'll make you cheer the Boers,
And the men by whom they're led ;
And they'll make you cheer as each wire comes in
At the British blood that's shed.
And all the brave lads that have fallen
Sad memories will unfold.
Will you really cheer at that, Ned,
When you think of the days of old ?

And they'll make you bow to their Bishops,
And at last with their faith agree.
Perchance at this you may think of some
Who never bowed the knee ;
Those kind old Rectors long gone home,
With hearts as good as gold.
Will you really bow like that, Ned,
When you think of the days of old ?

And they'll make you curse the Landlords,
Even old friends of your own ;
They'll make you give your deepest curse
On the landlords of Tyrone.
And after that can you wonder
If old friends be getting cold.
Will you really curse like that, Ned,
When you think of the days of old ?

My first appearance in the *Tyrone Constitution* was in 1890, when I had the temerity to cross swords with Dr. Thompson, at a public lecture in the Court House, on the subject of "Evolution." The Rev. William Colquhoun supported me. As a matter of fact I now believe we were both wrong and the Doctor right. Charles Mullin in a witty poem poured satire on the Doctor and the Lecture.

"That Lecture ! Am I mad or sane ?
Or am I other than I seem ?
Thoughts such as these flashed through my brain,
And formed this rather curious dream."

Through a score of verses he described his experiences as a monkey and concludes :—

"Doctor, I am a man once more,
My dream of monkey life is o'er—
Take my advice next time you try
To lecture on Descent—pass by

The monkey tribe—and all their clan,
And show that man from first was man ;
For though their talk may be immense
They've neither soul nor common sense."

Under date, February, 1895, in the *Standard* appeared a report of a lecture delivered before the Lisburn Cathedral Literary and Debating Society, entitled, "Reading and Books." This Society was founded by the Rev. Geo. R. Bell, and during a quarter of a century figured largely in the literary life of the town.

An appreciation of Ian Maclaren's book, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* ' under the title of "A Mother's Influence"—was delivered as a short paper before the Cathedral Society in 1896, and appeared in the *Standard.*

"A Famous Lisburn Man." This sketch was written specially for the *Lisburn Standard,* February, 1904.

Brigadier-General John Nicholson was born December 11, 1822, fell mortally wounded in the attack on Delhi, near the Kashmir Gate, September 14, 1857, and died September 23, at the age of 34. He spent his early years in Lisburn, attended for a short time Benjamin Neely's Academy in Castle Street, and in 1834 went to the Royal School, Dungannon, spending his holidays with his mother in Lisburn.

From his departure for India early in 1839, till his death, the story of his life is one absorbing record of achievement, adventure, and devotion to duty. Three of his brothers died in India. One met a tragic end in the Khaibar Pass.

In these days of mawkish sentimentality and political incapacity it is invigorating and instructive to turn to the life-story of such a man as Nicholson.

DELHI.

"On August 7," writes Fitchett in his "Story of the Great Mutiny," "there rode into the British camp before Delhi perhaps the most famous and daring soldier in all India, the man with whose memory the siege of Delhi, and the great assault which ended the siege, are for ever associated." Few knew him personally when he first arrived in camp, but the quiet, grave man who made it his business to know everything that was going on, whether in his own department or not, soon made his presence and personality felt, and men in a short time came to look to him as the one strong, determined man capable of surmounting all difficulties and leading them to victory.

The occupation of the ridge before Delhi has always been called a siege, but it was never a siege in the true sense; indeed, one fails to know what exactly to call it. The mutiny broke out on May 10. Delhi became the natural centre and focus of the rebellion—a huge city some six miles in circumference surrounded by a stone wall 24 feet high with a ditch 25 feet broad, and as many feet deep. The walls mounted 114 heavy guns. The city full of a fanatical population, and, as the rebellion spread, to Delhi flocked full 50,000 revolted Sepoys, with 60 field guns and inexhaustible supplies of ammunition.

On June 7, less than four weeks after the outbreak, Sir Henry Barnard's microscopic army made its appearance on the ridge, not 4,000 men in all, and 22 light guns. Only it is an historical fact, it looks like a grim joke. Up till the beginning of September, the force on the ridge never exceeded 6,000, and at no time did it ever exceed 10,000, and then only one-half were Europeans. Incredible audacity! Surprising tenacity! That insignificant force clung to the ridge and kept the flag flying through all the scorching heat of that Indian summer, and, on the 14th September, was witnessed the truly astonishing spectacle of 5,000 men flinging themselves on a city held by 50,000.

General Wilson, the officer in supreme command of the forces before Delhi, was a weak, incapable man, broken in health, and dreading responsibility. Having to obey a man of this stamp was a sore trial. One can sympathise with poor Nicholson when in his honest indignation he breaks out:—"I have seen lots of useless generals in my day, but such an ignorant, croaking, obstructive as he is, I have never hitherto met with." If the truth must be told, it took all the persuasion, encouragement, and determination of the brave men around him to keep this General Wilson from abandoning the position.

To show Nicholson's temper in this crisis, an incident may be related. He had decided to take a very unusual step should the Council fail to arrive at any fixed determination regarding the assault on the city. "Delhi," he said, "must be taken, and at once. If Wilson hesitates I intend to propose at to-day's meeting that he be superseded." There is no doubt but Nicholson would have carried out the threat had Wilson hesitated longer. The long-expected siege guns were now got into position, and, as each battery was armed, it broke into wrathful thunder on the city. The fighting was incessant, and batteries were pushed up till some were within 180 yards of the walls. One colonel records that he never took off his clothes, or left his guns, from they opened on September 8 till the assault on the 14th.

The Assault on the City.

Before dawn on the eventful morning of September 14, 1857, the columns were drawn up for the assault, numbering in all about 5,000 men. To Nicholson had been assigned the post of honour; he was to lead the first of the storming columns in its desperate leap upon the city, and to direct the general development of the assault.

The sun had risen some way above the horizon before the signal for the advance was given. Nicholson placed himself at the head of his men and led the attack against the breach near the Kashmir Bastion. The ladders were placed, and the men dashed down into the ditch and,

almost with the same impulse, swept up the further side, Nicholson's tall figure leading; and, as men and officers raced up the broken slope of the breach, dashed back the Sepoys in confused flight, and entered the city.

The columns assaulting the Water Bastion and the Kashmir Gate were equally successful, and in the open space not far from the Kashmir Gate the three columns met—breathless, confused, but triumphant.

The attack of the fourth column on the Lahore Gate practically failed.

Once the troops were assembled within the city at the Kashmir Gate they had to their right and left what was known as the Rampart Road, a narrow lane running immediately within the walls round the whole city. The city wall formed one side of the lane, the other was formed by houses with flat roofs. Starting from the Kashmir Gate, the troops forced their way through the lane and seized the Moree Gate and Kabul Gate and came in sight of the Lahore Gate. Here they were checked, and that narrow, crooked lane of about 250 yards, which had to be passed before the Lahore Gate was reached, proved a very valley of death. Scarcely thirty feet wide at its broadest part, it narrowed in places to three. Guns were placed with bullet-proof screens to sweep the approach; the houses and roofs swarmed with mutineers, and about 8,000 Sepoys had just poured into the Lahore Gate, returning from a sally made on the unfortunate fourth column. Twice did the British try to force their way through this veritable death-trap and failed. The street was strewn with dead. No valour could withstand the storm of lead that swept the narrow way.

Mortally Wounded.

Nicholson watched the twice-repeated rush and the fall, one by one, of the officers who led. When the men for a second time fell sullenly back, Nicholson himself sprang into the lane, and, waving his sword, called on them to follow their general. But, even while he spoke, his sword pointing up the lane and the light of battle in his eyes, a Sepoy leaned from an adjacent window, and, at a little more than three yards distance, shot him through the lung. Nicholson fell. The wound was mortal, but raising himself on his elbow he still called on the men to go on. As an officer puts it—"he was asking dying what he had asked living—that which was all but impossible." All know how the troops held their ground, and that, after days of stubborn fighting, at sunrise on the 21st a royal salute rang over Delhi, proclaiming to all India that the sacred city, the home of the revolt, was once more in British hands.

Through nine weary days Nicholson bore his sufferings with Christian fortitude, and, on the morning of September 23, passed peacefully away at the age of 34. Then, from city to city, through the length and breadth of India, passed the tidings, "Delhi has fallen, but John Nicholson is dead." He was buried close to the Kashmir Gate. Over his grave was placed a solid slab of marble, and on it were engraved these words:—"The grave of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, who led the assault at Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died September 23, 1857, aged 34."

Had Nicholson lived, it was expressly stated by the Crown, he would have been made a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and the country did itself honour by bestowing on his mother a pension of £500 a year for life.

On the crest of the Margalla Pass, the scene of his daring services in 1848, a plain obelisk was erected to his memory, with a small tank of water in the pass below. In the church at Bannu, where he ruled so faithfully for four years, there is a tablet to his memory.

The Nicholson Memorial Schools, Lisburn, were erected by Mrs. Nicholson in memory of her great son and her other children who predeceased her. His friends would have raised a tablet to his memory in the Cathedral, Lisburn, but his mother determined to undertake this loving duty herself, leaving it to his friend, Sir Herbert Edwards, to supply the inscription, an extract from which runs thus, and fitly describes this great and noble man :—

> "He had an iron mind and frame, a terrible courage, an indomitable will. His form seemed made for any army to behold, his heart to meet the crisis of an empire ; yet he was gentle exceedingly, most loving, most kind. Soldier and civilian, he was a tower of strength, the type of the conquering race."

Through the munificence of Henry Musgrave, the last survivor of an old and highly respected Lisburn family, a striking and characteristic bronze statue of John Nicholson was erected in The Square, Lisburn, in the year 1923.

GOORDASPORE.

A Ballad of General John Nicholson.

(By W. F. Marshall, B.A., LL.B.)

(John Nicholson was a schoolboy at the Royal School, Dungannon, at the time the Lawrences were at Foyle College, Derry.)

Lay me a wreath at the Kashmir Gate,
And another in London town,
These—for the two who saved a State
In the year of red renown ;
In the red, red year of the Ridge of Pain,
Of murder, lust and spoil,
When Larens was comrade to Nicul-Sayn
And Dungannon saluted Foyle.

Nicholson's Column is resting a while
On the road to Goordaspore ;
Never a halt for thirty mile
And the men can march no more :
But the tardy bugle sounds at noon,
And the Halt ! is sweet to hear,
Nicholson's men they are sleeping soon
But where is the Brigadier ?

Mounted, motionless, scorning the shade,
Nicholson sits in the sun,
His lips are tight, for the Column's delayed,
There's a hot march still to be done !
The men are pillowed on dusty kits,
But, out on the road before,
The Brigadier still on his charger sits
With his face to Goordaspore.

And one wakes here, and another wakes there
From the stupor Toil supplies,
And still, as each man stirs in his lair
And opens his heavy eyes,
He nudges his neighbours one by one
And shows them what he sees—
The Brigadier out in the pitiless sun
On the road beyond the trees.

So man after man they wake, dead beat
And unrefreshed, but still
They pull themselves to their weary feet
And curse, as warriors will.
But after the curse they lift a cheer
For him who rides before,
And Forward ! thunders the Brigadier,
On the road to Goordaspore.

There is fighting soon and skirmishing hot
Or ever the Sepoys fled,
There is fighting enough at the Trummi Ghaut
And Nicholson's sword is red.
But the heart of Lawrence leaps care-free
When he hears the fight is won,
" India hasn't a man," says he,
" Like our John Nicholson."

And Lawrence says to the Brigadier
In his quarters at Lahore,
" John Nicholson, though I need you here,
It is Delhi needs you more."
So Nicholson rode with a loosened rein
On the last long ride of all,
From Goordaspore to the Ridge of Pain
And the breach at the Kashmir wall.

Far from Foyle the Lawrences wait
The coming of God the Lord,
Nicholson sleeps at the Kashmir Gate,
He has sheathed his mighty sword.
But the faith they kept, lads, learn to keep
Through good report and ill,
As long as the silver Foyle runs deep,
And Dungannon sits on the hill.

The Last Voyage and Death of Captain Crozier, R.N., F.R.S., appeared in the *Banbridge Chronicle*, 1904.

He was born in Banbridge, 1796, and died somewhere within the Arctic Circle, on or near the North American coast in the year 1848. A monument was erected to his memory in the Square opposite the house in which he was born.

In 1845 Sir John Franklin commissioned two ships the "Erebus" and "Terror" for Arctic exploration, and appointed Captain Crozier to the command of the latter. From this ill-fated expedition Crozier never returned, nor one of all those who accompanied him on the two ships.

A Much Maligned Man. Written specially for the *Lisburn Standard*, March, 1904.

W. S. R. Hodson—Hodson of Hodson's Horse—was born in Gloucestershire, in 1821. After only seven years service in India he was appointed to the command of the famous Corps of Guides. His appointment gave offence to some Officers of the Guides and to several others who deemed their own claims stronger than his. Like the persecution of Warren Hastings by Philip Francis, Hodson was persecuted and maligned by a Lieutenant Turner, a mean and spiteful character utterly unable to appreciate the greatness of the man promoted over him. Few men have had warmer friends than Hodson or more persistent enemies.

The event with which his name will always be associated was the capture and execution of the three Princes near Delhi, 1857.

There you see the indomitable spirit of the man. With only 100 native horsemen and a few officers he arrested the three Princes. Surrounded by thousands of excited and fanatical natives he proceeded to convey them into Delhi.

Rescue was imminent; the situation desperate. Dead or alive he was determined to secure them for punishment. Hodson realised the situation, its dangers and risks, and like the brave resourceful soldier he was, decided on the instant. With his own hand he shot the three miscreants. The effect was marvellous. A solemn silence fell upon the people. Then from the lips of the multitude broke the cry, "God is great!" and slowly but quietly the crowd of awe-struck Musselmen melted away. "So ended," writes a well-known authority, "the career of the chiefs of the revolt, and of the greatest villains that ever shamed humanity."

On March 12, 1858, at Lucknow, Hodson fell mortally wounded and died at the early age of 37 years. Up to the time of his death and after he was pursued by bitter animosity and vile calumny. His simplest acts were contorted and misrepresented and after death his detractors, like human ghouls, continued to batten on the memory of the dead.

Those, however, who knew him best never doubted his honour or integrity. Surely it is sufficient to say that he won and retained the life-long love and respect of such men as Lord Napier of Magdala, Gough, Outram, Lawrence and Roberts. One could well imagine him at the end looking back over the vast opportunities and possibilities of his wonderful career, exclaim with Lord Clive, " By God, gentlemen, when I think of my opportunities I stand astonished at my own moderation."

County Monaghan and Other Matters, appeared in 1904, in *The Witness,* Belfast, and *Northern Standard,* Monaghan. It covered as its title suggests a wide field.

The Empire : Its Extent and Responsibilities, 1905, was delivered as a Lecture in Lisburn and appeared in the *Lisburn Standard.*

One Hundred Years Ago—Ballybay and Tullycorbet, *Northern Standard,* Monaghan, 1905. This sketch contains a pretty full history of both Parishes.

Canada : Its Early History, Conquest and Settlement, *Lisburn Standard,* 1906. Delivered as a Lecture before the Cathedral Literary Society.

The Handless Man. An original ghost story. Published in 1906.

Empire Day, 1904. A Plea for greater loyalty and patriotism. Written specially for the *Belfast News-Letter.*

J. G. Anderson, Captain, R.A.M.C., attached to 1/6th Black Watch. A short sketch of his life and death, with portrait. Printed in 1922.

THE BLACK COACH OF KILLASHANDRA. *Lisburn Herald. Tyrone Constitution. Monaghan Standard.* 1908.

The writer frequently visited friends at Drummaney House, and Castle Hamilton, Killashandra, and there met several people, including a Presbyterian Clergyman, who aver that they both heard and saw the Coach. The local setting of the story is exact in detail, and the intention is, in a purely imaginative manner, to account for the existence of the Black Coach.

In 1909 was published A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CARSON FAMILY. The book contained 124 pages. Copies of it are to be found in the Linen Hall Library, Belfast ; Presbyterian Historical Society, Belfast ; National Library, Dublin, and British Museum Library, London.

At the Jubilee Commemorative Service held in Railway Street Presbyterian Church, Lisburn, November, 1910, the writer submitted a History of the Congregation since its foundation in 1860. This document is preserved amongst the Archives of the Church.

Coronation Day—George V.—was celebrated with befitting ceremony in Lisburn, on the 22nd June, 1911. The school children of the town were feted in the Castle Gardens, and each child presented with a Commemoration Card, the Union Jack on the Coronation flag-staff in the Wallace Park was unfurled, a display of fireworks took place in the Park, and the town was illuminated at night.

Extracts from the *Lisburn Standard* and *Lisburn Herald* :—

> At the instance of Mr. James Carson, an artistic and informative Commemoration Card has been obtained for presentation to each child. On the first page there is a coloured representation of the Union Jack ; also the three flags, bearing the crosses of England, Scotland and Ireland, from which it is formed. The second page contains a poem, entitled, "The Flag" (with apologies to Rudyard Kipling), while the two inside pages are devoted to an address to the children.
>
> The Author (Mr. Carson) is to be congratulated on providing such an appropriate souvenir—one which should, and will, we have no doubt. be carefully preserved by the recipients.

> The Coronation Flag-pole is a very handsome and substantial structure. It is a Norwegian Spar, 75 feet long, with gaff and weather-vane. Mr. James Carson, as is generally known, was the prime mover in the project. It was his suggestion. He is to be commended for the excellent idea, and we must also congratulate him on seeing the successful issue of his work.

ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN.

Children, Citizens of the Empire,

We are here assembled to participate in the celebration of the Coronation of our King, George V, and his Consort, Queen Mary. They are to-day being crowned in Westminster Abbey, the ancient mausoleum of our illustrious dead. Around the personalities of our King and Queen, the Imposing Ceremonial, and the Sacred Edifice, centre the thoughts and hopes of countless millions. With our fellow-citizens at home and beyond the Seas, we join in expressions of loyalty and affection to the Royal pair who rule over us, and who are in very truth a common bond of Union to all within the far-flung frontiers of the Empire.

As a permanent memorial of this day, there has been erected in the Park, a Coronation flag-staff. From its lofty summit now floats Our Flag, the Union Jack, the Flag of Empire. The Union Jack is made up of the three Crosses of England, Scotland and Ireland, and it is truly the flag of the Union. In the early history of England, the Red Cross of St. George by itself was the Flag of England. When the Crowns of England and Scotland were united in 1603 in the person of James I of England and VI of Scotland, the White Cross of St. Andrew was added to the Cross of St. George. In 1801, after the Union with Ireland, the Red Cross of St. Patrick was added to the other two, and thus the Flag was formed.

The Union Jack bears in its parts, the record of the expansion of the British race, and the history of a thousand years. It was aforetime the Flag only of the three Home Kingdoms, it is now the Union Flag of the British Empire. Beneath its folds live a population equal to almost one-quarter of the inhabitants of the globe. Men of diverse races, colours, religions, and languages, acknowledge it as their Flag. It is known and honoured from the Frigid to the Torrid Zone, it floats over every Sea, and reigns supreme over a territory equal to more than one-fifth of the land area of the entire world.

In 1914 was published in the *Irish Presbyterian* and in the *Monaghan Standard*, "The Cahans Exodus." This records the story of the emigration in 1764 of the Rev. Thomas Clark, M.D., Minister of Cahans (Ballybay) Presbyterian Church, and some 300 members of his congregation to America.

Dr. Clark himself has left on record a short account of their sailing—

> May 10th, 1764, we sailed from Newry. The all-gracious God carried three hundred of us safe over the devouring deep in the arms of His Mercy, praised be His Name. We arrived safe in New York, July the 28th.

Henry Ford, of Princeton University, refers to the Cahans articles in his book, "The Scotch-Irish in America," London, 1915, and quotes largely from them.

From the *New York Gazette*, of August 6, 1764 :—

Last week in the ship " John," from Newry, Ireland, Luke Hurstead, Master, there arrived about 300 passengers. 140 of whom with Rev. Dr. Clark embarked on the 30th inst. with their stores, farming and manufacturing utentials, in two sloops for Albany.

The 11th Battalion, Royal Irish Rifles, recruited largely in Lisburn and district, from the old U.V.F., was quartered during the Winter of 1914 in Lisburn. In November a great Civic reception was given to the Battalion in Sprucefield Mill.

Extract from the *Lisburn Standard* :—

The second toast was entrusted to Mr. James Carson, and the trust was not misplaced. The Soldiers, not forgetful of the invaluable service and assistance he had rendered their wives and dependents in the matter of arranging for separation allowance, gave him a rousing cheer, and, thus encouraged, he rose splendidly to the great task and the great occasion. . . .

The toast was—Our Guests, the Officers, non-commissioned Officers, and men of the 11th Battalion, Royal Irish Rifles.

Looking round this Hall to-night, surrounded by soldiers, surrounded with the time-honoured emblems and flags of our Empire, and knowing the crisis our Nation is passing through, I cannot help thinking and speaking of War. Our hands are clean in this War ; no selfish motive has prompted us to draw the sword. Our standard of honour, our ideas of honour, our desire to play the game, are all beyond the understanding of the German. To us, treaty obligations are sacred and binding, not simply " scraps of paper " to be torn and cast to the winds at the first promptings of self-interest. In this war we are fighting for the liberties of Europe, for the rights of small nationalities, for our own existence and liberty. Our guests to-night are part of that great and glorious organization, with its imperishable traditions—the British Army—that army that is fighting on the fields of France for all we hold dear, and for the rights of a Common Humanity. The Officers of the 11th Battalion are of our own kith and kin, and, as it were, belong personally to us. We are proud of them, and of how they responded to the Call of Country and of Duty. . . .

Referring to Colonel Pakenham, the Commanding Officer :—

At the great Battle of Salamanca, a General Pakenham was in command of Picton's celebrated Division. At a critical point in the battle, the Iron Duke himself rode up and said, " Do you see those fellows on the hill, Pakenham ? Move on with your division, and drive them to the Devil." Pakenham saluted and replied, " I will, my Lord, by God." And he did ! . . . .

Officers have their uses, but there are the non-commissioned officers and men—" the man behind the gun," and I take off my hat to " the man behind the gun." I am glad to see that the Nation is coming to

recognize the claims of the soldier, and the claims of those depending on him. Our obligation to him is great, our debt to him is great and just—and must be paid. . . .

Some Extracts from the Records of Old Lisburn and the Manor of Killultagh. *Lisburn Standard*, 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919.

Within the compass of these voluminous "Extracts" may be found an exhaustive history of the town and neighbourhood, drawn from reliable sources. Five issues of the *Standard*, February and March, 1919, contain a comprehensive recapitulation of the chief items of interest, some 170 in number, covering a period of over three hundred years.

The amazing story of the Hertford Family, Sir Richard Wallace and the historic lawsuit pass under review.

William Henry West Betty, "The Young Roscius," also comes into the picture. He was born in 1791, son of a local linen bleacher, who resided in Chapel Hill, Longstone Street.

In 1803, at the age of twelve years, young Betty appeared on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Belfast. In quick succession he visited Dublin, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and on the 1st December, 1804, appeared at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. His success was marvellous, crowds thronged the theatre at every performance. When "Hamlet" was to be performed, Mr. Pitt actually adjourned the House of Commons that he might see Master Betty in that role.

From the time he arrived at the age of sixteen his power over the play-going public, however, began to wane, and when he took leave of the stage in 1824 the house was not half-filled. The marvellous boy had degenerated into a very commonplace man. Later as a clergyman he was unable to keep the attention of a country congregation, even for half an hour. He retired finally, lived for almost half a century on the ample fortune he had so early amassed, and died in London, August, 24, 1874.

And so I close my old Scrap-Book. For a short time, as I wandered through its pages, old faces rose before me and old scenes were revisited; but now the tale is told and the book closed.

BOURNEMOUTH, 1920.

From *The Bournemouth Daily Echo*, Monday, May 26, 1924 :—

To-day the Alum Chine Bowling Club entertained one of its members —Mr. Bening Arnold—who yesterday—Sunday—attained his 100th birthday. He received a letter of congratulation from the King, and the Club presented him with an Illuminated Address. Later he participated in a game, playing eight ends before retiring. The Skips were—James Carson, Captain ; Walter Collins, Hon. Secretary.

Extract from a Bournemouth paper, May, 1925 :—

One hundred and one and still going strong ! This well describes Mr. Bening Arnold, of Camelot, Surrey Road, Bournemouth, who on Monday afternoon celebrated his 101st birthday by " bowling himself into his 102nd year " on the Alum Chine Bowling Green, where he took part in a game specially arranged in his honour.

In a speech of welcome and congratulation to Mr. Arnold, Mr. James Carson (President of the Club) said :—I have the honour and privilege on behalf of the members of the Alum Chine Bowling Club to offer felicitations and congratulations to our good friend Mr. Arnold on attaining his 101st birthday. I need not say how delighted we all are to see him here to-day and to know that, with his usual courage and good sportmanship, he is prepared to bowl himself into his 102nd year. May I express the hope that his health will from time to time permit him to visit us. His membership of our club confers upon it a unique distinction. I am quite sure the Alum Chine Club is the only bowling club in these islands, and possibly in the whole wide world, that can boast of having a playing member who has crossed the century mark.

It is rather wonderful, seeing Mr. Arnold here to-day, hale and hearty, to think what a link with the past he represents. He was born only a few years after Napoleon died at St. Helena, he has lived under five Sovereigns, and was a young man in the prime of life when our soldiers fought on the heights of Inkerman, and the heroic Nicholson—a fellow-townsman of my own—fell mortally wounded in the streets of Delhi.

But as I stand on this green to-day a thought that appeals to me is the wonderful change that has taken place in this corner of the County of Hants well within the lifetime of one man. Less than one hundred years ago the outlook from this point was wild and desolate in the extreme. Nothing was to be seen but barren shore, rugged jungle, and virgin forest, much the same possibly as the Red King may have looked upon some 800 years before. But to-day what a transformation ! Behold this magnificent panorama, and over there, see our beautiful city, the Queen of the South ; and all this has sprung into being within the span of our friend's one hundred and one years !

The Alum Chine Club is, I think, a standing monument to the health-giving qualities of the climate of Bournemouth. We can put on the green a team of eight members whose average age exceeds 80 years, all hearty, sprightly young fellows, and amongst them our friend Mr. Bening Arnold stands out like a giant, a grand old man indeed. (He died in 1930.)

Early in 1928, my old friend William Hoy and his daughter joined me in a very enjoyable visit to Nice extending over two months.

In May of the same year I travelled to Biarritz alone, visiting Bayonne, Pau, Pampaluna, San Sebastian, Lourdes, the passes of the Pyrenees, and other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

February, March and April, of 1929, saw me once more on the French Riviera in company with my brother William Charles, and my old travelling companion, William Hoy.

During the Spring of 1930, we again visited the Riviera, our party being augmented by the presence of my sisters, Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Coburn.

In 1931, accompanied by my brother, we went further afield, visiting Mentone, Santa Margherita, Rappalo, Genoa, Milan, the Southern Italian Lakes, Montreux, Vevey, Glion, Lausanne, Chillon (made famous by Byron), and Geneva on Lake Leman, the favourite resort of all the wind-bags in Europe.

The years of waiting run their course not unpleasantly. In Bournemouth there are many social amenities and distractions suitable for a man of my age, and so the uneventful weeks and years roll on.

Near me reside two retired Medical Men who in their youth hailed from Banbridge and knew my wife when a girl at college. Dr. Morrison practised at Aylesbury, Hamilton Morton, F.R.C.P., at Birmingham. The latter is a widely read, cultured, thoughtful man and between us there lies a fruitful field of mutual interest.

But the thing above all others that made my life in Bournemouth tolerable and in a manner happy, is the Heaven-sent pleasure derived from association with my two little grand-children, and the unfailing love and consideration that ever and always enveloped me, as it flowed from the kind and loyal hearts of my dear daughter and her good husband.

In old age one is inclined to ponder on the strange vicissitudes of life and to think of " the might have been." Could we have acted differently ? Could we have done otherwise ? If we contemplate the past we feel in our heart of hearts that this or that man had to lead his life in the way he did. Forces operate in us over which we have little or no control. " Man is but the sum of his ancestors." An old Divine perplexed by the conflicting cross-

currents of theology exclaimed :—" We are where we are, and we are what we are, therefore we do what we do."

" They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love, and desire, and hate :
I think they have no portion in us, after
We pass the Gate."

Looking over these few disconnected notes and recollections, the fear is borne in upon me that I have committed the sin of egotism. Yet from a narrative of the kind the " ego " is inseparable. Therefore, friends, your pardon. The incidents noted are just the few pinnacles that jut up from the dead level of ordinary life and fix themselves in the memory.

It is not to be assumed that my career has been one continued round of success. Far, far from that ; disappointment and failure have often been my portion, and the thwarting spectre of uncertain health has haunted my footsteps.

Conscious of ability, I have been forced more than once by the grim spectre to stand aside and watch with what fortitude attainable others pass me in the race and grasp the prize that was mine by right.

Standing now, however, high up on the ladder of life, the seventy-fourth rung, I see with clearer vision the steps by which I have ascended and feel that my disappointments were tempered with mercy. I have had much to be thankful for—a loving wife, good children, a happy home and loyal friends. Remove from my life, or from the life of any man, though he possessed the wealth of the Indies, these essentials, and what remains ?

And so, my friends, farewell.

Soon it shall be, " The long day's task is done and we must sleep."

THE END.

1024